A SELECT COLLECTION OF OLD PLAYS.

VOLUME THE ELEVENTH.

LONDON:
Printed for R. DODSLEY in Pall-Mall.

M.DCC.XLIV.

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A DIALOGUE ON PLAYS and PLAYERS.

A

DIALOGUE, &c.

Lovewit, Trueman.

Lovewit.

HONEST old Cavalier! well met, 'faith I'm glad to ſee thee.

Truem. Have a care what you call me; old is a word of diſgrace among the ladies; to be honeſt is to be poor, and fooliſh, (as ſome think;) and Cavalier is a word as much out of faſhion as any of 'em.

Lovew. The more's the pity: but what ſaid the fortune-teller in Ben Johnſon's maſk of Gypſies, to the then lord Privy Seal?

Honeſt and old!
In thoſe the good part of a fortune is told.

Truem. Ben Johnſon! how dare you name Ben Johnſon in theſe times; when we have ſuch a crowd of poets of a quite different genius; the leaſt of which thinks himſelf as well able to correct Ben Johnſon, as he could a country ſchool-miſtreſs that taught to ſpell?

Lovew. We have, indeed, poets of a different genius; ſo are the plays: but in my opinion, they are all of 'em (ſome few excepted) as much inferior to thoſe of former times, as the actors now in being (generally ſpeaking) are compared to Hart, Mohun, Burt, Lacy, Clun, and Shatterel; for I can reach no farther backward.

Truem. I can; and dare aſſure you, if my fancy and memory are not partial (for men of my age are apt to be over indulgent to the thoughts of their youthful days) I ſay the actors that I have ſeen before the wars, Lowin, Tayler, Pollard, and ſome others, were almoſt as far beyond Hart and his company, as thoſe were beyond theſe now in being.

Lovew.

Lovew. I am willing to believe it, but cannot readily; becauſe I have been told, that thoſe whom I mention'd, were bred up under the others of your acquaintance, and follow'd their manner of action, which is now loſt: So far, that when the queſtion has been aſk'd, why theſe players do not revive the Silent Woman, and ſome other of Johnſon's plays? (once of higheſt eſteem) they have anſwered, truly, becauſe there are none now living who can rightly humour thoſe parts, for all who related to the Black-friers, (where they were acted in perfection) are now dead and almoſt forgotten.

Truem. 'Tis very true, Hart and Clun were bred up boys at the Black-friers, and acted women's parts; Hart was Robinſon's boy, or apprentice; he acted the Dutcheſs in the Tragedy of the Cardinal, which was the firſt part that gave him reputation. Cartwright and Winterſhal belong'd to the private Houſe in Saliſbury-Court; Burt was a boy firſt under Shank at the Black-friers, then under Beeſton at the Cock-pit; and Mohun and Shatterel were in the ſame Condition with him, at the laſt Place. There Burt uſed to play the principal womens parts, in particular Clariana, in Love's Cruelty; and at the ſame time Mo-

him acted Bellamente; which part he retained after the reſtoration.

Lovew. That I have ſeen, and can well remember. I wiſh they had printed in the laſt age, (ſo I call the times before the rebellion) the actors names over againſt the parts they acted, as they have done ſince the reſtoration: and thus one might have gueſs'd at the action of the men, by the parts which we now read in the old plays.

Truem. It was not the cuſtom and uſage of thoſe days, as it hath been ſince. Yet ſome few old plays there are that have the names ſet againſt the parts, as, The Dutcheſs of Malfy; the Picture; the Roman Actor; the Deſerving Favourite; the Wild-Gooſe Chaſe, (at the Black-friers): the Wedding; the Renegado; the Fair Maid of the Weſt; Hannibal and Scipio; King John and Matilda, at the Cock-pit: and Holland's Leaguer, at Saliſbury Court.

Lovew. Theſe are but few indeed: but pray, ſir, what maſter-parts can you remember the old Black-friers men to act in Johnſon, Shakeſpear, and Fletcher's plays?

Truem. What I can at preſent recollect I'll tell you; Shakeſpear, (who as I have heard was a much better poet than player) Burbage, Hemmings, and others of the older

older ſort, were dead before I knew the town; but in my time, before the wars, Lowin uſed to act, with mighty applauſe, Falſtaffe, Moroſe, Vulpone, and Mammon in the Alchymiſt; Melancius, in the Maid's Tragedy; and at the ſame time Amyntor was play'd by Stephen Hammerton, (who was at firſt a moſt noted and beautiful woman actor, but afterwards he acted with equal grace and applauſe, a young lover's part); Taylor acted Hamlet incomparably well, Jago, Truewit in the Silent Woman, and Face in the Alchymiſt; Swanſton us'd to play Othello; Pollard and Robinſon were comedians; ſo was Shank, who us'd to act Sir Roger, in the Scornful Lady: theſe were of the Black-friers. Thoſe of principal note at the Cock-pit, were, Perkins, Michael Bowyer, Sumner, William Allen, and Bird, eminent actors, and Robins, a comedian. Of the other companies I took little notice.

Lovew. Were there ſo many companies?

Truem. Before the wars there were in being all theſe play-houſes at the ſame time. The Black-friers, and Globe on the Bank-ſide, a winter and ſummer houſe, belonging to the ſame company, called the King's Servants; the Cock-pit or Phænix, in Drury-Lane, called the Queen's Servants; the

private houſe in Saliſbury-Court, called the Prince's Servants; the Fortune near Whitecroſs Street; and the Red Bull at the upper end of St. John's Street: the two laſt were moſtly frequented by citizens, and the meaner ſort of people. All theſe companies got money, and liv'd in reputation, eſpecially thoſe of the Black-friers, who were men of grave and ſober behaviour.

Lovew. Which I admire at, that the town much leſs than at preſent, could then maintain five companies, and yet now two can hardly ſubſiſt.

Truem. Do not wonder, but conſider, that tho' the town was then, perhaps, not much more than half ſo populous as now, yet then the prices were ſmall (there being no ſcenes) and better order kept among the company that came; which made very good people think a play an innocent diverſion for an idle hour or two, the plays themſelves being then, for the moſt part, more inſtructive and moral. Whereas, of late, the play-houſes are ſo extreamly peſtered with vizard-maſks and their trade, (occaſioning continual quarrels and abuſes) that many of the more civiliz'd part of the town are uneaſy in the company, and ſhun the Theatre as they would a houſe of ſcandal. It is an argument of the worth of the

the plays and actors of the laſt age, and eaſily inferred, that they were much beyond ours in this, to conſider that they could ſupport themſelves merely from their own merit, the weight of the matter, and goodneſs of the action, without ſcenes and machines; whereas the preſent plays with all that ſhew can hardly draw an audience, unleſs there be the additional invitation of a Signior Fideli, a Monſieur l' Abbe, or ſome ſuch foreign regale expreſs'd in the bottom of the bill.

Lovew. To wave this digreſſion, I have read of one Edward Allin, a man ſo famed for excellent action, that among Ben Johnſon's epigrams, I find one directed to him, full of encomium, and concluding thus:

Wear this renown, 'tis juſt that who did give
So many poets life, by one ſhould live.

Was he one of the Black-friers?

Truem. Never, as I have heard; (for he was dead before my time). He was maſter of a company of his own, for whom he built the Fortune play-houſe from the ground, a large, round brick building. This is he that grew ſo rich, that he purchaſed a great eſtate in Surrey and elſe-

where; and having no iſſue he built and largely endowed Dulwich college, in the year 1619, for a maſter, a warden, four fellows, twelve aged poor people, and twelve poor boys, &c. A noble charity.

Lovew. What kind of play-houſes had they before the wars?

Truem. The Black-friers, Cockpit, and Saliſbury-court, were called private houſes, and were very ſmall to what we ſee now. The Cockpit was ſtanding ſince the reſtoration, and Rhode's company acted there for ſome time.

Lovew. I have ſeen that.

Truem. Then you have ſeen the other two, in effect; for they were all three built almoſt exactly alike, for form and bigneſs. Here they had pits for the gentry, and acted by candle-light. The Globe, Fortune, and Bull, were large houſes, and lay partly open to the weather, and there they always acted by day-light.

Lovew. But pr'ythee, Trueman, what became of theſe players when the ſtage was put down, and the rebellion rais'd?

Truem. Moſt of 'em, except Lowin, Tayler and Pollard (who were ſuperannuated) went into the king's army, and like good men and true, ſerv'd their old maſter, tho' in a different, yet more honourable capacity. Robinſon

ſon was kill'd at the taking of a place, (I think Baſing-houſe) by Harriſon, he that was after hang'd at Charing-croſs, who refuſed him quarter, and ſhot him in the head when he had laid down his arms; abuſing ſcripture at the ſame time, in ſaying, *Curſed is he that doth the work of the Lord negligently.* Mohun was a captain (and after the wars were ended here, ſerved in *Flanders*, where he received pay as a major.) Hart was a lieutenant of horſe under ſir Thomas Dalliſon, in prince Rupert's regiment; Burt was cornet in the ſame troop, and Shatterel quarter-maſter; Allen of the cockpit was a major, and quarter-maſter-general at Oxford. I have not heard of one of theſe players of any note that ſided with the other party, but only Swanſton, and he profeſs'd himſelf a preſbyterian, took up the trade of a jeweller, and liv'd in Aldermanbury, within the territory of father Calamy; the reſt either loſt, or expos'd their lives for their king. When the wars were over, and the royaliſts totally ſubdued; moſt of 'em who were left alive gather'd to London, and for a ſubſiſtence endeavour'd to revive their old trade privately. They made up one company out of all the ſcatter'd members of ſeveral; and in the winter before the king's murder, 1648, they ventured to act ſome plays with as much caution and pri-

vacy as could be, at the Cockpit. They continued undiſturbed for three or four days; but at laſt as they were preſenting the tragedy of the Bloody Brother (in which Lowin acted Aubrey, Tayler Rollo, Pollard the cook, Burt Latorch, and I think Hart Otto) a party of foot ſoldiers beſet the houſe, ſurprized 'em about the middle of the play, and carried 'em away in their habits, not admitting them to ſhift, to Hatton-houſe then a priſon, where having detain'd them ſome time, they plundered them of their cloaths, and let 'em looſe again. Afterwards, in Oliver's time, they uſed to act privately, three or four miles or more out of town, now here, now there, ſometimes in noblemens houſes, in particular Holland-houſe at Kenſington, where the nobility and gentry who met (but in no great numbers) uſed to make a ſum for them, each giving a broad piece, or the like. And Alexander Goffe, the woman actor at Blackfriers (who had made himſelf known to perſons of quality) uſed to be the jackall, and give notice of time and place. At Chriſtmas and Bartholomew-fair, they uſed to bribe the officer who commanded the guard at Whitehall, and were thereupon connived at to act for a few days, at the Red Bull; but were ſometimes notwithſtanding diſturb'd by ſoldiers. Some pick'd up a little money by publiſhing the copies

copies of plays never before printed, but kept up in manuſcript. For inſtance, in the year 1652, Beaumont and Fletcher's Wild Gooſe Chace was printed in folio, for the public uſe of all the ingenious, as the title-page ſays, and private benefit of John Lowin and Joſeph Tayler, ſervants to his late majeſty; and by them dedicated to the honoured few lovers of dramatick poeſy, wherein they modeſtly intimate their wants; and that with ſufficient cauſe; for whatever they were before the wars, they were after reduced to a neceſſitous condition. Lowin, in his latter days, kept an inn, the three Pigeons at Brentford, where he died very old, for he was an actor of eminent note in the reign of king James I. and his poverty was as great as his age. Tayler died at Richmond, and was there buried. Pollard, who lived ſingle, and had a competent eſtate, retired to ſome relations he had in the country, and there ended his life. Perkins and Sumner of the Cockpit, kept houſe together at Clerkenwell, and were there buried. Theſe all died ſome years before the reſtoration; what followed after, I need not tell you; you can eaſily remember.

Lovew. Yes; preſently after the reſtoration, the king's players acted publickly at the Red Bull for ſome time, and then removed to a new-built playhouſe in Vere-ſtreet, by Clare-market.

market. There they continued for a year or two, and then removed to the Theatre Royal in Drury-lane, where they firſt made uſe of ſcenes, which had been a little before introduced upon the publick ſtage by ſir William Davenant, at the duke's Old Theatre in Lincolns-inn-fields, but afterwards very much improved, with the addition of curious machines by mr. Betterton at the New Theatre in Dorſet-garden, to the great expence and continual charge of the players. This much impaired their profit o'er what it was before; for I have been inform'd by one of 'em, that for ſeveral years next after the reſtoration, every whole ſharer in mr. Hart's company, got 1000 l. per ann. About the ſame time that ſcenes firſt entered upon the ſtage at London, women were taught to act their own parts; ſince when, we have ſeen at both houſes ſeveral actreſſes, juſtly famed as well for beauty, as perfect good action. And ſome plays, in particular the Parſon's Wedding, have been preſented all by women, as formerly all by men. Thus it continued for about 20 years, when mr. Hart, and ſome of the old men began to grow weary, and were minded to leave off; then the two companies thought fit to unite; but of late you ſee, they have thought it no leſs fit to divide again, though both companies keep the ſame name

name of his majeſty's ſervants. All this while the playhouſe muſick improved yearly, and is now arrived to greater perfection than ever I knew it. Yet for all theſe advantages, the reputation of the ſtage, and peoples affection to it, are much decayed. Some were lately ſevere againſt it, and would hardly allow ſtage-plays fit to be longer permitted. Have you ſeen mr. Collier's book?

Truem. Yes, and his oppoſer's.

Lovew. And what think you?

Truem. In my mind mr. Collier's reflections are pertinent, and true in the main; the book ingeniouſly wrote, and well intended; but he has overſhot himſelf in ſome places, and his reſpondents perhaps in more. My affection inclines me not to engage on either ſide, but rather mediate. If there be abuſes relating to the ſtage, which I think is too apparent, let the abuſe be reformed, and not the uſe, for that reaſon only, aboliſhed. 'Twas an old ſaying when I was a boy,

Abſit abuſus, non deſit totaliter uſus.

I ſhall not run through mr. Collier's book; I will only touch a little on two or three general notions, in which, I think, he may be miſtaken. What he urges out of the primitive councils and fathers of the church, ſeems

to

to me to be directed againſt the heathen plays, which were a ſort of religious worſhip with them, to the honour of Ceres, Flora, or ſome of their falſe deities; they had always a little altar on their ſtages, as appears plain enough from ſome places in Plautus. And mr. Collier himſelf, p. 235. tells us out of Livy, that plays were brought in upon the ſcore of religion, to pacify the gods. No wonder then, they forbid chriſtians to be preſent at them, for it was almoſt the ſame as to be preſent at their ſacrifices. We muſt alſo obſerve, that this was in the infancy of chriſtianity, when the church was under ſevere, and almoſt continual perſecutions, and when all its true members were of moſt ſtrict and exemplary lives, not knowing when they ſhould be called to the ſtake, or thrown to wild beaſts. They communicated daily, and expected death hourly; as their thoughts were intent upon the next world, they abſtain'd almoſt wholly from all diverſions and pleaſures, (though lawful and innocent) in this. Afterwards when perſecution ceaſed, and the church flouriſh'd, chriſtians being then freed from their former terrors, allow'd themſelves, at proper times, the lawful recreations of converſation, and among other, no doubt, this of ſhews and repreſentations. After this time, the cenſures of the church indeed might be continued, or

revived upon occaſion, againſt plays and players, tho', in my opinion, it can not be underſtood generally, but only againſt ſuch players who were of vicious and licentious lives, and repreſented profane ſubjects, inconſiſtent with the morals and probity of manners requiſite to chriſtians; and frequented chiefly by ſuch looſe and debauch'd people as were much more apt to corrupt than divert thoſe who aſſociated with them. I ſay, I can not think the canons and cenſures of the fathers can be applied to all players, *quatenus* players; for if ſo, how could plays be continued among the chriſtians, as they were, of divine ſubjects, and ſcriptural ſtories? A late French author ſpeaking of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, a play-houſe in Paris, ſays, that the ancient dukes of that name gave it to the brotherhood of the Paſſion, eſtabliſhed in the church of Trinity-hoſpital in the Rue S. Denis, on condition that they ſhould repreſent here interludes of devotion; and adds, that there have been public ſhews in this place ſix hundred years ago. The Spaniſh and Portugueze continue ſtill to have, for the moſt part, ſuch eccleſiaſtical ſtories for the ſubject of their plays: And if we may believe Gage, they are acted in their churches in Mexico, and the Spaniſh Weſt-Indies.

Lovew.

Lovem. That's a great way off, Trueman; I had rather you would come nearer home, and confine your diſcourſe to Old England.

Truem. So I intend. The ſame has been done here in England; for otherwiſe how comes it to be prohibited in the 88th canon, among thoſe paſs'd in convocation, 1603? Certain it is, that our ancient plays were of religious ſubjects, and had for their actors, if not prieſts, yet men relating to the church.

Lovew. How does that appear?

Truem. Nothing clearer. Stow, in his ſurvey of London, has one chapter of the ſports and paſtimes of old time uſed in this city, and there he tells us, that in the year 1391, which was 15 Richard II. a ſtage-play was play'd by the pariſh-clerks of London, at the Skinner's-well beſide Smithfield, which play continued three days together, the king, queen, and nobles of the realm being preſent. And another was play'd in the year 1409, 11 Henry IV. which laſted eight days, and was of matter from the creation of the world; whereat were preſent moſt part of the nobility and gentry of England. Sir William Dugdale, in his antiquities of Warwickſhire, p. 116. ſpeaking of the Gray-friars, or Franciſcans, at Coventry, ſays, Before the ſuppreſſion of the monaſteries, this city was very famous for the pageants

pageants that were play'd therein upon Corpus-chriſti day; which pageants being acted with mighty ſtate and reverence by the friers of this houſe, had theatres for the ſeveral ſcenes very large and high, placed upon wheels, and drawn to all the eminent parts of the city, for the better advantage of the ſpectators; and contained the ſtory of the New Teſtament, compoſed in old Engliſh rhime. An ancient manuſcript of the ſame is now to be ſeen in the Cottonian library, *Sub Effig. Veſp. D.* 8. Since the reformation in queen Elizabeth's time, plays were frequently acted by quiriſters and ſinging-boys; and ſeveral of our old comedies have printed in the title-page, acted by the children of Paul's, (not the ſchool, but the church) others, by the children of her majeſty's chapel; in particular, Cinthia's Revels, and the Poetaſter, were play'd by them; who were at that time famous for good action. Among Ben Johnſon's epigrams you may find an epitaph on S. P. *(Sal. Pavy)* one of the children of queen Elizabeth's chapel; part of which runs thus,

Years he counted ſcarce thirteen,
When fates turn'd cruel,
Yet three fill'd zodiacks he had been
The ſtage's jewel;

And

And did act (what now we moan)
Old man ſo duly,
As, ſooth, the Parcæ *thought him one,*
He play'd ſo truly.

Some of theſe chapel boys, when they grew men, became actors at the Black-friers; ſuch were Nath. Feild and John Underwood. Now I can hardly imagine that ſuch plays and players as theſe, are included in the ſevere cenſure of the councils and fathers; but ſuch only who are truly within the character given by Didacus de Tapia, cited by mr. Collier, p. 276. *viz. The infamous playhouſe; a place of contradiction to the ſtrictneſs and ſobriety of religion; a place hated by God, and haunted by the devil.* And for ſuch I have as great an abhorence as any man.

Lovew. Can you gueſs of what antiquity the repreſenting of religious matters on the ſtage hath been in England?

Truem. How long before the conqueſt I know not, but that it was uſed in London not long after, appears by Fitz-ſtevens, an author who wrote in the reign of king Henry the Second. His words are, *Londonia pro ſpectaculis theatralibus, pro ludis ſcenicis, ludos habet ſanctiores, repreſentationes miraculorum, quæ ſancti confeſſores operati ſunt, ſeu repreſentationes paſſionum quibus claruit conſtantia*

tantia martyrum. Of this, the manuſcript which I lately mentioned, in the Cottonian library, is a notable inſtance. Sir William Dugdale cites this manuſcript, by the title of *Ludus Coventriæ*; but in the printed catalogue of that library, p. 113, it is named thus, A collection of plays in old Engliſh metre; h. e. *Dramata ſacra, in quibus exhibentur hiſtoriæ Veteris & N. Teſtamenti, introductis quaſi in ſcenam perſonis illic memoratis, quas ſecum invicem colloquentes pro ingenio fingit poeta. Videntur olim coram populo, ſive ad inſtruendum, ſive ad placendum, a fratribus mendicantibus repræſentata.* It appears by the latter end of the prologue, that theſe plays or interludes were not only play'd at Coventry, but in other towns and places upon occaſion. And poſſibly this may be the ſame play which Stow tells us was play'd in the reign of king Henry IV. which laſted for eight days. The book ſeems by the character and language to be at leaſt 300 years old. It begins with a general prologue, giving the arguments of 40 pageants or geſticulations (which were as ſo many ſeveral acts or ſcenes) repreſenting all the hiſtories of both teſtaments from the creation, to the chuſing of St. *Matthias* to be an apoſtle. The ſtories of the New Teſtament are more largely expreſs'd, *viz.* the annunciation, nativity, viſitation;

ſitation; but more eſpecially all matters re-lating to the paſſion, very particularly, the re-ſurrection, aſcenſion, the choice of St. *Mat-thias*. After which is alſo repreſented the aſſumption, and laſt judgment. All theſe things were treated of in a very homely ſtile, as we now think, infinitely below the dignity of the ſubject: But it ſeems the gouſt of that age was not ſo nice and delicate in theſe mat-ters; the plain and incurious judgment of our anceſtors, being prepared with favour, and taking every thing by the right and eaſieſt handle: For example, in the ſcene relating to the viſitation.

MARIA.

But husband of oo thyng pray you moſt
mekeley,
I have knowing that our coſyn Elizabeth with
childe is,
That it pleaſe yow to go to her haſtyly,
If ought we myth comfort her, it wer to me
blys.

JOSEPH.

A Gods ſake, is ſhe with child, ſche?
Than will her husband Zachary be mery.
In Montana they dwelle, fer hence, ſo moty the
In the city of Juda, I know it verily;
It is hence, I trowe, myles two a fifty,

W

We ar like to be wery or we come at the ſame.
I wole with a good will, bleſſyd wyff Mary;
Now go we forth then in Goddys name, &c.

A little before the Reſurrection.

Nunc dormient milites, & veniet anima Chriſti de inferno, cum Adam & Eva, Abraham, John Baptiſt, & *aliis.*

Anima Chriſti

Come forth Adam, and Eve with the,
And all my fryndes that herein be,
In paradys come forth with me
In blyſſe for to dwelle.
The fende of hell that is yowr foo
He ſhall be wrappyd and woundyn in woo:
Fro wo to welth now ſhall ye go,
With myrth ever mor to melle.

ADAM.

I thank the Lord of thy grete grace
That now is forgiven my gret treſpace,
Now ſhall we dwellyn in blyſſful place, &c.

The laſt ſcene or pageant, which repreſents the day of judgment, begins thus.

MICHAEL.

MICHAEL.

Surgite, *All men aryſe,*
Venite ad judicium,
For now is ſet the High Juſtice,
And hath aſſignyd the day of dome:
Kepe you redyly to this grett aſſyſe,
Both gret and ſmall, all and ſum,
And of yowr anſwer you now adviſe,
What you ſhall ſay when that yow com, &c.

Theſe and ſuch like were the plays which in former ages were preſented publickly: Whether they had any ſettled and conſtant houſes for that purpoſe, does not appear; I ſuppoſe not. But it is notorious that in former times there was hardly ever any ſolemn reception of princes, or noble perſons, but pageants, that is, ſtages erected in the open ſtreet, were part of the entertainment. On which there were ſpeeches by one or more perſons, in the nature of ſcenes; and be ſure one of the ſpeakers muſt be ſome ſaint of the ſame name with the party to whom the honour is intended. For inſtance, there is an ancient manuſcript at Coventry, call'd the Old Leet Book, wherein is ſet down in a very particular manner, p. 168. the reception of queen Margaret, wife of Henry VI. who came to Coventry; and, I think, with her,

her

her young ſon prince Edward) on the feaſt of the exaltation of the holy-croſs, 35 Hen. VI. 1456. Many pageants and ſpeeches were made for her welcome; out of all which, I ſhall obſerve but two or three, in the old Engliſh, as it is recorded.

St. Edward.

Moder of mekenes, dame Margarete, princes
moſt excellent,
I king Edward wellcome you with affection
cordial,
Teſtefying to your highnes mekely myn entent.
For the wele of the king and you hertily pray
I ſhall,
And for prince Edward my goſtly chylde, who
I love principal,
Praying the, John Evangeliſt, my help there-
in to be,
On that condition right humbly I give this
ring to the.

John Evangeliſt.

Holy Edward, crowned king, brother in
verginity,
My power plainly I will prefer thy will to
amplefy.
Moſt excellent princes of wymen mortal, your
bedeman will I be.

I know your life ſo vertuous that God is plea-
ſed thereby.
The birth of you unto this reme ſhall cauſe
great melody:
The vertuous voice of prince Edward ſhall
dayly well encreaſe,
St. Edward his Godfader, and I ſhall prey
therefore doubtleſe.

St. MARGARET.

Moſt notabul princes of wymen earthle,
Dame Margarete, the chefe myrth of this
empyre,
Ye be hertely welcome to this cyte.
To the pleſure of your highneſſe I wyll ſet my
deſyre;
Both nature and gentleneſſe doth me require,
Seth we be both of one name, to ſhew you kind-
neſſe;
Wherfore by my power ye ſhall have no diſtreſſe.

I ſhall pray to the prince that is endleſe
To ſocour you with ſolas of his high grace;
He will here my petition, this is doubtleſſe,
For I wrought all my life that his will wace.
Therefore, lady, when you be in any dredful
caſe,
Call on me boldly, thereof I pray you,
And truſt in me feythfully, I will do that may
pay you.

In the next reign, as appears in the ſame book, fol. 221. another prince Edward, ſon of king Edward IV. came to Coventry on the 28th of April, 14 Edward IV. 1474, and was entertained with many pageants and ſpeeches, among which I ſhall obſerve only two; one was of St. Edward again, who was then made to ſpeak thus:

Noble prince Edward, my couſin and my knight,
And very prince of our line com yn diſſent,
I St. Edward have purſued for your fader's
imperial right,
Whereof he was excluded by full furious intent.
Unto this your chamber, as prince full excellent,
Ye be right welcome. Thanked be Criſt of his
ſonde,
For that that was ours is now in your fader's
honde.

The other ſpeech was from St. George, and thus ſaith the book.

" ——*Alſo upon the condite in the Croſ-*
" *cheping was St. George armed, and a king's*
" *daughter kneling afore him with a lamb,*
" *and the fader and the moder being in a*
" *towre aboven beholding St. George ſaving*
" *their daughter from the dragon, and the*
" *condite renning wine in four places, and*

" *minſtralcy of organ playing, and St. George*
" *having this ſpeech underwritten.*

O mighty God our all ſuccour celeſtiall,
Which this royme haſt given in dower
To thi moder, and to me George protection perpetuall
It to defend from enimys fer and nere,
And as this mayden defended was here
By thy grace from this dragon's devour,
So, Lord, preſerve this noble prince, and ever be his ſocour.

Lovew. I perceive theſe holy matters conſiſted very much of praying; but I pity poor St. Edward the confeſſor, who in the compaſs of a few years, was made to promiſe his favour and aſſiſtance to two young princes of the ſame name indeed, but of as different and oppoſite intereſts as the two poles. I know not how he could perform to both.

Truem. Alas! they were both unhappy, notwithſtanding theſe fine ſhews and ſeeming careſſes of fortune, being both murder'd, one by the hand, the other by the procurement of Richard duke of Gloceſter. I will produce but one example more of this ſort of action, or repreſentations, and that is of later time, and an inſtance of much higher nature than any yet mentioned; it was at the marriage of

prince

prince Arthur, eldeſt ſon of king Henry VII. to the princeſs Catharine of Spain, An. 1501. Her paſſage through London was very magnificent, as I have read it deſcribed in an old MS. Chronicle of that time. The pageants and ſpeeches were many; the perſons repreſented St. Catharine, St. Urſula, a ſenator, nobleſſe, virtue, an angel, king Alphonſe, Job, Boetius, &c. among others one is thus deſcribed——"*When this ſpech was ended, "ſhe held on her way tyll ſhe came unto the "ſtandard in Chepe, where was ordeyned the "fifth pagend made like an hevyn, theryn "ſyttyng a perſonage repreſenting the fader "of hevyn, beyng all formyd of gold, and "brennyng beffor his trone vii candyilis of "wax ſtandyng in vii candylſtykis of gold, "the ſaid perſonage beyng environed wyth "ſundry hyrarchies off angelis, and ſytting in "a cope of moſt rich cloth of tyſſu, garniſhyd "wyth ſtoon and perle in moſt ſumptuous wyſe. "Foragain which ſaid pagend upon the ſowth "ſyde of the ſtrete ſtood at that tyme, in a "hows wheryn that tyme dwellyd William "Geffrey habyrdaſher, the king, the quene, "my lady the kingys moder, my lord of "Oxynfford, wyth many other lordys and "ladys, and perys of this realm, wyth alſo "certayn ambaſſadors of France lately ſent "from the French king: and ſo paſſyng the*

" *ſaid eſtatys, eyther guyving to other d*
" *and convenyent ſaluts and countenancs,*
" *ſone as hyr grace was approachid unto t*
" *ſayd pagend, the fadyr began his ſpech*
" *folowyth.*

Hunc veneram locum, ſepteno lumine ſeptum
Dignumque Arthuri totidem aſtra micant.

I am begynyng and ende, that made ech cre
ture
My ſylfe, and for my ſylfe, but man eſſpeciall
Both male and female, made aftyr myne aun ſ
gure,
Whom I joyned togydyr in matrimony,
And that in paradyſe, declaring opynly
That men ſhall weddyng in my chyrch ſolem
nize,
Fygurid and ſignifyed by the erthly paradyze.

In thys my chyrch I am allway recydent
As my chyeff tabernacle, and moſt choſyn pla
Among theſe goldyn candylſtikkis, which repr
ſent
My catholyk chyrch ſhynyng affor my face,
With lyght of feyth, wiſdom, doctryne, a
grace,
And merveloufly eke enflamyd toward me
Wyth the extyngwible fyre of charyte.

Whe

Wherefore, my welbelovid dowthyr Katharyn,
Syth I have made yow to myne awn ſemblance
In my chyrch to be maried, and your noble childryn
To regn in this land as in their enherytance,
Se that ye have me in ſpeciall remembrance:
Love me and my chyrch yowr ſpiritual modyr.
For ye diſpyſing that oon, dyſpyſe that othyr.

Look that ye walk in my precepts, and obey them well:
And here I give you the ſame blyſſyng that I
Gave my well beloved chylder of Iſraell;
Blyſſyd be the fruyt of your bely;
Yower ſubſtance and frutys I ſhall encreaſe and multyply;
Yower rebellious enimyes I ſhall put in yowr hand,
Encreaſing in honour both yow and yowr land.

Lovew. This would be cenſured now-a-days as profane to the higheſt degree.

Truem. No doubt on't: yet you ſee there was a time when people were not ſo nicely cenſorious in theſe matters, but were willing to take things in the beſt ſenſe; and then this was thought a noble entertainment for the greateſt king in Europe (ſuch I eſteem king Henry VII. at that time) and proper for that day of mighty joy and triumph. And I

muſt farther obſerve out of Lord Bacon's hiſtory of Henry VII. that the chief man who had the care of that day's proceedings was biſhop Fox, a grave counſellor for war or peace, and alſo a good ſurveyor of works, and a good maſter of ceremonies, and it ſeems he approv'd it. The ſaid lord Bacon tells us farther, That whoſoever had thoſe toys in compiling, they were not altogether pedantical.

Lovew. Theſe things however are far from that which we underſtand by the name of a play.

Truem. It may be ſo; but theſe were the plays of thoſe times. Afterwards in the reign of king Henry VIII. both the ſubject and form of theſe plays began to alter, and have ſince varied more and more. I have by me, a thing called *A merry play between the Pardoner and the Frere, the Curate and Neybour Pratte.* Printed the 5th of April 1533, which was 24 Henry VIII. (a few years before the diſſolution of monaſteries.) The deſign of this play was to ridicule Friers and Pardoners. Of which I'll give you a taſte. To begin it, the Frier enters with theſe words:

Deus hic; *the holy trynyte*
Preſerve all that now here be.

Dere

Dere bretherne, yf ye will conſyder
The cauſe why I am com hyder,
Ye wolde be glad to knowe my entent;
For I com not hyther for mony nor for rent,
I com not hyther for meat nor for meale,
But I com hyther for your ſoules heale, &c.

After a long preamble he addreſſes himſelf to preach, when the Pardoner enters with theſe words.

God and St. Leonarde ſend ye all his grace,
As many as ben aſſembled in this place, &c.

And makes a long ſpeech, ſhewing his bulls and his reliques, in order to ſell his pardons, for the raiſing ſome money towards the rebuilding

Of the holy chappell of ſweet ſaynt Leonarde,
Which late by fyre was deſtroyed and marde.

Both theſe ſpeaking together, with continual interruption, at laſt they fall together by the ears. Here the Curate enters (for you muſt know the ſcene lies in the church)

Hold your hands; a vengeance on ye both two,
That ever ye came hyther to make this ado,
To polute my chyrche, &c.

Fri. *Mayſter parſon, I marvayll ye will give lycence*
To this falſe knave in this audience

To publiſh his ragman rolles with lyes.
I deſyred hym ywys more than ones or twyſe
To hold his peas tyll that I had done,
But he would here no more than the man in the mone.

Pard. *Why ſholde I ſuffre the, more than thou me?*
Mayſter parſon gave me lycence before the.
And I wolde thou knoweſt it I have relykes here,
Other maner ſtuffe than thou doſt here:
I wyll edefy more with the ſyght of it,
Than will all thy pratynge of holy wryt;
For that except that the precher himſelfe lyve well,
His predycacyon wyll helpe never a dell, &c.

Parſ. *No more of this wranglyng in my chyrch:*
I ſhrewe yowr hertys bothe for this lurche.
Is there any blood ſhed here bet-ween theſe knaves?
Thanked be god they had no ſtavys,
Nor egotoles, for then it had ben wronge.
Well, ye ſhall ſynge another ſonge.

Here he calls his neighbour Prat, the Conſtable, with deſign to apprehend 'em, and ſet 'em in the ſtocks. But the Frier and Pardoner prove ſturdy, and will not be ſtock'd, but fall upon the poor Parſon and Conſtable, and bang them both ſo well-favour'dly, that at laſt they are glad to let 'em go at liberty: and ſo the farce ends with a drawn battle. Such as this were the plays of that age, acted in gentlemen's halls at Chriſtmaſs, or ſuch like feſtival times, by the ſervants of the family, or ſtrowlers who went about and made it a trade. It is not unlikely that

that the * lords in thoſe days, and perſons of eminent quality had their ſeveral gangs of players, as ſome have now of fidlers, to whom they give cloaks and badges. The firſt comedy that I have ſeen that looks like regular, is *Gammer Gurton*'s *Needle*, writ, I think, in the reign of king Edward VI. This is compoſed of five acts, the ſcenes unbroken, and the unities of time and place duly obſerved. It was acted at Chriſt's College in Cambridge; there not being as yet any ſettled and publick theatres.

Lovew. I obſerve, Trueman, from what you have ſaid, that plays in England had a beginning much like thoſe of Greece; the Monologues and the Pageants drawn from place to place on wheels, anſwer exactly to the cart of Theſpis, and the improvements have been by ſuch little ſteps and degrees as among the ancients, till at laſt, to uſe the words of ſir George Buck (in his Third Univerſity of England) "Dramatick poeſy is ſo "lively expreſs'd and repreſented upon the "publick ſtages and theatres of this city, as "Rome in the auge (the higheſt pitch) of "her pomp and glory, never ſaw it better per-

* *Till the 25th year of queen Elizabeth, the queen had not any players; but in that year twelve of the beſt of all thoſe who belonged to ſeveral lords, were choſen, and ſworn her ſervants.* Stow's *Annals*, *p.* 698.

"formed,

" formed, I mean (ſays he) in reſpect of the " action and art, and not of the coſt and " ſumptuouſneſs." This he writ about the year 1631. But can you inform me, Trueman, when the publick theatres were firſt erected for this purpoſe in London?

Truem. Not certainly; but, I preſume, about the beginning of queen Elizabeth's reign. For Stow in his ſurvey of London (which book was firſt printed in the year 1598) ſays, " Of late years in place of theſe ſtage-plays " (*i. e.* thoſe of religious matters) have been " uſed comedies, tragedies, interludes, and " hiſtories, both true and feigned; for the " acting whereof certain publick places, as " the Theatre, the Curtine, &c. have been " erected." And the continuator of Stow's annals, p. 1004, ſays, that in ſixty years before the publication of that book, (which was Ann. Dom. 1629) no leſs than ſeventeen publick ſtages, or common play-houſes, had been built in and about London. In which number he reckons five inns or common oſteries, to have been in his time turned into play-houſes, one cock-pit, ſaint Paul's ſinging ſchool, one in the Blackfriers, one in the Whitefriers, and one in former time at Newington Butts; and adds, before the ſpace of ſixty years paſt, I never knew, heard, or read of any ſuch theatres, et ſtages, or play-houſes,

houſes, as have been purpoſely built within man's memory.

Lovew. After all, I have been told, that ſtage-plays are inconſiſtent with the laws of this kingdom, and players made rogues by ſtatute.

Truem. He that told you ſo, ſtrain'd a point of truth. I never met with any law wholly to ſuppreſs them: ſometimes indeed they have been prohibited for a ſeaſon; as in times of Lent, general mourning, or publick calamities, or upon other occaſions, when the government ſaw fit. Thus by proclamation, 7 of April, in the firſt year of queen Elizabeth, plays and interludes were forbid till Alhallow-tide next following. Hollinſhed, p. 1184. Some ſtatutes have been made for their regulation or reformation, not general ſuppreſſion. By the ſtat. 39 Eliz. cap. 4. (which was made for the ſuppreſſing of rogues, vagabonds, and ſturdy beggars) it is enacted, §. 2. "*That all perſons that be, or utter* "*themſelves to be, proctors, procurers, pa-* "*tent gatherers, or collectors for goals, pri-* "*ſons, or hoſpitals, or fencers, bearwards,* "*common players of interludes and miniſtrels,* "*wandring abroad, (other than players of* "*interludes belonging to any baron of this* "*realm, or any other honourable perſonage of* "*greater degree, to be authoriz'd to play un-*

"*der*

" *der the hand and ſeal of arms of ſuch ba-*
" *ron or perſonage) all juglers, tinkers,*
" *pedlars, and petty chapmen, wand'ring*
" *abroad, all wand'ring perſons, &c. able in*
" *body, uſing loytering, and refuſing to work*
" *for ſuch reaſonable wages as is commonly*
" *given, &c. Theſe ſhall be adjudged and*
" *deemed rogues, vagabonds, and ſturdy beg-*
" *gars, and puniſhed as ſuch.*"

Lovew. But this privilege of authoriſing or licenſing, is taken away by the ſtat. Jac. I. ch. 7. S. 1. and therefore all of them, as mr. Collier ſays p. 242.) are expreſly brought under the aforeſaid penalty, without diſtinction.

Truem. If he means all players, without diſtinction, 'tis a great miſtake. For the force of the queen's ſtatute extends only to wandring players, and not to ſuch as are the king or queen's ſervants, and eſtabliſh'd in ſettled houſes, by royal authority. On ſuch, the ill character of vagrant players (or as they are now called, ſtrollers) can caſt no more aſperſion, than the wandring proctors, in the ſame ſtatute mentioned, on thoſe of Doctors-Commons. By a ſtat. made 3 Jac. I. ch. 21. it was enacted, " *That if any perſon ſhall*
" *in any ſtage-play, interlude, ſhew, may-*
" *game or pageant, jeſtingly or prophanely*
" *ſpeak or uſe the holy name of God, Chriſt*
" *Jeſus, or of the Trinity, he ſhall forfeit*
" *for every ſuch offence* 10 l." The ſtat. 1

Charle

Charles I. ch. 1. enacts, " *That no meetings,* " *aſſemblies, or concourſe of people ſhall be* " *out of their own pariſhes, on the Lord's-day,* " *for any ſports or paſtimes whatſoever, nor* " *any bear-baiting, bull-baiting, interludes,* " *common plays, or other unlawful exerciſes* " *and paſtimes, uſed by any perſon or per-* " *ſons within their own pariſhes.*" Theſe are all the ſtatutes that I can think of, relating to the ſtage and players; but nothing to ſuppreſs them totally, till the two ordinances of the long parliament, one of the 22d of October 1647, the other of the 11th of Feb. 1647. By which all ſtage-plays and interludes are abſolutely forbid; the ſtages, ſeats, galleries, &c. to be pulled down; all players, tho' calling themſelves the king or queen's ſervants, if convicted of acting within two months before ſuch conviction, to be puniſhed as rogues according to law; the money received by them to go to the poor of the pariſh; and every ſpectator to pay five ſhillings to the uſe of the poor. Alſo cock-fighting was prohibited by one of Oliver's acts of 31 March, 1644. But I ſuppoſe no body pretends theſe things to be laws. I could ſay more on this ſubject, but I muſt break off here, and leave you, Lovewit; my occaſions require it.

Lovew. Farewell, old Cavalier.

Truem. 'Tis properly ſaid; we are almoſt all of us, now, gone and forgotten.

TANCRED AND GISMUNDA.

A TRAGEDY.

BY

Mr. ROBERT WILMOT.

THis Play ſeems to have been written originally by ſeveral young gentlemen of the Inner-Temple, *and was acted by them before* Queen Elizabeth. *It was afterwards, at their requeſt, reviv'd and new written by Mr.* Robert Wilmot. *This I think may be gathered from Mr.* William Webbe's *Letter to the Author, which is prefix'd to the play; and from the initials of ſeveral perſons names which are preſerved at the end of each act. It was printed in the year* 1592, *and is founded on a ſtory in* Boccace, *Day the fourth, Novel the firſt.*

To his Friend *R. W.*

MASTER *R. W.* look not now for the terms of an intreator, I will beg no longer; and for your promiſes, I will refuſe them as bad Payment: neither can I be ſatisfied with any thing, but a peremptory performance of an old intention of yours, the publiſhing I mean of thoſe waſt papers (as it pleaſeth you to call them, but, as I eſteem them, a moſt exquiſite invention) of Giſmund's tragedy. Think not to ſhift me off with longer delays, nor alledge more excuſes to get further reſpite, leſt I arreſt you with my *actum eſt*, and commence ſuch a ſuit of unkindneſs againſt you, as when the caſe ſhall be ſcan'd before the judges of courteſy, the court will cry out of your immoderate modeſty. And thus much I tell you before, you ſhall not be able to wage againſt me in the charges growing upon this action, eſpecially if the worſhipful company of the Inner-Temple gentlemen patronize my cauſe, as undoubtedly they will, yea, and rather plead partially for me, than let my cauſe miſcarry, becauſe themſelves are parties. The tragedy was by them moſt pithily framed, and no leſs curiouſly acted in view of her Majeſty, by whom it was then as princely accepted, as of the whole honourable audience notably applauded: yea, and of all men generally deſired, as a work, either in ſtatelineſs of ſhew, depth of conceit, or true ornaments of poetical art, inferior to none of the beſt in that kind: no, were the Roman Seneca the cenſurer. The brave youths that then (to their high praiſes) ſo feelingly performed the ſame in action, did ſhortly after lay up the book unregarded, or perhaps let it run abroad (as many parents do their children once paſt dandling) not reſpecting ſo much what hard fortune might befall it being out of their fingers, as

how their heroical wits might again be quickly conceived with new inventions of like worthineſs, whereof they have been ever ſince wonderful fertile. But this orphan of theirs (for he wand'reth as it were fatherleſs) hath notwithſtanding, by the rare and beautiful perfections appearing in him, hitherto never wanted great favourers and loving preſervers. Among whom I cannot ſufficiently commend your charitable zeal, and ſcholarly compaſſion towards him, that have not only reſcued and defended him from the devouring jaws of oblivion, but vouchſafed alſo to apparel him in a new ſuit at your own charges, wherein he may again more boldly come abroad, and by your permiſſion return to his old parents, cloathed perhaps not in richer or more coſtly furniture than it went from them, but in handſomneſs and faſhion more anſwerable to theſe times, wherein faſhions are ſo often altered. Let one word ſuffice for your encouragement herein; namely, that your commendable pains in diſrobing him of his antique curioſity, and adorning him with the approved guiſe of our ſtatelieſt Engliſh terms (not diminiſhing, but more augmenting his artificial colours of abſolute poeſy, derived from his firſt parents) cannot but be grateful to moſt mens appetites, who upon our experience we know highly to eſteem ſuch lofty meaſures of ſententiouſly-compoſed tragedies.

How much you ſhall make me, and the reſt of your private friends beholden to you, I liſt not to diſcourſe: and therefore grounding upon theſe alledged reaſons, that the ſuppreſſing of this tragedy, ſo worthy for the preſs, were no other thing than wilfully to defraud yourſelf of an univerſal thank, your friends of their expectations, and ſweet *Giſmund* of a famous eternity, I will ceaſe to doubt of any other pretence to cloak your baſhfulneſs, hoping to read it in print (which lately lay neglected amongſt your papers) at our next appointed meeting.

I bid you heartily farewel. From *Pyrgo* in *Eſſex*, *Auguſt* the eighth, 1591.

Tuus fide & facultate

Guil. Webbe.

A PREFACE *to the Queen's Maids of Honour.*

FLowers of prime, pearls couched all in gold,
Light of our days, that glads the fainting hearts
Of them that ſhall your ſhining gleams behold,
Salve of each ſore, recure of inward ſmarts,
In whom virtue and beauty ſtriveth ſo
As neither yields: behold here, for your gain,
Giſmund's unlucky love, her fault, her woe,
And death; at laſt her cruel father ſlain
Through his miſhap; and though you do not ſee,
Yet read and rue their woful tragedy.
So Jove, as your high virtues done deſerve,
Grant you ſuch pheers, as may your virtues ſerve
With like virtues, and bliſsful Venus ſend
Unto your happy loves an happy end.

Another to the ſame.

GIſmund, that whilome liv'd her father's joy
And died his death, now dead, doth (as ſhe may)
By us pray you to pity her annoy.
And to requite the ſame, doth humbly pray,
Heavens to forefend your loves from like decay.
The faithful Earl doth alſo make requeſt,
Wiſhing thoſe worthy knights whom ye embrace,
The conſtant truth that lodged in his breaſt.
His hearty love, not his unhappy caſe,
Befall to ſuch as triumph in your grace.
The King prays pardon of his cruel heſt,
And for amends deſires it may ſuffice,
That by his blood he warneth all the reſt
Of fond fathers, that they in kinder wiſe
Intreat the jewels where their comfort lies.
We, as their meſſengers, beſeech ye all
On their behalfs, to pity all their ſmarts.
And for ourſelves (although the worth be ſmall)
We pray ye to accept our humble hearts,
Avow'd to ſerve with prayer and with praiſe
Your honours, all unworthy other ways.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Tancred, *the King.*
Guiſzard, *Count* Palurin.
Julio, *Lord Chamberlain.*
Renuchio, *Captain of the Guard.*
Cupid.

Giſmunda, *the King's Daughter.*
Lucrece, *her Aunt.*
Megæra.

CHORUSSES.

ARGUMENT to the Tragedy.

TANCRED, *the Prince of* Salerne, *overloves*
His only daughter (wonder of that age)
Giſmund, *who loves the County* Palurin
Guiſhard, *who quits her likings with his love:*
A letter in a cane deſcribes the means
Of their two meetings in a ſecret cave.
Unconſtant fortune leadeth forth the king
To this unhappy ſight, wherewith in rage
The gentle Earl he doometh to his death,
And greets his daughter with her lover's heart.
Giſmunda *fills the goblet with her tears,*
And drinks a poiſon which ſhe had diſtill'd,
Whereof ſhe dies, whoſe deadly countenance
So grieves her father, that he ſlew himſelf.

Another of the ſame, more at large, in proſe.

TANCRED, *King of* Naples *and Prince of* Salerne, *gave his only daughter* Giſmund *(whom he moſt dearly loved) in marriage to a foreign prince, after whoſe death ſhe returned home to her father, who having felt great grief of her abſence whilſt her husband lived, immeaſurably eſteeming her, determined never to ſuffer any ſecond marriage to bereave him of her. She, on the other ſide, waxing weary of that her father's purpoſe, bent her mind to the ſecret love of the County* Palurin: *to whom (he being likewiſe inflamed with love*

of her) by a letter ſubtilly encloſed in a cloven cane, ſhe gave to underſtand a convenient way for their deſired meetings, through an old ruinous vault, whoſe mouth opened directly under her chamber floor. Into this vault when ſhe was one day deſcended (for the conveyance of her lover) her father in the mean ſeaſon (whoſe only joy was in his daughter) came to her chamber, and not finding her there, ſuppoſing her to have been walked abroad for her diſport, he threw him down on her bed, and covered his head with a curtain, minding to abide and reſt there till her return. She nothing ſuſpecting this her father's unſeaſonable coming, brought up her lover out of the cave into her chamber, where her father eſpied their ſecret love: and he (not eſpied of them) was upon this ſight ſtricken with marvellous grief; but either for that the ſudden deſpight had amazed him, and taken from him all uſe of ſpeech, or for that he reſolved himſelf to a more convenient revenge, he then ſpake nothing, but noted their return into the vault, and ſecretly departed. Afterward, bewailing his miſhap, he commanded the Earl to be attached, impriſoned, ſtrangled, unbowelled, and his heart in a cup of gold to be preſented to his daughter: ſhe thankfully receiveth the preſent, filling the cup (wherein the heart was) with her tears, with a venomous potion (by her diſtilled for that purpoſe) ſhe drank to her Earl. Which her father hearing of, came too late to comfort his dying daughter, who for her laſt requeſt beſought him, that her lover and herſelf might in one tomb be together buried, for a perpetual memory of their faithful loves; which requeſt he granted, adding to the burial, himſelf ſlain with his own hands, to his own reproach, and the terror of all other hard-hearted fathers.

TANCRED
AND
GISMUNDA.
A
TRAGEDY.

Act I. Scen. 1.

Cupid cometh out of the heavens in a cradle of flowers, drawing forth upon the ſtage, in a blue twiſt of ſilk, from his left hand, Vain Hope, Brittle Joy: And with a carnation twiſt of ſilk from his right hand, Fair Reſemblance, Late Repentance.

CUPID.

THERE reſt my chariot on the mountain tops.
I, that in ſhape appear unto your ſight
A naked boy, not cloath'd but with my wings,
Am that great God of Love, who with his might

Ruleth the vaſt wide world, and living things.
This left hand bears vain Hope, ſhort joyful ſtate,
With fair Reſemblance, lovers to allure:
This right hand holds Repentance all too late,
War, fire, blood, and pains without recure.
On ſweet Ambroſia is not my food,
Nectar is not my drink: as to the reſt,
" Of all the gods, I drink the lover's blood,
" And feed upon the heart within his breaſt.
Well hath my power in heaven and earth been try'd,
And deepeſt hell my piercing force hath known.
The marble ſeas my wonders have deſcry'd,
Which elder age throughout the world hath blown.
To me, the king of gods and men doth yield,
As witneſs can the Greekiſh maid *, whom I
Made like a cow go lowing through the field,
Leſt jealous Juno ſhould the 'ſcape eſpy.
The doubled night, the ſun's reſtrained courſe,
His ſecret ſtealths, the ſlander to eſchew,
In ſhape transform'd †, we liſt not to diſcourſe.
All that and more we forced him to do.
The warlike Mars hath not ſubdu'd our might,
We fear'd him not, his fury nor diſdain,
That can the gods record, before whoſe ſight
He lay faſt wrapt in Vulcan's ſubtle chain.
He that on earth yet hath not felt our power,
Let him behold the fall and cruel ſpoil
Of thee, fair Troy, of Aſia the flower,
So foul defac'd, and level'd with the ſoil.
Who forc'd Leander with his naked breaſt
So many nights to cut the frothy waves,
But Hero's love, that lay inclos'd in Seſt?
The ſtouteſt hearts to me ſhall yield them ſlaves.
Who could have match'd the huge ‡ Alcides' ſtrength?
Great † Macedon, what force might have ſubdu'd?
Wiſe Scipio, who overcame at length,
But we, that are with greater force endu'd?

Wh

* *Io.* † *Like to Amphitrio to Alcmena.* ‡ *Hercul*
† *Alexander.*

Who could have conquered the golden fleece
But Jaſon, aided by Medea's art?
Who durſt have ſtoln fair Helen out of Greece
But I, with love that boldned Paris' heart?
What bond of nature, what reſtraint avails
Againſt our power? I vouch to witneſs truth.
The myrrh tree *, that with ſhamefac'd tears bewails
Her father's love, ſtill weepeth yet for ruth.
But now, this world not ſeeing in theſe days
Such preſent proofs of our all-daring power,
Diſdains our name, and ſeeketh ſundry ways
To ſcorn and ſcoff, and ſhame us every hour.
A brat, a baſtard, and an idle boy,
A rod, a ſtaff, a whip to beat him out,
And to be ſick of love, a childiſh toy:
Theſe are mine honours now the world about,
My name diſgrac'd. To raiſe again therefore,
And in this age, mine ancient renown
By mighty acts intending to reſtore,
Down to the earth in wrath now I am come
And in this place ſuch wonders ſhall ye hear,
As theſe your ſtubborn and diſdainful hearts,
In melting tears, and humble yielding fear,
Shall ſoon relent by ſight of others ſmarts.
This princely palace will I enter in,
And there inflame the fair Giſmunda ſo,
Inraging all her ſecret veins within,
Through fiery Love, that ſhe ſhall feel much woe.
Too late Repentance, thou ſhalt bend my bow;
Vain Hope, take out my pale dead heavy ſhaft,
Thou fair Reſemblance, foremoſt forth ſhalt go,
With Brittle Joy: myſelf will not be left,
But after me comes Death, and deadly Pain.
Thus ſhall ye march, till we return again.
Mean while, ſit ſtill, and here I ſhall you ſhew
Such wonders, that at laſt with one accord
Ye ſhall relent, and ſay, that now ye know
Love rules the world, Love is a mighty lord. [*Exit.*

[Cupid *with his train entereth into king* Tancred's *palace.*

* *Myrrha.*

Act I. Scen. 2.

Giſmunda *in purple cometh out of her chamber, attended by four maids that are the Chorus.*

Giſmund.

" O Vain, unſtedfaſt ſtate of mortal things!
" Who truſts this world, leans to a brittle ſtay:
" Such fickle fruit his flattering bloom forth brings,
" Ere it be ripe, it falleth to decay.
The joy and bliſs that late I did poſſeſs,
In weal at will, with one I loved beſt,
Is turned now into ſo deep diſtreſs,
As teacheth me to know the world's unreſt.
For neither wit nor princely ſtomachs ſerve
Againſt his force, that ſlays without reſpect
The noble and the wretch: ne doth reſerve
So much as one for worthineſs elect.
Ah me, dear lord! what well of tears may ſerve
To feed the ſtreams of my foredulled eyes,
To weep thy death, as thy death doth deſerve,
And wail thy want in full-ſufficing wife?
Ye lamps of heaven, and all ye heavenly powers,
Wherein did he procure your high diſdain?
He never ſought with vaſt huge mounting towers
To reach aloft, and over-view your reign:
Or what offence of mine was it unwares,
That thus your fury ſhould on me be thrown,
To plague a woman with ſuch endleſs cares?
I fear that envy hath the heavens this ſhown:
The ſun his glorious virtues did diſdain;
Mars at his manhood mightily repin'd;
Yea, all the gods no longer could ſuſtain,
Each one to be excelled in his kind.
For he my lord ſurpaſs'd them every one;
Such was his honour all the world throughout.
But now, my love, oh! whither art thou gone?
I know thy ghoſt doth hover hereabout,

Expecting

Expecting me (thy heart) to follow thee:
And I (dear love) would fain diſſolve this ſtrife.
But ſtay a while, I may perhaps foreſee
Some means to be diſburden'd of this life,
" And to diſcharge the duty of a wife,
" Which is, not only in this life to love,
" But after death her fancy not remove.
Mean while accept of theſe our daily rites,
Which with my maidens I ſhall do to thee,
Which is, in ſongs to chear our dying ſpirits
With hymns of praiſes of thy memory.

Cantant.

Quæ mihi cantio nondum occurrit.

Act I. Scen. 3.

The ſong ended, Tancred *the king cometh out of his palace with his guard.*

Tancred.

FAIR daughter, I have ſought thee out with grief,
To eaſe the ſorrows of thy vexed heart.
How long wilt thou torment thy father thus?
Who daily dies to ſee thy needleſs tears.
Such bootleſs plaints, that know nor mean nor end,
Do but increaſe the floods of thy lament;
And ſince the world knows well there was no want
In thee, of aught that did to him belong,
Yet all, thou ſeeſt, could not his life prolong:
Why then doſt thou provoke the heavens to wrath?
His doom of death was dated by his ſtars,
" And who is he that may withſtand his fate?
By theſe complaints, ſmall good to him thou doſt,
Much grief to me, more hurt unto thyſelf,
And unto nature greateſt wrong of all.

Giſm. Tell me not of the date of nature's days,
Then in the April of her ſpringing age;
No, no, it was my cruel deſtiny,

That

That ſpited at the pleaſance of my life.

Tanc. My daughter knows the proof of nature's courſe.

" For as the heavens do guide the lamp of life,
" So can they reach no farther forth the flame,
" Than whilſt with oil they do maintain the ſame.

Giſm. Curſt be the ſtars, and vaniſh may they curſt,
Or fall from heaven, that in their dire aſpect
Abridg'd the health and welfare of my love.

Tanc. Giſmund, my joy, ſet all theſe griefs apart;

" The more thou art with hard miſhap beſet,
" The more thy patience ſhould procure thine eaſe.

Giſm. What hope of hap may chear my hapleſs chance?
What ſighs, what tears may countervail my cares?
What ſhould I do, but ſtill his death bewail,
That was the ſolace of my life and ſoul?
Now, now, I want the wonted guide and ſtay
Of my deſires, and of my wreckleſs thoughts.
My lord, my love, my life, my liking gone,
In whom was all the fulneſs of my joy,
To whom I gave the firſt-fruits of my love,
Who with the comfort of his only ſight,
All cares and ſorrows could from me remove.
But, father, now my joys forepaſt to tell,
Do but revive the horrors of my hell.
As ſhe that ſeems in darkneſs to behold
The gladſome pleaſures of the chearful light.

Tanc. What then avails thee fruitleſs thus to rue
His abſence, whom the heavens cannot return?
Impartial death thy huſband did ſubdue,
Yet hath he ſpar'd thy kingly father's life:
Who during life, to thee a double ſtay,
As father and as huſband will remain,
With double love to eaſe thy widow's want,
Of him whoſe want is cauſe of thy complaint.
Forbear thou therefore all theſe needleſs tears,
That nip the bloſſoms of thy beauty's pride.

Giſm. Father, theſe tears love challengeth of due.

Tanc.

Tanc. But reaſon ſaith thou ſhouldſt the ſame ſubdue.
Giſm. His funerals are yet before my ſight.
Tanc. In endleſs moans princes ſhould not delight.
Giſm. The turtle pines in loſs of her true mate.
Tanc. And ſo continues poor and deſolate.
Giſm. Who can forget a jewel of ſuch price?
Tanc. She that hath learn'd to maſter her deſires.
" Let reaſon work, what time doth eaſily frame
" In meaneſt wits, to bear the greateſt ills.
Giſm. So plenteous are the ſprings
Of ſorrows that increaſe my paſſions,
As neither reaſon can recure my ſmart,
Nor can your care, nor fatherly comfort,
Appeaſe the ſtormy combats of my thoughts;
Such is the ſweet remembrance of his life.
Then give me leave of pity, pity me,
And as I can I ſhall allay theſe griefs.
Tanc. Theſe ſolitary walks thou doſt frequent,
Yield freſh occaſions to thy ſecret moans:
We will therefore thou keep us company,
Leaving thy maidens with their harmony.
Wend thou with us. Virgins, withdraw yourſelves.
[Tancred *and* Giſmund, *with the guard, depart into the palace; the four maidens ſtay behind, as Chorus to the Tragedy.*
Chor. 1. *The diverſe haps which always work our care,*
Our joys ſo far, our woes ſo near at hand,
Have long ere this, and daily do declare
The fickle foot on which our ſtate doth ſtand.
" *Who plants his pleaſures here to gather root,*
" *And hopes his happy life will ſtill endure,*
" *Let him behold how death with ſtealing foot*
" *Steps in when he ſhall think his joys moſt ſure.*
No ranſom ſerveth to redeem our days.
If proweſs could preſerve, or worthy deeds,
He had yet liv'd, whoſe twelve labours diſplays
His endleſs fame, and yet his honour ſpreads.

And that great king *, *that with ſo ſmall a power*
Bereft the mighty Perſian of his crown:
Doth witneſs well our life is but a flower,
Though it be deck'd with honour and renown.

Chor. 2. " What grows to day in favour of the heaven,
" Nurſt with the ſun, and with the ſhowers ſweet,
" Pluck'd with the hand, it withereth ere even.
" So paſs our days even as the rivers fleet.
The valiant Greeks that unto Troia gave
The ten years ſiege, left but their names behind.
And he that did ſo long and only ſave
His father's walls †, found there at laſt his end.
Proud Rome herſelf, that whilome laid her yoke
On the wide world, and vanquiſh'd all with war,
Yet could ſhe not remove the fatal ſtroke
Of death, from them that ſtretcht her pow'r ſo far.

Chor. 3. *Look what the cruel ſiſters once decreed,*
The Thunderer himſelf cannot remove:
They are the ladies of our deſtiny,
To work beneath, what is conſpir'd above.
But happy he that ends this mortal life
By ſpeedy death, who is not forc'd to ſee
The many cares, nor feel the ſundry griefs
Which we ſuſtain in woe and miſery.
Here fortune rules, who when ſhe liſt to play,
Whirleth her wheel, and brings the high full low:
To-morrow takes, what ſhe hath given to-day,
To ſhew ſhe can advance and overthrow.
Not Euripus' unquiet flood ſo oft
Ebbs in a day, and floweth to and fro,
As fortune's change plucks down that was aloft,
And mingleth joy with interchange of woe.

Chor. 4. Who lives below, and feeleth not the ſtrokes,
Which often times on higheſt towers do fall,
Nor bluſtering winds, wherewith the ſtrongeſt oaks
Are rent and torn, his life is ſur'ſt of all:

* *Alexander.* † *Hector.*

For

For he may fortune ſcorn, that hath no power
On him, that is well pleas'd with his eſtate:
He ſeeketh not her ſweets, nor fears her ſowr,
But lives contented in his quiet rate,
And marking how theſe worldly things do wade,
Rejoiceth to himſelf, and laughs to ſee
The folly of men, that in their wits have made
Fortune a goddeſs, placed in the ſky.

Finis Actus 1. *Exegit Rod. Staf.*

Act II. Scen. 1.

Giſmundæ and Lucrece.

DEAR aunt, my ſole companion in diſtreſs,
And true copartner of my thoughtful cares:
When with myſelf I weigh my preſent ſtate,
Comparing it with my forepaſſed days,
New heaps of cares afreſh begin t'aſſay
My penſive heart, as when the glittering rays
Of bright Phœbus are ſuddenly o'erſpread
With duſky clouds, that dim his golden light:
Namely, when I, laid in my widow's bed,
Amid the ſilence of the quiet night,
With curious thought the fleeting courſe obſerve
Of gladſome youth, how ſoon his flower decays,
" How time once paſt, may never have recourſe,
" No more than may the running ſtreams revert
" To climb the hills, when they been rolled down
" The hollow vales. There is no curious art,
" Nor worldly power, no, not the gods can hold
" The ſway of flying time, nor him return
" When he is paſt: all things unto his might
" Muſt bend, and yield unto the iron teeth
" Of eating time. This in the ſhady night,
When I record, how ſoon my youth withdraws

Itſelf

Itſelf away! how ſwift my pleaſant ſpring
Runs out his race! This, this (aunt) is the cauſe
When I adviſe me ſadly on this thing,
That makes my heart in penſive dumps diſmay'd.
For if I ſhould my ſpringing years neglect,
And ſuffer youth fruitleſs to fade away;
Whereto live I? or whereto was I born?
Wherefore hath nature deck'd me with her grace?
Why have I taſted the delights of love,
And felt the ſweets of Hymeneus' bed?
But to ſay ſooth (dear aunt) it is not I
Sole and alone, can thus content to ſpend
My chearful years: my father will not ſtill
Prolong my mournings, which have griev'd him,
And pleaſed me too long. Then this I crave,
To be reſolved of his princely mind.
For, ſtood it with the pleaſure of his will
To marry me, my fortune is not ſuch,
So hard, that I ſo long ſhould ſtill perſiſt
Mateleſs alone in woful widowhood.
And ſhall I tell mine aunt? come hither then,
Give me that hand: By thine own right hand,
I charge thy heart my councils to conceal.
Late have I ſeen, and ſeeing took delight,
And with delight, I will not ſay, I love,
A prince, an earl, a countie in the court.
But love and duty force me to refrain,
And drive away theſe fond affections,
Submitting them unto my father's heſt.
But this (good aunt) this is my chiefeſt pain,
Becauſe I ſtand at ſuch uncertain ſtay.
For, if my kingly father would decree
His final doom, that I muſt lead my life
Such as I do, I would content me then
To frame my fancies to his princely heſt,
And as I might, endure the grief thereof.
But now his ſilence doubleth all my doubts,
Whilſt my ſuſpicious thoughts 'twixt hope and fear
Diſtract me into ſundry paſſions:
Therefore (good aunt) this labour muſt be yours,

To underſtand my father's will herein,
For well I know your wiſdom knows the means:
So ſhall you both allay my ſtormy thoughts,
And bring to quiet my unquiet mind.
Luc. Sufficeth this (good niece) that you have ſaid;
For I perceive what ſundry paſſions
Strive in your breaſt, which oftentimes e'er this
Your countenance confuſed did bewray.
The ground whereof ſince I perceive to grow
On juſt reſpect of this your ſole eſtate,
And ſkilful care of fleeting youth's decay,
Your wiſe foreſight ſuch ſorrowing to eſchew
I much commend, and promiſe as I may
To break this matter, and impart your mind
Unto your father, and to work it ſo,
As both your honour ſhall not be impeach'd,
Nor he unſatisfied of your deſire.
Be you no farther grieved, but return
Into your chamber. I ſhall take this charge,
And you ſhall ſhortly truly underſtand
What I have wrought, and what the king affirms.
Giſm. I leave you to the fortune of my ſtars.
[Giſmunda *departeth into her chamber*, Luc. *abiding on the ſtage.*
Luc. The heavens, I hope, will favour your requeſt.
My niece ſhall not impute the cauſe to be
In my default, her will ſhould want effect:
But in the king is all my doubt, leſt he
My ſuit for her new marriage ſhould reject.
Yet ſhall I prove him: and I heard it ſaid,
He means this evening in the park to hunt,
Here will I wait attending his approach.

Act II. Scen. 2.

Tancred *cometh out of his palace with* Guiſzard *the Countie* Palurin, Julio, *the Lord Chamberlain*, Renuchio *captain of his guard, all ready to hunt.*

Tancred.

UNcouple all our hounds: Lords, to the chaſe—
Fair ſiſter Lucre, what's the news with you?

Luc. Sir, as I always have employ'd my power,
And faithful ſervice, ſuch as lay in me,
In my beſt wiſe to honour you and yours:
So now, my bounden duty moveth me
Your majeſty moſt humbly to intreat,
With patient ears, to underſtand the ſtate
Of my poor niece, your daughter. *Tanc.* What of her?
Is ſhe not well? Injoys ſhe not her health?
Say, ſiſter, eaſe me of this jealous fear?

Luc. She lives, my lord, and hath her outward health,
But all the danger of her ſickneſs lies
In the diſquiet of her princely mind.

Tanc. Reſolve me; what afflicts my daughter ſo?

Luc. Since when the princeſs hath intomb'd her lord,
Her late deceaſed husband of renown:
Brother, I ſee, and very well perceive,
She hath not clos'd together in his grave
All ſparks of nature, kindneſs, nor of love:
But as ſhe lives, ſo living may ſhe feel
Such paſſions as our tender hearts oppreſs,
Subject unto th' impreſſions of deſire:
For well I wot my niece was never wrought
Of ſteel, nor carvel from the ſtony rock:
Such ſtern hardneſs we ought not to expect
In her, whoſe princely heart and ſpringing years
Yet flow'ring in the chiefeſt heat of youth,
Is led of force to feed on ſuch conceits,
As eaſily befalls that age, which aſketh ruth

Of them, whom nature bindeth by foreſight
Of their grave years, and careful love, to reach
The things that are above their feeble force:
And for that cauſe, dread lord, although—
Tanc. Siſter, I ſay,
If you eſteem, or aught reſpect my life,
Her honour, and the welfare of our houſe,
Forbear, and wade no farther in this ſpeech.
Your words are wounds. I very well perceive
The purpoſe of this ſmooth oration:
This I ſuſpected, when you firſt began
This fair diſcourſe with us: Is this the end
Of all our hopes, that we have promiſed
Unto our ſelf by this her widowhood?
Would our dear daughter, would our only joy,
Would ſhe forſake us? would ſhe leave us now
Before ſhe hath clos'd up our dying eyes,
And with her tears bewail'd our funeral?
No other ſolace doth her father crave,
But, whilſt the fates maintain his dying life,
Her healthful preſence, gladſome to his ſoul,
Which rather than he willing would forego,
His heart deſires the bitter taſte of death.
Her late marriage hath taught us to our grief,
That in the fruits of her perpetual ſight
Conſiſts the only comfort and relief
Of our unweildy age: for what delight,
What joy, what comfort have we in this world?
Now grown in years, and over-worn with cares,
Subject unto the ſudden ſtroke of death,
Already falling like the mellowed fruit,
And dropping by degrees into our grave.
But what revives us, what maintains our ſoul
Within the priſon of our wither'd breaſt,
But our Giſmunda, and her chearful ſight?
O daughter, daughter! what deſert of mine,
Wherein have I been ſo unkind to thee,
Thou ſhouldſt deſire to make my naked houſe
Yet once again ſtand deſolate by thee?
O let ſuch fancies vaniſh with their thoughts.

Tell

Tell her, I am her father, whoſe eſtate,
Wealth, honour, life, and all that we poſſeſs,
Wholly relies upon her preſence here.
Tell her, I muſt account her all my joy,
Work as ſhe will: But yet ſhe were unjuſt,
To haſte his death that liveth by her ſight.

Luc. Her gentle heart abhors ſuch ruthleſs thought.

Tanc. Then let her not give place to theſe deſires.

Luc. She craves the right that nature challengeth.

Tanc. Tell her, the king commandeth otherwiſe.

Luc. The king's commandment always ſhould be juſt.

Tanc. Whate'er it be, the king's command is juſt.

Luc. Juſt to command: but juſtly muſt he charge.

Tanc. He chargeth juſtly that commands as king.

Luc. The king's command concerns the body beſt.

Tanc. The king commands obedience of the mind.

Luc. That is exempted by the law of kind.

Tanc. That law of kind to children doth belong.

Luc. In due obedience to their open wrong?

Tanc. I then, as king and father, will command.

Luc. No more than may with right of reaſon ſtand.

Tanc. Thou knoweſt our mind, reſolve her, depar-
Return the chaſe, we have been chas'd enough.

[Tancred *returneth into his palace, and leaveth the hunt.*

Luc. He cannot hear, anger hath ſtop'd his ears,
And over-love his judgment hath decay'd.
Ah my poor niece! I ſhrewdly fear thy cauſe,
Thy juſt complaint, ſhall never be reliev'd.

Act II. Scen. 3.

Giſmunda *cometh alone out of her chamber.*

Giſmunda.

BY this I hope my aunt hath mov'd the king,
And knows his mind, and makes return to me
To end at once all this perplexity.

Lo, where ſhe ſtands. Oh! how my trembling heart
In doubtful thoughts panteth within my breaſt.
For in her meſſage doth rely my ſmart,
Or the ſweet quiet of my troubled mind.
Luc. Niece, on the point you lately willed me
To treat of with the king in your behalf,
I brake even now with him ſo far, till he
In ſudden rage of grief, e'er I ſcarce had
My tale out told, pray'd me to ſtint my ſuit,
As that from which his mind abhorred moſt.
And well I ſee, his fancy to refute,
Is but diſpleaſure gain'd, and labour loſt.
So firmly fixed ſtands his kingly will,
That till his body ſhall be laid in grave,
He will not part from the deſired ſight
Of your preſence, which ſilder he ſhould have,
If he had once allied you again,
In marriage to any prince or peer.
This is his final reſolution.
Giſm. A reſolution that reſolves my blood
Into the icy drops of Lethe's flood.
Luc. Therefore my counſel is, you ſhall not ſtir,
Nor farther wade in ſuch a caſe as this:
But ſince his will is grounded on your love,
And that it lies in you to ſave or ſpill
His old fore-waſted age; you ought t' eſchew
The thing that grieves ſo much his crazed heart,
And, in the ſtate you ſtand, content yourſelf:
And let this thought appeaſe your troubled mind,
That in your hands relies your father's death,
Or bliſsful life; and ſince without your ſight
He cannot live, nor can his thoughts endure
Your hope of marriage, you muſt then relent,
And over-rule theſe fond affections;
Leſt it be ſaid, you wrought your father's end.
Giſm. Dear aunt, I have with patient ears indur'd
The hearing of my father's hard beheſt;
And ſince I ſee, that neither I myſelf,
Nor your requeſt, can ſo prevail with him,
Nor any ſage advice perſuade his mind

To grant me my deſire, in willing wiſe
I muſt ſubmit me unto his command,
And frame my heart to ſerve his majeſty.
And (as I may) to drive away the thoughts
That diverſly diſtract my paſſions,
Which as I can, I'll labour to ſubdue,
But ſore I fear, I ſhall but toil in vain;
Wherein (good aunt) I muſt deſire your pain.

Luc. What lies in me by comfort or advice,
I ſhall diſcharge with all humility.

[Giſmunda *and* Lucrece *depart into* Giſmunda's *chamber.*

Chor 1. Who marks our former times, and preſent years,
What we are now, and looks what we have been,
He cannot but lament with bitter tears
The great decay and change of all women.
For as the world wore on, and waxed old,
So virtue quail'd, and vice began to grow.
So that that age, that whilome was of gold,
Is worſe than braſs, more vile than iron now.
The times were ſuch, (that if we aught believe
Of elder days) women examples were
Of rare virtues: Lucrece diſdain'd to live
Longer than chaſt; and boldly, without fear,
Took ſharp revenge on her inforc'd heart,
With her own hands: for that it not withſtood
The wanton will, but yielded to the force
Of proud Tarquin, who bought her fame with blood.

Chor. 2. Queen Artemiſſa thought an heap of ſtones,
(Although they were the wonder of that age)
A worthleſs grave, wherein to reſt the bones
Of her dear lord, but with bold courage
She drank his heart, and made her lovely breaſt
His tomb, and failed not of wifely faith,
Of promis'd love, and of her bound beheſt,
Until ſhe ended had her days by death.
Ulyſſes' wife (ſuch was her ſtedfaſtneſs)
Abode his ſlow return whole twenty years:
And ſpent her youthful days in penſiveneſs,

Bathing her widow's bed with briniſh tears.

Chor. 3. The ſtout daughter of Cato, Brutus' wife, Portia,
When ſhe had heard his death, did not deſire
Longer to live: and lacking uſe of knife,
(A moſt ſtrange thing) ended her life by fire,
And eat hot burning coals. O worthy dame!
O virtues worthy of eternal praiſe!
The flood of Lethe cannot waſh out thy fame,
To others great reproach, ſhame, and diſpraiſe.

Chor. 4. *Rare are thoſe virtues now in womens mind!*
Where ſhall we ſeek ſuch jewels paſſing ſtrange?
Scarce can you now among a thouſand find
One woman ſtedfaſt: all delight in change.
Mark but this princeſs, that lamented here
Of late ſo ſore her noble husband's death,
And thought to live alone without a pheer;
Behold how ſoon ſhe changed hath that breath!
I think thoſe ladies that have liv'd tofore,
A mirror and a glaſs to womenkind;
By thoſe their virtues they did ſet ſuch ſtore,
That unto us they none bequeath'd behind;
Elſe in ſo many years we might have ſeen
As virtuous as ever they have been.

Chor. 1. Yet let not us maidens condemn our kind,
Becauſe our virtues are not all ſo rare:
For we may freſhly yet record in mind,
There lives a virgin, one without compare,
Who of all graces hath her heavenly ſhare;
In whoſe renown, and for whoſe happy days,
Let us record this Pæan of her praiſe.

Cantant.

Finis Actus 2. *Per Hen. No.*

Act III. Scen. 1.

Cupid.

SO, now they feel what lordly Love can do,
That proudly practiſe to deface his name;
In vain they wreſtle with ſo fierce a foe;
Of little ſparks ariſe a blazing flame.
" By ſmall occaſions Love can kindle heat,
" And waſte the oaken breaſt to cinder duſt.
Giſmund I have enticed to forget
Her widow's weeds, and burn in raging luſt:
'Twas I enforc'd her father to deny
Her ſecond marriage to any peer:
'Twas I allur'd her once again to try
The ſower ſweets that lovers buy too dear.
The County Palurin, a man right wiſe,
A man of exquiſite perfections,
I have like wounded with her piercing eyes,
And burnt her heart with his reflections.
Theſe two ſhall joy in taſting of my ſweet,
To make them prove more feelingly the grief
That bitter brings: for when their joys ſhall fleet,
Their dole ſhall be increas'd without relief.
Thus Love ſhall make worldlings to know his might;
Thus Love ſhall force great princes to obey;
Thus Love ſhall daunt each proud rebelling ſprite;
Thus Love ſhall wreck his wrath on their decay.
Their ghoſts ſhall give black hell to underſtand,
How great and wonderful a god is Love:
And this ſhall learn the ladies of this land
With patient minds his mighty power to prove.
From whence I did deſcend, now will I mount
To Jove, and all the gods in their delights:
In throne of triumph there will I recount,
How I by ſharp revenge on mortal wights,
Have taught the earth, and learned helliſh ſprites

To yield with fear their ſtubborn hearts to Love,
Leſt their diſdain his plagues and vengeance prove.
Cupid remounteth into the heavens.

Act III. Scen. 2.

Lucrece cometh out of Giſmunda's chamber ſolitary.

Lucrece.

PITY, that moveth every gentle heart
To rue their griefs, that be diſtreſt in pain,
Inforceth me to wail my niece's ſmart,
Whoſe tender breaſt no long time may ſuſtain
The reſtleſs toil, that her unquiet mind
Hath caus'd her feeble body to endure;
But why it is (alack!) I muſt not find,
Nor know the man, by whom I might procure
Her remedy, as I of duty ought,
As to the law of kinſhip doth belong.
With careful heart the ſecret means I ſought,
Though ſmall effect is of my travel ſprung:
Full often as I durſt, I have aſſay'd,
With humble words, the princeſs to require
To name the man, which ſhe hath ſo deny'd,
That it abaſh'd me further to deſire,
Or aſk from whence thoſe cloudy thoughts proceed,
Whoſe ſtony force, that ſmoaky ſighs forth ſend,
Is lively witneſs how that careful dread
And hot deſire within her do contend:
Yet ſhe denies what ſhe confeſs'd of yore,
And then conjoin'd me to conceal the ſame:
She loved once (ſhe ſaith) but never more,
Nor ever will her fancy thereto frame.
Though daily I obſerved in my breaſt
What ſharp conflicts diſquiet her ſo ſore,
That heavy ſleep cannot procure her reſt,
But fearful dreams preſent her evermore
Moſt hideous ſights, her quiet to moleſt;

That ſtarting oft therewith ſhe doth awake,
To muſe upon thoſe fancies which torment
Her thoughtful heart with horror, that doth make
Her cold chill ſweat break forth incontinent
From her weak limbs. And while the quiet night
Gives others reſt, ſhe, turning to and fro,
Doth wiſh for day: But when the day brings light,
She keeps her bed, there to record her woe.
As ſoon as when ſhe riſeth, flowing tears
Stream down her cheeks, immix'd with deadly groans,
Whereby her inward ſorrow ſo appears,
That as ſalt tears the cruel cauſe bemoans.
In caſe ſhe be conſtrained to abide
In preaſe of company, ſhe ſcarcely may
Her trembling voice reſtrain it be not ſpy'd,
From careful plaints her ſorrows to bewray.
By which reſtraint the force doth ſo increaſe,
When time and place give liberty to plain,
That as ſmall ſtreams from running never ceaſe,
Till they return into the ſeas again;
So her laments, we fear, will not amend,
Before they bring her princely life to end.
To others talk when as ſhe ſhould attend,
Her heaped cares her ſenſes ſo oppreſs,
That what they ſpeak, or whereto their words tend,
She knows not, as her anſwers do expreſs.
Her chief delight is ſtill to be alone,
Her penſive thoughts within themſelves debate;
But whereupon this reſtleſs life is grown,
Since I know not, nor how the ſame t' abate;
I can no more but wiſh it as I may,
That he which knows it would the ſame allay,
For which the muſes with my ſong ſhall pray.

Act III. Scen. 3.

After the ſong, which was by report very ſweetly repeated by the Chorus, Lucrece departeth into Giſmunda's chamber, and Guiſzard cometh out of the palace with Julio and Renuchio, gentlemen, to whom he turneth, and ſaith.

Guiſzard.

LEave me, my friends; this ſolitary walk
Inticeth me to break your company.
Leave me, my friends, I can endure no talk.
Let me intreat this common courteſy.
[*The Gentlemen depart.*
What grievous pain they dure, which neither may
Forget their loves, ne yet enjoy their love,
I know by proof, and daily make aſſay.
Though Love hath brought my lady's heart to love,
My faithful love with like love to requite;
This doth not quench, but rather cauſe to flame
The creeping fire, which ſpreading in my breaſt
With raging heat, grants me no time of reſt.
If they bewail their cruel deſtiny,
Which ſpend their love where they no love can find,
Well may I plain, ſince fortune haleth me
To this torment of far more grievous kind;
Wherein I feel as much extremity
As may be felt in body or in mind.
For by that ſight which ſhould recure my pain,
My ſorrows are redoubled all in vain.
Now I perceive that only I alone
Am her belov'd, her looks aſſure me ſo:
The thought thereof provokes me to bemoan
Her heavy plight that grieveth at my woe.
This intercourſe of our affections,
Her to ſerve, ſhe thus to honour me,
Bewrays the truth of our elections,
Delighting in this mutual ſympathy.

Thus love for love intreats the queen of love,
That with her help Love's ſolace we may prove.
I ſee my miſtreſs ſeeks as well as I
To ſtay the ſtrife of her perplexed mind:
Full fain ſhe would our ſecret company,
If ſhe the wiſhed way thereof might find.
Heavens, have ye ſeen, or hath the age of man
Recorded ſuch a miracle as this?
In equal love two noble hearts to frame,
That never ſpake one with another's bliſs.
I am aſſured that ſhe doth aſſent
To my relief, that I ſhould reap the ſame,
If ſhe could frame the means of my content,
Keeping herſelf from danger of defame.
In happy hour right now I did receive
This cane from her; which gift, though it be ſmall,
Receiving it, what joys I did conceive
Within my fainting ſpirits therewithall!
Who knoweth love aright, may well conceive,
By like adventures that to them befall.
" For needs the lover muſt eſteem that well,
" Which comes from her with whom his heart doth
dwell.
Aſſuredly it is not without cauſe
She gave me this; ſomething ſhe meant thereby:
For therewithall I might perceive her pauſe
A while, as though ſome weighty thing did lie
Upon her heart, which ſhe conceal'd, becauſe
The ſtanders-by ſhould not our loves deſcry:
This cleft bewrays that it hath been diſclos'd;
Perhaps herein ſhe hath ſomething inclos'd.
[*He breaks it*
O thou great Thunderer! who would not ſerve,
Where wit with beauty choſen have their place?
Who could deviſe more wiſely to conſerve
Things from ſuſpect? O Venus, for this grace
That deigns me, all unworthy, to deſerve
So rare a love, in heaven I ſhould thee place.
This ſweet letter ſome joyful news contains,
I hope it brings recure to both our pains.
[*He reads it*

Mine own, as I am yours, whoſe heart (I know)
No leſs than mine, for lingering help of woe
Doth long too long: love tendering your caſe
And mine, hath taught recure of both our pain.
My chamber floor doth hide a cave, where was
An old vault's mouth: the other in the plain
Doth riſe ſouthward, a furlong from the wall,
Deſcend you there. This ſhall ſuffice. And ſo
I yield myſelf, mine honour, life and all,
To you. Uſe you the ſame as there may grow
Your bliſs and mine (mine Earl) and that the ſame
Free may abide from danger of defame.
Farewell; and fare ſo well, as that your joy,
Which only can, may comfort mine annoy.
Yours more than her own.

GISMUNDA.

O bliſsful chance my ſorrows to aſſwage!
Wonder of nature, marvel of our age!
Comes this from Giſmund? did ſhe thus infold
This letter in the cane? may it be ſo?
It were too ſweet a joy, I am deceiv'd.
Why ſhall I doubt, did ſhe not give it me?
Therewith ſhe ſmil'd, ſhe joy'd, ſhe raught the cane,
And with her own ſweet hand ſhe gave it me:
And as we danc'd, ſhe dallied with the cane,
And ſweetly whiſper'd I ſhould be her king,
And with this cane, the ſcepter of our rule,
Command the ſweets of her ſurprized heart.
Therewith ſhe raught from her alluring locks,
This golden treſs, the favour of her grace,
And with her own ſweet hand ſhe gave it me.
O peerleſs queen, my joy, my heart's decree!
And thou fair letter, how ſhall I welcome thee?
Both hand and pen wherewith thou written wer't,
Bleſt may ye be, ſuch ſolace that impart;
And bleſſed be this cane, and he that taught
Thee to deſcry the hidden entry thus:
Not only through a dark and dreadful vault,

But fire and ſword, and through whatever be,
Miſtreſs of my deſires, I come to thee.
[*Guiſzard departeth in haſte unto the palace.*

Chor. 1. Right mighty is thy power, O cruel Love,
High Jove himſelf cannot reſiſt thy bow;
Thou ſent'ſt him down, e'en from the heavens above
In ſundry ſhapes here to the earth below:
Then how ſhall mortal men eſcape thy dart,
The fervent flame, and burning of thy fire?
Since that thy might is ſuch, and ſince thou art
Both of the ſeas and land the lord and ſire.

Chor. 2. But why doth he that ſprung from Jove's high head,
And Phœbus' ſiſter ſhene deſpiſe thy power,
Ne fears thy bow? Why have they always led
A maiden life, and kept untouch'd the flower?
Why doth Ægiſtus love, and to obtain
His wicked will, conſpire his uncle's death?
Or why doth Phædra burn, for whom is ſlain
Theſeus' chaſte ſon, or Helen falſe of faith?
" For love aſſaults not but the idle heart,
" And ſuch as live in pleaſure and delight;
" He turneth oft their gladſome joys to ſmart,
" Their play to plaint, their ſport into deſpite.

Chor. 3. 'Tis true, that Dian chaſeth with her bow
The flying hart, the goat, and foamy boar;
By hill, by dale, in heat, in froſt, in ſnow,
She recketh not, but laboureth evermore;
Love ſeeks not her, ne know'th where her to find.
Whilſt Paris kept his herd on Ida down,
Cupid ne'er ſought him out; for he is blind:
But when he left the field to live in town,
He fell into his ſnare, and brought that brand
From Greece to Troy, which after ſet on fire
Strong Ilium, and all the Phryges land:
" Such are the fruits of love, ſuch is his hire.

Chor. 4. Who yieldeth unto him his captive heart,
Ere he reſiſt, and holds his open breaſt
Withouten war to take his bloody dart,
Let him not think to ſhake off when him liſt

His

His heavy yoke. " Reſiſt his firſt aſſault ;
" Weak is his bow, his quenched brand is cold;
" Cupid is but a child, and cannot daunt
" The mind that bears him, or his virtues bold.
But he gives poiſon ſo to drink in gold,
And hideth under pleaſant baits his hook ;
But ye beware, it will be hard to hold
Your greedy minds, if ye but wiſely look
What ſly ſnake lurks under thoſe flowers gay.
But ye miſtruſt ſome cloudy ſmoaks, and fear
A ſtormy ſhower after ſo fair a day :
Ye may repent, and buy your pleaſure dear ;
For ſeldom times is Cupid wont to ſend
" Unto an idle love a joyful end.

Finis Actus 3. *G. Al.*

Act IV. Scen. 1.

Before this act Megæra riſeth out of hell, with the other furies, Alecto and Tyſiphone, dancing an helliſh round; which done ſhe ſaith.

Megæra.

SISTERS, begone, bequeath the reſt to me,
That yet belongs unto this tragedy.

[*The two furies depart down.*

Vengeance and death from forth the deepeſt hell,
I bring the curſed houſe where Giſmund dwells.
Sent from the griſly god that holds his reign
In Tartar's ugly realm, where Pelop's ſire
(Who with his own ſon's fleſh whom he had ſlain
Did feaſt the gods) with famine hath his hire ;
To gape and catch at flying fruits in vain,
And yielding waters to his gaſping throat ;
Where ſtormy Æol's ſon, with endleſs pain,
Rolls up the rock ; where Titius hath his lot

To feed the gripe that gnaws his growing heart;
Where proud Ixion, whirled on the wheel,
Purſues himſelf; where due-deſerved ſmart
The damned ghoſts in burning flame do feel,
From thence I mount: Thither the winged god,
Nephew to Atlas, that upholds the ſky,
Of late down from the earth, with golden rod,
To Stygian ferry Salerne ſouls did guide,
And made report, how Love, that lordly boy,
Highly diſdaining his renown's decay,
Slipt down from heaven, and fill'd with fickle joy
Giſmunda's heart, and made her throw away
Chaſtneſs of life, to her immortal ſhame;
Minding to ſhew, by proof of her foul end,
Some terror unto thoſe that ſcorn his name.
Black Pluto (that once found Cupid his friend
In winning Ceres' daughter, queen of hell;)
And Parthie, moved by the grieved ghoſt
Of her late huſband, that in Tartar dwells,
Who pray'd due pains for her, that thus hath loſt
All care of him, and of her chaſtity.
The ſenate then of hell, by grave advice
Of Minos, Æac, and of Radamant,
Commands me draw this hateful air, and riſe
Above the earth, with dole and death to daunt
The pride and preſent joys, wherewith theſe two
Feed their diſtained hearts; which now to do,
Behold I come with inſtruments of death.
This ſtinging ſnake, which is of hate and wrath,
I'll fix upon her father's heart full faſt,
And into her's this other will I caſt,
Whoſe rankling venom ſhall infect them ſo
With envious wrath, and with recureleſs woe,
Each ſhall be other's plague and overthrow.
" Furies muſt aid, when men ſurceaſe to know
" Their gods: and hell ſends forth revenging pain
" On thoſe, whom ſhame from ſin cannot reſtrain.

Act IV. Scen. 2.

Megæra entereth into the palace, and meeteth with Tancred coming out of Giſmunda's chamber with Renuchio and Julio, upon whom ſhe throweth her ſnake.

Tancred.

GODS! are ye guides of juſtice and revenge?
O thou great Thunderer! doſt thou behold
With watchful eyes the ſubtile 'ſcapes of men
Harden'd in ſhame, ſear'd up in the deſire
Of their own luſts? why then doſt thou withhold
The blaſt of thy revenge? why doſt thou grant
Such liberty, ſuch lewd occaſion
To execute their ſhameleſs villainy?
Thou, thou art cauſe of all this open wrong,
Thou that forbear'ſt thy vengeance all too long.
If thou ſpare them, rain then upon my head
The fulneſs of thy plagues with deadly ire,
To reave this ruthful ſoul, who all too ſore
Burns in the wrathful torments of revenge.
O earth, the mother of each living wight,
Open thy womb, devour this wither'd corps.
And thou, O hell (if other hell there be
Than that I feel) receive my ſoul to thee.
O daughter, daughter, (wherefore do I grace
Her with ſo kind a name?) O thou fond girl,
The ſhameful ruin of thy father's houſe,
Is this my hoped joy? Is this the ſtay
Muſt glad my grief-full years that waſte away?
For life which firſt thou didſt receive from me,
Ten thouſand deaths ſhall I receive by thee.
For all the joys I did repoſe in thee,
Which I (fond man) did ſettle in thy ſight,
Is this my recompence? that I muſt ſee
The thing ſo ſhameful, and ſo villanous;
That would to God this earth had ſwallowed
This worthleſs burthen into loweſt deeps,

Rather than I (accurſed) had beheld
The ſight that hourly maſſacres my life.
O whither, whither fly'ſt thou forth, my ſoul?
O whither wand'reth my tormented mind?
Thoſe pains that make the miſer glad of death
Have ſeiz'd on me, and yet I cannot have
What villains may command, a ſpeedy death.
Whom ſhall I firſt accuſe for this outrage?
That god that guideth all, and guideth ſo
This damned deed? Shall I blaſpheme their names,
The gods, the authors of this ſpectacle?
Or ſhall I juſtly curſe that cruel ſtar
Whoſe influence aſſign'd this deſtiny?
But nay, that traytor, ſhall that vile wretch live,
By whom I have receiv'd this injury?
Or ſhall I longer make account of her,
That fondly proſtitutes her widow's ſhame?—
I have bethought me what I ſhall requeſt.

[*He kneels.*

On bended knees, with hands heav'd up to heaven,
This (ſacred ſenate of the gods) I crave:
Firſt on the traytor your conſuming ire;
Next, on the curſed ſtrumpet, dire revenge;
Laſt, on myſelf, the wretched father, ſhame.

[*He riſeth.*

Oh! could I ſtamp, and therewithall command
Armies of furies to aſſiſt my heart,
To proſecute due vengeance on their ſouls.—
Hear me, my friends; but as ye love your lives,
Reply not to me; hearken and ſtand amaz'd.
When I, as is my wont, (oh fond delight!)
Went forth to ſeek my daughter, now my death,
Within her chamber (as I thought) ſhe was,
But there I found her not: I deemed then
For her diſport ſhe and her maidens were
Down to the garden walk'd to comfort them;
And thinking thus, it came into my mind
There all alone to tarry her return:
And thereupon I (weary) threw myſelf
Upon her widow's bed (for ſo I thought)

And

And in the curtain wrapt my curſed head.
Thus as I lay, anon I might behold
Out of the vault, up through her chamber floor,
My daughter Giſmund bringing hand in hand
The County Palurin. Alas! it is too true;
At her bed's feet this traytor made me ſee
Her ſhame, his treaſon, and my deadly grief.
Her princely body yielded to this thief;
The high deſpite whereof ſo wounded me,
That, trance-like, as a ſenſleſs ſtone I lay;
For neither wit, nor tongue could uſe the mean
T'expreſs the paſſions of my pained heart.
Forceleſs, perforce, I ſunk down to this pain,
As greedy famine doth conſtrain the hawk
Piecemeal to rend and tear the yielding prey:
So far'd it with me in that heavy ſtound.
But now what ſhall I do? how may I ſeek
To eaſe my mind, that burneth with deſire
Of dire revenge? For never ſhall my thoughts
Grant eaſe unto my heart, till I have found
A mean of vengeance to requite his pains,
That firſt convey'd this ſight unto my ſoul.—
Renuchio!

Renu. What is your highneſs' will?

Tan. Call my daughter: my heart boils till I ſee
Her in my ſight, to whom I may diſcharge
All the unreſt that thus diſtempereth me.
Should I deſtroy them both? O gods, ye know
How near and dear our daughter is to us.
And yet my rage perſuades me to imbrue
My thirſty hands in both their trembling bloods,
Therewith to cool my wrathful fury's heat.
But nature, why repin'ſt thou at this thought?
Why ſhould I think upon a father's debt
To her that thought not on a daughter's due?
But ſtill, methinks, if I ſhould ſee her die,
And therewithall reflex her dying eyes
Upon mine eyes, that ſight would ſlit my heart:
Not much unlike the cockatrice, that ſlays
The object of his foul infections.

Oh!

Oh! what a conflict doth my mind endure?
Now fight my thoughts againſt my paſſions:
Now ſtrive my paſſions againſt my thoughts:
Now ſweats my heart, now chill cold falls it dead,
Help heavens, and ſuccour ye celeſtial powers,
Infuſe your ſecret virtue on my ſoul.
Shall nature win? ſhall juſtice not prevail?
Shall I (a king) be proved partial?
" How ſhall our ſubjects then inſult on us,
" When our examples (that are light to them)
" Shall be eclipſed with our proper deeds?
And may the arms be rented from the tree?
The members from the body be diſſever'd?
And can the heart endure no violence?
My daughter is to me mine only heart,
My life, my comfort, my continuance;
Shall I be then not only ſo unkind
To paſs all nature's ſtrength, and cut her off;
But therewithall ſo cruel to myſelf,
Againſt all law of kind to ſhred in twain
The golden thread that doth us both maintain?
But were it that my rage ſhould ſo command,
And I conſent to her untimely death,
Were this an end to all our miſeries?
No, no, her ghoſt will ſtill purſue our life,
And from the deep her bloodleſs ghaſtful ſpirit
Will, as my ſhadow in the ſhining day,
Follow my footſteps till ſhe take revenge.
I will do thus therefore: The traytor dies,
Becauſe he ſcorn'd the favour of his king,
And our diſpleaſure wilfully incurr'd:
His ſlaughter, with her ſorrow for his blood,
Shall to our rage ſupply delightful food.—
Julio!

Jul. What is't your Majeſty commands?

Tanc. Julio, if we have not our hope in vain,
Nor all the truſt we do repoſe in thee,
Now muſt we try if thou approve the ſame.
Herein thy force and wiſdom we muſt ſee,
For our command requires them both of thee.

Jul.

Jul. How by your Grace's bounty I am bound,
Beyond the common bond wherein each man
Stands bound unto his king; how I have found
Honour and wealth by favour in your ſight,
I do acknowledge with moſt thankful mind.
My truth (with other means to ſerve your Grace,
Whatever you in honour ſhall aſſign)
Hath ſworn her power true vaſſal to your heſt:
For proof, let but your majeſty command,
I ſhall unlock the priſon of my ſoul,
(Although unkindly horror would gainſay)
Yet in obedience to your highneſs' will,
By whom I hold the tenor of this life,
This hand and blade will be the inſtruments
To make pale death to grapple with my heart.

Tanc. Well, to be ſhort (for I am griev'd too long
By wrath without revenge) I think you know
Whilom there was a palace builded ſtrong
For war, within our court, where dreadleſs peace
Hath planted now a weaker enterance.
But of that palace yet one vault remains
Within our court, the ſecret way whereof
Is to our daughter Giſmund's chamber laid:
There is alſo another mouth hereof
Without our wall, which now is overgrown;
But you may find it out, for yet it lies
Directly ſouth a furlong from our palace:
It may be known, hard by an ancient ſtoop,
Where grew an oak in elder days, decay'd;
There will we that you watch, there ſhall you ſee
A villain traytor mount out of a vault:
Bring him to us, it is th'earl Palurin.
What is his fault, neither ſhall you enquire,
Nor liſt we to diſcloſe; theſe curſed eyes
Have ſeen the flame, this heart hath felt the fire
That cannot elſe be quench'd but with his blood.
This muſt be done: this will we have you do.

Jul. Both this, and elſe whatever you think good.

[*Julio departeth into the palace.*

Act IV. Scen. 3.

Renuchio bringeth Gismund out of her chamber, to whom Tancred saith.

Tancred.

RENuchio, depart, leave us alone.
[*Exit* Renuchio.
Gismund, if either I could cast aside
All care of thee; or if thou wouldst have had
Some care of me, it would not now betide,
That either through thy fault my joy should fade,
Or by thy folly I should bear the pain
Thou hast procur'd: but now 'tis neither I
Can shun the grief, whom thou hast more than slain;
Nor may'st thou heal, or ease the grievous wound
Which thou hast given me. That unstained life
Wherein I joy'd, and thought it thy delight,
Why hast thou lost it? Can it be restor'd?
Where is thy widow's bed, there is thy shame.
Gismund, it is no man's, nor men's report,
That have by likely proofs inform'd me thus.
Thou know'st how hardly I could be induc'd
To vex myself, and be displeas'd with thee,
With flying tales of flattering sycophants.
No, no, there was in us such settled trust
Of thy chaste life and uncorrupted mind,
That if these eyes had not beheld thy shame,
In vain ten thousand censures could have told,
That thou didst once unprincelike make agree
With that vile traytor County Palurin;
Without regard had to thyself or me,
Unshamefac'dly to stain thy state and mine.
But I unhappiest have beheld the same,
And seeing it, yet feel th'exceeding grief
That slays my heart with horror of that thought:
Which grief commands me to obey my rage,
And justice urgeth some extream revenge,

To

To wreck the wrongs that have been offer'd us.
But nature, that hath lock'd within thy breaſt
Two lives, the ſame inclineth me to ſpare
Thy blood, and ſo to keep mine own unſpilt.
This is that overweening love I bear
To thee undutiful, and undeſerved.
But for that traytor, he ſhall ſurely die;
For neither right nor nature doth intreat
For him, that wilfully without all awe
Of gods, or men, or of our deadly hate,
Incurr'd the juſt diſpleaſure of his king.
And to be brief, I am content to know
What for thy ſelf thou can'ſt object to us,
Why thou ſhould'ſt not together with him die,
So to aſſuage the griefs that overthrow
Thy father's heart.

Giſm. O king and father, humbly give her leave
To plead for grace, that ſtands in your diſgrace.
Not that ſhe recks this life: for I confeſs
I have deſerv'd, when ſo it pleaſeth you,
To die the death, mine honour and my name
(As you ſuppoſe) diſtained with reproach:
And well contented ſhall I meet the ſtroke,
That muſt diſſever this deteſted head
From theſe lewd limbs. But this I wiſh were known,
That now I live not for myſelf alone.
For when I ſaw that neither my requeſt,
Nor the intreaty of my careful aunt,
Could win your highneſs' pleaſure to our will:
"Then love, heat of the heart, life of the ſoul,
"Fed by deſire, increaſing by reſtraint,
Would not endure controulment any more,
But violently enforc'd my feeble heart
(For who am I, alas! ſtill to reſiſt
Such endleſs conflicts?) to relent and yield:
Therewith I choſe him for my lord and pheer,
Guiſzard mine Earl, that holds my love full dear.
Then if it be ſo ſettled in your mind,
He ſhall not live becauſe he dar'd to love
Your daughter; thus I give your grace to know,

Within

Within his heart there is inclos'd my life.
Therefore, O father, if that name may be
Sweet to your ears, and that we may prevail
By name of father, that you favour us:
But otherwiſe, if now we cannot find
That which our falſed hope did promiſe us;
Why then proceed, and rid our trembling hearts
Of theſe ſuſpicions. Since neither in this caſe
His good deſerts in ſervice to your Grace,
Which always have been juſt, nor my deſires
May mitigate the cruel rage of grief
That ſtrains your heart, but that mine Earl muſt die;
Then all in vain you ask what I can ſay
Why I ſhould live. Sufficeth for my part
To ſay I will not live, and ſo reſolve.

Tanc. Dar'ſt thou ſo deſperate decree thy death?

Giſm. A dreadleſs heart delights in ſuch decrees.

Tanc. Thy kind abhorreth ſuch unkindly thoughts.

Giſm. Unkindly thoughts they are to them that live
In kindly love. *Tanc.* As I do unto thee.

Giſm. To take his life who is my love from me?

Tanc. Have I then loſt thy love? *Giſm.* If he ſhall loſe
His life, that is my love. *Tanc.* Thy love? Begone.
Return into thy chamber. *Giſm.* I will go.

[*Giſmunda departeth to her chamber.*

Act IV. Scen. 4.

Julio with his guard bringeth in the County Palurin priſoner.

Julio.

IF it pleaſe your highneſs, hither have we brought
This captive Earl, as you commanded us.
Whom (as we were foretold) even there we found
Where by your Majeſty we were injoin'd

To watch for him. What more your highneſs wills,
This heart and hand ſhall execute your heſt.
Tanc. Julio, we thank your pains.—Ah, Palurin!
Have we deſerved in ſuch traiterous ſort
Thou ſhould'ſt abuſe our kingly courteſies,
Which we too long in favour have beſtow'd
Upon thy falſe diſſembling heart with us?
What grief thou therewithal haſt thrown on us,
What ſhame upon a houſe, what dire diſtreſs
Our ſoul endures, cannot be uttered.
And durſt thou, villain, dare to undermine
Our daughter's chamber? durſt thy ſhameleſs face
Be bold to kiſs her? th' reſt we will conceal.
Sufficeth that thou knoweſt I too well know
All thy proceedings in thy private ſhames.
Herein what haſt thou won? thine own content,
With the diſpleaſure of thy lord and king.
The thought whereof, if thou hadſt had in mind
The leaſt remorſe of love and loyalty,
Might have reſtrain'd thee from ſo foul a fact.
But, Palurin, what may I deem of thee,
Whom neither fear of gods, nor love of him
(Whoſe princely favour hath been thine uprear)
Could quench the fewel of thy lewd deſires?
Wherefore content thee, that we are reſolv'd
(And therefore laid to ſnare thee with this bait)
That thy juſt death, with thine effuſed blood,
Shall cool the heat and choler of our mood.
Guiſz. My lord the king, neither do I miſlike
Your ſentence, nor do your ſmoaking ſighs
Reach'd from the entrails of your boiling heart,
Diſturb the quiet of my calmed thoughts:
For this I feel, and by experience prove,
Such is the force and endleſs might of love,
As never ſhall the dread of carrion death,
That hath envy'd our joys, invade my breaſt.
For if it may be found a fault in me
(That evermore hath lov'd your Majeſty)
Likewiſe to honour and to love your child;
If love unto you both may be a fault,

But unto her my love exceeds compare:
Then this hath been my fault, for which I joy,
That in the greateſt luſt of all my life,
I ſhall ſubmit for her ſake to endure
The pangs of death. Oh! mighty lord of Love,
Strengthen thy vaſſal boldly to receive
Large wounds into this body for her ſake.
Then uſe my life or death, my lord and king,
For your relief to eaſe your grieved ſoul:
For whether I live, or elſe that I muſt die
To end your pains, I am content to bear;
Knowing by death I ſhall bewray the truth
Of that ſound heart which living was her own,
And died alive for her that lived mine.

Tanc. Thine Palurin? What! lives my daughter thine?
Traytor, thou wrong'ſt me, for ſhe liveth mine.
Rather I wiſh ten thouſand ſundry deaths,
Than I to live, and ſee my daughter thine.
Thine, that is dearer than my life to me?
Thine, whom I hope to ſee an empreſs?
Thine, whom I cannot pardon from my ſight?
Thine, unto whom we have bequeath'd our crown?—
Julio, we will that thou inform from us
Renuchio the captain of our guard,
That we command this traytor be convey'd
Into the dungeon underneath our tower;
There let him reſt until he be reſolv'd
What farther we intend; which to underſtand,
We will Renuchio repair to us.

Jul. O that I might your Majeſty entreat
With clemency to beautify your ſeat
Toward this prince, diſtreſt by his deſires,
Too many, all too ſtrong to captivate.

Tanc. "This is the ſoundeſt ſafety for a king,
"To cut them off that vex or hinder him.

Jul. "This have I found the ſafety of a king,
"To ſpare the ſubjects that do honour him.

Tanc. Have we been honour'd by this leacher's luſt?

Jul. No, but by this devout ſubmiſſion.

Tanc.

Tanc. Our fortune ſays we muſt do what we may.
Jul. " This is praiſe-worth, not to do what you may.
Tanc. And may the ſubject countermand the king?
Jul. No, but intreat him. *Tanc.* What he ſhall decree?
Jul. What wiſdom ſhall diſcern. *Tanc.* Nay, what our word
Shall beſt determine. We will not reply.
Thou know'ſt our mind, our heart cannot be eas'd,
But with the ſlaughter of this Palurin.
[*The king haſteth into his palace.*
Guiſz. O, thou great god! who from thy higheſt throne
Haſt ſtooped down, and felt the force of love,
And gentle ears unto the woful moan
Of me poor wretch, to grant that I require:
Help to perſuade the ſame great god, that he
So far remit his might, and ſlack his fire
From my dear lady's kindled heart, that ſhe
May hear my death without her hurt. Let not
Her face, wherein there is as clear a light
As in the riſing moon; let not her cheeks,
As red as is the party-colour'd roſe,
Be paled with the news hereof: and ſo
I yield myſelf, my ſilly ſoul, and all,
To him, for her, for whom my death ſhall ſhew
I liv'd; and as I liv'd, I dy'd her thrall.
Grant this, thou Thunderer: this ſhall ſuffice,
My breath to vaniſh in the liquid ſkies.
[*Guiſzard is led to priſon.*
Chor. 1. Who doth not know the fruits of Paris' love,
Nor underſtand the end of Helen's joy,
He may behold the fatal overthrow
Of Priam's houſe, and of the town of Troy;
His death at laſt, and her eternal ſhame,
For whom full many a noble knight was ſlain.
So many a duke, ſo many a prince of fame
Bereft his life, and left there in the plain.

Medea'

Medea's armed hand, Eliza's ſword,
Wretched Leander drenched in the flood.
Phillis, ſo long that waited for her lord,
All theſe too dearly bought their loves with blood.

Chor. 2. But he in virtue that his lady ſerves,
Ne wills but what unto her honour 'longs,
He never from the rule of reaſon ſwerves;
He feeleth not the pangs, ne raging throngs
Of blind Cupid: he lives not in deſpair,
As do his ſervants; neither ſpends his days
In joy and care, vain hope, and throbbing fear;
But ſeeks alway what may his ſovereign pleaſe
In honour: he that thus ſerves, reaps the fruit
Of his ſweet ſervice; and no jealous dread,
Nor baſe ſuſpect of aught to let his ſuit,
(Which cauſeth oft the lover's heart to bleed)
Doth fret his mind, or burneth in his breaſt:
He waileth not by day, nor wakes by night,
When every other living thing doth reſt;
Nor finds his life or death within her ſight.

Chor. 3. Remember thou in virtue ſerve therefore
Thy chaſte lady: beware thou do not love,
As whilom Venus did the fair Adone,
But as Diana lov'd th' Amazon's ſon;
Through whoſe requeſt the gods to him alone
Reſtor'd new life. The twine that was undone,
Was by the ſiſters twiſted up again.
The love of virtue in thy lady's looks,
The love of virtue in her learned talk;
This love yields matter for eternal books.
This love inticeth him abroad to walk,
There to invent and write new rondelays
Of learn'd conceit, her fancies to allure
To vain delights, ſuch humours he allays,
And ſings of virtue and her garments pure.

Chor. 4. Deſire not of thy ſovereign the thing
Whereof ſhame may enſue by any mean;
Nor wiſh thou aught that may diſhonour bring.
So whilom did the learned Tuſcan ſerve
His fair lady; and glory was their end.

Such are the praiſes lovers do deſerve,
Whoſe ſervice doth to virtue and honour tend.

Finis Actus 4. *Compoſuit Ch. Hat.*

Act V. Scen. 1.

Renuchio cometh out of the palace.

Renuchio.

OH cruel fate! oh miſerable chance!
Oh dire aſpect of hateful deſtinies!
Oh woe may not be told! Suffic'd it not
That I ſhould ſee, and with theſe eyes behold
So foul, ſo bloody, and ſo baſe a deed:
But more to aggravate the heavy cares
Of my perplexed mind, muſt only I,
Muſt I alone be made the meſſenger,
That muſt deliver to her princely ears
Such diſmal news, as when I ſhall diſcloſe,
I know it cannot but abridge her days?
As when the thunder and three-forked fire,
Rent through the clouds by Jove's almighty power,
Breaks up the boſom of our mother earth,
And burns her heart before the heat be felt.
In this diſtreſs whom ſhould I moſt bewail,
My woe, that muſt be made the meſſenger
Of theſe unworthy and unwelcome news?
Or ſhall I moan thy death, O noble Earl?
Or ſhall I ſtill lament the heavy hap,
That yet, O Queen, attends thy funeral?

Chor. 1. What moans be theſe? Renuchio, is this Salerne I ſee?
Doth here king Tancred hold the awful crown?
Is this the place where civil people be?
Or do the ſavage Scythians here abound?

Cho. 2. What mean theſe queſtions? whither tend theſe words?
Reſolve us maidens, and releaſe our fears.
Whatever news thou bring'ſt, diſcover them,
Detain us not in this ſuſpicious dread;
" The thought whereof, is greater than the woe.

Renu. O whither may I caſt my looks? to heaven
Black pitchy clouds from thence rain down revenge.
The earth ſhall I behold? ſtain'd with the gore
Of his heart-blood, that dy'd moſt innocent.
Which way ſoe'er I turn mine eyes, methinks
His butcher'd corps ſtands ſtaring in my face.

Cho. 3. We humbly pray thee to forbear theſe words
So full of terror to our maiden hearts:
" The dread of things unknown breeds the ſuſpect
" Of greater dread, until the worſt be known.
Tell therefore what hath chanc'd, and whereunto
This bloody cup thou holdeſt in thy hand.

Ren. Since ſo is your requeſt, that I ſhall do,
Although my mind ſo ſorrowful a thing
Repines to tell; and though my voice eſchews
To ſay what I have ſeen: yet ſince your will
So fixed ſtands, to hear for what I rue,
Your great deſires I ſhall herein fulfill.
Firſt by Salerne city, amids the plain,
There ſtands a hill, whoſe bottom huge and round
Thrown out in breadth, a large ſpace doth contain;
And gathering up in height, ſmall from the ground,
Still leſs and leſs it mounts: there ſometime was
A goodly tower uprear'd, that flower'd in fame
While fate and fortune ſerv'd; but time doth paſs,
And with his ſway ſuppreſſeth all the ſame:
For now the walls be even'd with the plain,
And all the reſt ſo foully lies defac'd,
As but the only ſhade doth there remain
Of that, which there was built in time forepaſs'd:
And yet that ſhews what worthy work tofore
Hath there been rear'd. One parcel of that tower
Yet ſtands, which eating time could not devour:
A ſtrong turret, compact of ſtone and rock,

Hug

Hugy without, but horrible within:
To paſs to which by force of handy ſtroak,
A crooked ſtreight is made, that enters in,
And leads into this ugly loathſome place.
Within the which, carved into the ground,
A dungeon deep there runs of narrow ſpace,
Dreadful and dark, where never light is found:
Into this hollow cave, by cruel heſt
Of king Tancred, were diverſe ſervants ſent
To work the horror of his furious breaſt,
Erſt nouriſh'd in his rage, and now ſtern bent
To have the ſame perform'd. I, woeful man,
Amongſt the reſt, was one to do the thing,
That to our charge ſo ſtraitly did belong,
In ſort as was commanded by the king.
Within which dreadful priſon when we came,
The noble county Palurin, that there
Lay chain'd in gives, faſt fetter'd in his bolts,
Out of the dark dungeon we did uprear,
And hal'd him thence into a brighter place,
That gave us light to work our tyranny.
But when I once beheld his manly face,
And ſaw his chear, no more appall'd with fear
Of preſent death, than he whom never dread
Did once amate; my heart abhorred then
To give conſent unto ſo foul a deed:
That wretched death ſhould reve ſo worthy a man
On falſe fortune I cry'd with loud complaint,
That in ſuch ſort overwhelms nobility.
But he, whom neither grief ne fear could taint,
With ſmiling chear himſelf oft willed me,
To leave to plain his caſe, or ſorrow make
For him; for he was far more glad apaid,
Death to embrace thus, for his Lady's ſake,
Than life, or all the joys of life, he ſaid.
For loſs of life (quoth he) grieves me no more,
Than loſs of that which I eſteemed leaſt:
My Lady's grief, leſt ſhe ſhould rue therefore,
Is all the cauſe of grief within my breaſt.

He pray'd therefore, that we would make report
To her, of thoſe his laſt words he would ſay:
That though he never could in any ſort
Her gentleneſs requite, nor never lay
Within his power to ſerve her as he would;
Yet ſhe poſſeſs'd his heart with hand and might,
To do her all the honour that he could.
This was to him, of all the joys that might
Revive his heart, the chiefeſt joy of all,
That, to declare the faithful heart which he
Did bear to her, fortune ſo well did fall,
That in her love he ſhould both live and die.
After theſe words he ſtay'd, and ſpake no more,
But joyfully beholding us each one,
His words and chear amazed us ſo ſore,
That ſtill we ſtood; when forthwith thereupon:
But, why ſlack you (quoth he) to do the thing
For which you come? make ſpeed, and ſtay no more,
Perform your maſter's will. Now tell the king
He hath his life, for which he long'd ſo ſore:
And with thoſe words himſelf, with his own hand
Faſt'ned the bands about his neck. The reſt
Wond'ring at his ſtout heart, aſtonied ſtand
To ſee him offer thus himſelf to death.
What ſtony breaſt, or what hard heart of flint
Would not relent to ſee this dreary ſight?
So goodly a man, whom death nor fortune's dint
Could once diſarm, murder'd with ſuch deſpite;
And in ſuch ſort bereft, amidſt the flowers
Of his freſh years, that ruthful was to ſee:
" For violent is death, when he devours
" Young men, or virgins, while their years be green.
Lo! now our ſervants ſeeing him take the bands,
And on his neck himſelf to make them faſt;
Without delay ſet to their cruel hands,
And ſought to work their fierce intent with haſte.
They ſtretch the bloody bands; and when the breath
Began to fail his breaſt, they ſlack'd again:
Thrice did they pull, and thrice they looſed him,

So did their hands repine againſt their hearts:
And oft-times looſed to his greater pain.
" But date of death, that fixed is ſo faſt,
" Beyond his courſe there may no wight extend;
For ſtrangled is this noble Earl at laſt,
Bereft of life, unworthy ſuch an end.
Chor. O damned deed! *Ren.* What deem you this to be,
All the ſad news that I have to unfold?
Is here (think you) end of the cruelty
That I have ſeen? *Chor.* Could any heavier woe
Be wrought to him, than to deſtroy him ſo?
Ren. What, think you this outrage did end ſo well?
The horror of the fact, the greateſt grief,
The maſſacre, the terror is to tell.
Cho. Alack! what could be more? they threw perchaſe
The dead body to be devour'd and torn
Of the wild beaſts.
Ren. Would god it had been caſt a ſavage prey
To beaſts and birds: but lo, that dreadful thing
Which e'en the tiger would not work, but to
Suffice his hunger, that hath the tyrant king
Withouten ruth commanded us to do,
Only to pleaſe his wrathful heart withal.
Happy had been his chance, too happy, alas!
If birds, or beaſts, had eaten up his corps,
Yea, heart and all, which in this cup I bring,
And am conſtrained now unto the face
Of his dear lady to preſent the ſame.
Chor. What kind of cruelty is this you name?
Declare forthwith, and whereunto doth tend
This farther plaint. *Ren.* After his breath was gone,
Forced perforce thus from his panting breaſt,
Straight they diſpoiled him; and not alone
Contented with his death, on the dead corps,
Which ravenous beaſts forbear to lacerate,
Even upon this our villains freſh begun
To ſhew new cruelty: forthwith they pierce
His naked belly, and unript it ſo,

That out the bowels guſh'd. Who can rehearſe
Their tyranny, wherewith my heart yet bleeds?
The warm intrails were torn out of his breaſt,
Within their hands trembling, not fully dead;
His veins ſmoak'd, his bowels all too reeked,
Ruthleſs were rent, and thrown about the place:
All clottered lay the blood in lumps of gore,
Sprent on his corps, and on his paled face;
His trembling heart, yet leaping, out they tore,
And cruelly upon a rapier
They fix'd the ſame, and in this hateful wiſe
Unto the king this heart they do preſent:
A ſight long'd for to feed his ireful eyes.
The king perceiving each thing to be wrought
As he had will'd, rejoicing to behold
Upon the bloody ſword the pierced heart,
He calls then for this maſſy cup of gold,
Into the which the woeful heart he caſt;
And reaching me the ſame, now go, quoth he,
Unto my daughter, and with ſpeedy haſte
Preſent her this, and ſay to her from me,
Thy father hath here in this cup thee ſent
That thing to joy and comfort thee withall,
Which thou lovedſt beſt, even as thou wert content
To comfort him with his chief joy of all.
Cho. O hateful fact! O paſſing cruelty!
O murder wrought with too much hard deſpite!
O heinous deed, which no poſterity
Will once believe! *Ren.* Thus was earl Palurin
Strangled unto the death, yea after death
His heart and blood diſbowell'd from his breaſt.
But what availeth plaint? It is but breath
Forewaſted all in vain. Why do I reſt
Here in this place? Why go I not, and do
The hateful meſſage to my charge committed?
Oh! were it not that I am forced thereto
By a king's will, here would I ſtay my feet,
Ne one whit farther wade in this intent:
But I muſt yield me to my prince's heſt;
Yet doth this ſomewhat comfort mine unreſt,

I am reſolv'd her grief not to behold,
But get me gone my meſſage being told.
Where is the princeſs' chamber? *Cho.* Lo, where ſhe comes.

Act V. Scen. 2.

Giſmunda cometh out of her chamber, to whom Renuchio delivereth his cup, ſaying.

Renuchio.

THY father, O queen, here in this cup hath ſent
The thing to joy and comfort thee withall
Which thou lovedſt beſt, even as thou waſt content
To comfort him with his chief joy of all,
Giſm. I thank my father, and thee, gentle ſquire,
For this thy travel; take thou, for thy pains,
This bracelet, and commend me to the king.
[*Renuchio departeth.*
So, now is come the long-expected hour,
The fatal hour I have ſo looked for;
Now hath my father ſatisfied his thirſt
With guiltleſs blood, which he ſo coveted.
What brings this cup? (Ah me! I thought no leſs)
It is mine Earl's, my County's pierced heart.
Dear heart, too dearly haſt thou bought my love;
Extremely rated at too high a price.
Ah my ſweet heart, ſweet waſt thou in thy life,
But in thy death thou proveſt paſſing ſweet.
A fitter hearſe than this of beaten gold,
Could not be 'lotted to ſo good an heart:
My father therefore well provided thus,
To cloſe and wrap thee up in maſſy gold,
And therewithal to ſend thee unto me,
To whom of duty thou doſt beſt belong.
My father hath in all his life bewray'd
A princely care and tender love to me;

But this ſurpaſſeth, in his later days
To ſend me this, mine own dear heart to me.
Wert thou not mine, dear heart, whil'ſt that my love
Danced and played upon thy golden ſtrings?
Art thou not mine (dear heart) now that my love
Is fled to heaven, and got him golden wings?
Thou art mine own, and ſtill mine own ſhalt be,
Therefore my father ſendeth thee to me.
Ah, pleaſant harbour of my heart's beſt thoughts!
Ah, ſweet delight, the quick'ner of my ſoul!
Seven times accurſed be the hand that wrought
Thee this deſpite, to mangle thee ſo foul:
Yet in this wound I ſee mine own true love,
And in this wound thy magnanimity,
And in this wound I ſee thy conſtancy.
Go, gentle heart, go reſt thee in thy tomb,
Receive this token at thy laſt farewel.

[*She kiſſeth it.*

Thine own true heart anon will follow thee,
Which panting haſteth for thy company.
Thus haſt thou run (poor heart!) thy mortal race,
And rid thy life from fickle fortune's ſnares;
Thus haſt thou loſt this world, and worldly cares,
And of thy foe, to honour thee withall,
Receiv'd a golden grave, to thy deſert.
Nothing doth want to thy juſt funeral,
But my ſalt tears to waſh thy bloody wound:
Which to the end thou might'ſt receive, behold
My father ſends thee in this cup of gold;
And thou ſhalt have them, though I was reſolv'd
To ſhed no tears, but with a chearful face
Once did I think to wet thy funeral
Only with blood, and with no weeping eye.
This done, forthwith my ſoul ſhall fly to thee;
For therefore did my father ſend thee me.
Ah, my pure heart! with ſweeter company,
Or more content, how ſafer may I prove
To paſs to places all unknown, with thee!
Why die I not therefore? why do I ſtay?
Why do I not this woful life forego,

And with theſe hands enforce this breath away?
What means this gorgeous glittering head attire?
How ill beſeem theſe billaments of gold
Thy mournful widowhood? away with them—
[*She undreſſeth her hair.*
So, let thy treſſes flaring in the wind
Untrimmed hang about thy bared neck.
Now, helliſh furies, ſet my heart on fire,
Bolden my courage, ſtrengthen ye my hands
Againſt their kind, to do a kindly deed.
But ſhall I then unwreaken down deſcend?
Shall I not work ſome juſt revenge on him
That thus hath ſlain my love? ſhall not theſe hands
Fire his gates, and make the flame to climb
Up to the pinnacles with burning brands,
And on his cinders wreak my cruel teen?
Be ſtill (fond girl) content thee firſt to die,
This venom'd water ſhall abridge thy life:
[*She taketh a vial of poiſon out of her pocket.*
This for the ſame intent provided I,
Which can both eaſe and end this raging ſtriſe.
Thy father by thy death ſhall have more woe,
Than fire or flames within his gates can bring:
Content thee then in patience hence to go,
Thy death his blood ſhall wreak upon the king.
Now not alone (a grief to die alone)
The only mirror of extreme annoy;
But not alone thou dieſt, my love, for I
Will be copartner of thy deſtiny.
Be merry then, my ſoul; can'ſt thou refuſe
To die with him, that death for thee did chuſe?

Chor. 1. What damned fury hath poſſeſs'd our Queen?
Why ſit we ſtill beholding her diſtreſs?
Madam, forbear, ſuppreſs this headſtrong rage.

Giſm. Maidens, forbear your comfortable words.

Chor. 2. O worthy Queen, raſhneſs doth overthrow
The author of his reſolution.

Giſm. Where hope of help is loſt, what booteth fear?

Chor. 3. Fear will avoid the ſting of infamy.
Giſm. May good or bad reports delight the dead?
Chor. 4. If of the living yet the dead have care.
Giſm. An eaſy grief by counſel may be cur'd.
Chor. 1. But headſtrong miſchiefs princes ſhould avoid.
Giſm. In headlong griefs and caſes deſperate?
Chor. 2. Call to your mind, Giſmund, you are the Queen.
Giſm. Unhappy widow, wife, and paramour.
Chor. 3. Think on the king. *Giſm.* The king, the tyrant king?
Chor. 4. Your father. *Giſm.* Yea, the murderer of my love.
Chor. 4. His force. *Giſm.* The dead fear not the force of men.
Chor. 1. His care and grief. *Giſm.* That neither car'd for me,
Nor grieved at the murder of my love.
My mind is ſettled, you, with theſe vain words,
With-hold me but too long from my deſire.
Depart ye to my chamber. *Chor.* We will haſte
To tell the king hereof.
[*Chorus depart into the palace.*
Giſm. I will prevent
Both you and him. Lo here, this hearty draught,
The laſt that in this world I mean to taſte,
Dreadleſs of death, mine Earl, I drink to thee.
So, now work on; now doth my ſoul begin
To hate this light, wherein there is no love;
No love of parents to their children;
No love of princes to their ſubjects true;
No love of ladies to their deareſt love.
Now paſs I to the pleaſant land of love,
Where heavenly love immortal flouriſheth:
The gods abhor the company of men;
Hell is on earth; yea, hell itſelf is heaven
Compar'd with earth. I call to witneſs heaven;
Heaven, ſaid I? No, but hell record I call,
And thou ſtern goddeſs of revenging wrongs,
Witneſs

Witneſs with me, I die for his pure love
That lived mine.
[*She lieth down and covereth her face with her hair.*

Act V. Scen. 3.

Tancred in haſte cometh out of his palace with Julio.

Tancred.

WHere is my daughter?
Jul. Behold, here, woeful king!
Tanc. Ah me! break heart, and thou fly forth, my ſoul.
What, doth my daughter Giſmund take it ſo?
What haſt thou done? Oh let me ſee thine eyes!
Oh let me dreſs up thoſe untrimmed locks!
Look up, ſweet child, look up mine only joy,
'Tis I, thy father, that beſeecheth thee:
Rear up thy body, ſtrain thy dying voice
To ſpeak to him; ſweet Giſmund, ſpeak to me.
Giſm. Who ſtays my ſoul? who thus diſquiets me?
Tanc. 'Tis I thy father; ah! behold my tears,
Like pearled dew, that trickle down my cheeks,
To waſh my ſilver hairs. *Giſm.* Oh, father, king,
Forbear your tears, your plaint will not avail.
Tanc. Oh, my ſweet heart, haſt thou receiv'd thy life
From me, and wilt thou to requite the ſame
Yield me my death? yea, death and greater grief,
To ſee thee die for him that did defame
Thine honour thus, my kingdom, and thy name.
Giſm. Yea therefore, father, gave you life to me,
That I ſhould die, and now my date is done.
As for your kingdom, and mine own renown,
Which you affirm diſhonoured to be,
That fault impute it where it is; for he
That ſlew mine Earl, and ſent his heart to me,

His hands have brought this ſhame and grief on us.
But, father, yet if any ſpark remain
Of your dear love; if ever yet I could
So much deſerve, or at your hands deſire,
Grant that I may obtain this laſt requeſt.
Tanc. Say, lovely child, ſay on, whate'er it be,
Thy father grants it willingly to thee.
Giſm. My life I crave not, for it is not now
In you to give, nor in myſelf to ſave;
Nor crave I mercy for mine Earl and me,
Who hath been ſlain with too much cruelty.
With patience I muſt a while abide
Within this life, which now will not be long.
But this is my requeſt, father, I pray,
That ſince it pleaſed ſo your majeſty,
I ſhould enjoy my love alive no more,
Yet ne'ertheleſs let us not parted be,
Whom cruel death could never ſeparate:
But as we liv'd and dy'd together here,
So let our bodies be together tomb'd:
Let him with me, and I with him be laid
Within one ſhrine, wherever you appoint.
This if you grant me, as I truſt you will,
Although I live not to requite this grace,
Th'immortal gods due recompence ſhall give
To you for this; and ſo, vain world, farewell—
My ſpeech is painful, and mine eye-ſight fails.
Tanc. My daughter dies—ſee how the bitter pangs
Of tyrannous death torment her princely heart.
She looks on me, at me ſhe ſhakes her head;
For me ſhe groans; by me my daughter dies;
I, I the author of this tragedy.—
On me, on me, ye heavens, throw down your ire!
Now dies my daughter!—hence with princely robes.
Oh fair in life! thrice fairer in thy death!
Dear to thy father in thy life thou wert,
But in thy death, deareſt unto his heart,
I kiſs thy paled cheeks, and cloſe thine eyes.
This duty once I promis'd to myſelf
Thou ſhould'ſt perform to me; but ah! falſe hope,
Now

Now ruthful wretched king, what reſteth thee?
Wilt thou now live waſted with miſery?
Wilt thou now live, that with theſe eyes didſt ſee
Thy daughter dead? wilt thou now live to ſee
Her funerals, that of thy life was ſtay?
Wilt thou now live that waſt her life's decay?
Shall not this hand reach to this heart the ſtroke?
Mine arms are not ſo weak, nor are my limbs
So feebled with mine age, nor is my heart
So daunted with the dread of cowardice,
But I can wreak due vengeance on that head,
That wrought the means theſe lovers now be dead.
Julio, come near, and lay thine own right hand
Upon my thigh—now take thine oath of me.
Jul. I ſwear to thee, my liege lord, to diſcharge
Whatever thou enjoineſt Julio.
Tanc. Firſt then, I charge thee that my daughter have
Her laſt requeſt: thou ſhalt within one tomb
Interr her Earl and her, and thereupon
Engrave ſome royal epitaph of love.
That done, I ſwear thee thou ſhalt take my corps,
Which thou ſhalt find by that time done to death,
And lay my body by my daughter's ſide—
Swear this, ſwear this, I ſay. *Jul.* I ſwear.
But will the king do ſo unkingly now?
Tanc. A kingly deed the king reſolves to do.
Jul. To kill himſelf? *Tanc.* To ſend his ſoul to eaſe.
Jul. Doth Jove command it? *Tanc.* Our ſtars compell it.
Jul. The wiſe man over-rules his ſtars. *Tanc.* So we.
Jul. Undaunted ſhould the minds of kings endure.
Tanc. So ſhall it in this reſolution.
Julio, forbear, and as thou lov'ſt the king,
When thou ſhalt ſee him welt'ring in his gore,
Stretching his limbs, and gaſping in his groans,
Then, Julio, ſet to thy helping hand,
Redouble ſtroke on ſtroke, and drive the ſtab
Down deeper to his heart, to rid his ſoul.

Now ſtand aſide, ſtir not a foot, leſt thou
Make up the fourth to fill this tragedy.
Theſe eyes that firſt beheld my daughter's ſhame;
Theſe eyes that longed for the ruthful ſight
Of her Earl's heart; theſe eyes that now have ſeen
His death, her woe, and her avenging teen:
Upon theſe eyes we muſt be firſt aveng'd.
Unworthy lamps of this accurſed lump,
Out of your dwellings—ſo, it fits us thus
In blood and blindneſs to go ſeek the path
That leadeth down to everlaſting night.
Why fright'ſt thou, daſtard? be thou deſperate;
One miſchief brings another on his neck,
As mighty billows tumble in the ſeas.
Now, daughter, ſeeſt thou not how I amerce
My wrath, that thus bereft thee of thy love,
Upon my head?—Now, fathers, learn by me,
Be wiſe, be warn'd to uſe more tenderly
The jewels of your joys.—Daughter, I come.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by *Julio.*

LO here the ſweets of griſly pale deſpair!
Theſe are the bloſſoms of this curſed tree,
Such are the fruits of too much love and care,
O'erwhelmed in the ſenſe of miſery.
With violent hands he that his life doth end,
His damned ſoul to endleſs night doth wend.
Now reſteth it that I diſcharge mine oath,
To ſee th' unhappy lovers and the king
Laid in one tomb—I would be very loth
You ſhould wait here to ſee this mournful thing:
For I am ſure, and do you all to wot,
Through grief wherein the lords of Salerne be,
Theſe funerals are not prepared yet:
Nor do they think on that ſolemnity.
As for the fury, ye muſt underſtand,
Now ſhe hath ſeen th' effect of her deſire,
She is departed, and hath left our land,
Granting this end unto her helliſh ire.
Now humbly pray we, that our Engliſh dames
May never lead their loves into miſtruſt:
But that their honours may avoid the ſhames
That follow ſuch as live in wanton luſt.
We know they bear them on their virtues bold,
With bliſsful chaſtity ſo well content,
That when their lives and loves abroad are told,
All men admire their virtuous government.
Worthy to live where fury never came,
Worthy to live where love doth always ſee,
Worthy to live in golden trump of fame,
Worthy to live, and honoured ſtill to be.
Thus end our ſorrows with the ſetting ſun:
Now draw the curtains, for our ſcene is done.

R. W.

Intro-

Introductio in Actum ſecundum.

BEfore the ſecond act there was heard a ſweet noiſe of ſtill pipes, which ſounding, Lucrece entered, attended by a maiden of honour with a covered goddard of gold, and drawing the curtains, ſhe offereth unto Giſmunda to taſte thereof: which when ſhe had done, the maid returned, and Lucrece raiſeth up Giſmunda from her bed, and then it followeth ut in Act 2. Scen. 1.

Introductio in Actum tertium.

Before this act the hautbois ſounded a lofty almain, and Cupid uſhereth after him Guiſzard and Giſmunda hand in hand; Julio and Lucrece, Renuchio and another maiden of honour. The meaſures trode, Giſmunda gives a cane into Guiſzard's hand, and they are all led forth again by Cupid, et ſequitur.

Introductio in Actum quartum.

Before this act there was heard a concert of ſweet muſick, which playing, Tancred cometh forth, and draweth Giſmunda's curtains, and lies down upon her bed; then from under the ſtage aſcendeth Guiſzard, and he helpeth up Giſmund, they amorouſly embrace and depart. The king ariſeth enraged, then was heard and ſeen a ſtorm of thunder and lightning, in which the furies riſe up, et ſequitur.

Introductio in Actum quintum.

Before this act was a dead march play'd, during which entered on the ſtage Renuchio captain of the guard, attended upon by the guard. They took up Guiſzard from under the ſtage; then after Guiſzard had kindly taken leave of them all, a ſtrangling cord was faſtened about his neck, and he haled forth by them. Renuchio bewaileth it, and then entering in, bringeth forth a ſtanding cup of gold, with a bloody heart reeking hot in it, and then ſaith, ut ſequitur.

COR-

CORNELIA.

A

TRAGEDY.

BY

Mr. THOMAS KYD.

This

THis *Author wrote at the latter end of the reign of Queen* Elizabeth ; *and, conſidering the time, his ſtile and verſification ſeem better than ordinary. The copy I print from has loſt its title, but* Langbaine *tells us it was printed in* 1595, *and called* Pompey the Great, his fair Cornelia's tragedy. *It is partly tranſlated from the* French *of* Robert Garnier, *who, in the reigns of* Charles IX. *and* Henry III. *and* IV. *was accounted an excellent poet.* Thomas Kyd *is reckoned amongſt the better poets of his time ; but whether he printed any thing beſides this play, I cannot tell.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Cornelia.
Cæſar.
Mark Antony.
Cicero.
Brutus.
Caſſius.
Philip.
A Meſſenger.

CHORUSSES.

CORNELIA:

A

TRAGEDY.

ACT I.

CICERO.

VOUCHSAFE, Immortals, and (above the reſt)
Great Jupiter, our city's ſole protector,
That if (provok'd againſt us by our evils)
You needs will plague us with your ceaſeleſs wrath,
At leaſt to chuſe thoſe forth that are in fault,
And ſave the reſt in theſe tempeſtuous broils:
Elſe let the miſchief that ſhould them befall,
Be pour'd on me, that one may die for all.
Oft hath ſuch ſacrifice appeas'd your ires,
And oft you have your heavy hands with-held
From this poor people, when (with one man's loſs)

Your

Your pity hath preſerv'd the reſt untouch'd:
But we, diſloyal to our own defence,
Faint-hearted, do thoſe liberties enthrall,
Which to preſerve (unto our after good)
Our fathers hazarded their deareſt blood.
Yet Brutus Manlius, hardy Scevola,
And ſtout Camillus, are return'd from Styx,
Deſiring arms to aid our Capitol.
Yea, come they are, and fiery as before,
Under a tyrant ſee our daſtard hearts
Lie idly ſighing, while our ſhameful ſouls
Endure a million of baſe controuls.
Poiſon'd ambition (rooted in high minds)
'Tis thou that train'ſt us into all theſe errors:
Thy mortal covetice perverts our laws,
And tears our freedom from our franchis'd hearts.
Our fathers found thee at their former walls;
And humbled to their offspring left thee dying.
Yet thou reviving, ſoil'dſt our infant town,
With guiltleſs blood by brothers hands out-launch'd;
And hang'ſt (O hell) upon a fort half finiſh'd,
Thy monſtrous murder for a thing to mark.
" But faith continues not where men command.
" Equals are ever bandying for the beſt:
" A ſtate divided cannot firmly ſtand.
" Two kings within one realm could never reſt.
This day, we ſee, the father and the ſon
Have fought like foes Pharſalia's miſery;
And with their blood made marſh the parched plains,
While th'earth that groan'd to bear their carcaſes,
Bewail'd th' inſatiate humours of them both;
That as much blood in wilful folly ſpent,
As were to tame the world ſufficient.
Now, Parthia, fear no more for Craſſus' death,
That we will come thy borders to beſiege:
Nor fear the darts of our courageous troops;
For thoſe brave ſoldiers, that were ſometime wont
To terrify thee with their names, are dead;
And civil fury, fiercer than thine hoſts,
Hath in a manner this great town o'er-turn'd,

That

That whilom was the terror of the world,
Of whom ſo many nations ſtood in fear,
To whom ſo many nations proſtrate ſtoopt,
O'er whom (ſave Heaven) nought could ſignorize,
And whom (ſave Heaven) nothing could affright;
Impregnable, immortal, and whoſe power
Could never have been curb'd, but by itſelf.
For neither could the flaxen-hair'd High Dutch,
(A martial people, madding after arms)
Nor yet the fierce and fiery-humour'd French,
The Moor that travels to the Libyan ſands,
The Greek, th' Arabian, Macedon or Mede,
Once dare t'aſſault it, or attempt to lift
Their humbled heads, in preſence of proud Rome.
But by our laws from liberty reſtrain'd,
Like captives liv'd eternally inchain'd.
But Rome, (alas) what helps it that thou ty'dſt
The former world to thee in vaſſalage?
What helps thee now t'have tam'd both land and ſea?
What helps it thee, that under thy controul
The morn and mid-day both by eaſt and weſt,
And that the golden ſun where-e'er he drive
His glitt'ring chariot, finds our enſigns ſpread?
Sith it contents not thy poſterity;
But as a bait for pride (which ſpoils us all,)
Embarks us in ſo perilous a way,
As menaceth our death, and thy decay.
For, Rome, thou now reſembleſt a ſhip
At random wand'ring in a boiſt'rous ſea,
When foaming billows feel the northern blaſts:
Thou toil'ſt in peril, and the windy ſtorm
Doth topſide-turvey toſs thee as thou float'ſt.
Thy maſt is ſhiver'd, and thy main-ſail torn,
Thy ſides ſore beaten, and thy hatches broke.
Thou want'ſt thy tackling, and a ſhip unrigg'd
Can make no ſhift to combat with the ſea.
See how the rocks do heave their heads at thee!
Which if thou ſhouldſt but touch, thou ſtrait becom'ſt
A ſpoil to Neptune, and a ſportful prey
To th' Glaucs and Tritons, pleas'd with thy decay.

Thou

Thou vaunt'ſt not of thine anceſtors in vain,
But vainly count'ſt thine own victorious deeds.
What helpeth us the things that they did then,
Now we are hated both of gods and men?
" Hatred accompanies proſperity,
" For one man grieveth at another's good,
" And ſo much more we think our miſery,
" The more that Fortune hath with others ſtood:
" So that we ſild are ſeen as wiſdom would,
" To bridle time with reaſon as we ſhould.
" For we are proud when Fortune favours us,
" As if inconſtant Chance were always one,
" Or ſtanding now, ſhe would continue thus.
" O fools, look back, and ſee the rolling ſtone,
" Whereon ſhe blindly lighting ſets her foot,
" And ſlightly ſows that ſeldom taketh root.
Heaven heretofore (inclin'd to do us good,)
Did favour us with conquering our foes,
When jealous Italy (exaſperate
With our upriſing) ſought our city's fall.
But we, ſoon tickled with ſuch flatt'ring hopes,
Wag'd farther war with an inſatiate heart,
And tir'd our neighbour countries ſo with charge,
As with their loſs we did our bounds enlarge.
Carthage and Sicily we have ſubdued,
And almoſt yoked all the world beſide:
And ſolely through deſire of public rule,
Rome and the earth are waxen all as one:
Yet now we live deſpoil'd and robb'd by one,
Of th' ancient freedom wherein we were born.
And e'en that yoke, that wont to tame all others,
Is heavily return'd upon ourſelves.
" A note of Chance that may the proud controul,
" And ſhew God's wrath againſt a cruel ſoul.
" For heaven delights not in us when we do
" That to another, which ourſelves diſdain.
" Judge others as thou wouldſt be judg'd again;
" And do but as thou would'ſt be done unto.

" For

" For ſooth to ſay (in reaſon) we deſerve
" To have the ſelf-ſame meaſure that we ſerve.
What right had our ambitious anceſtors
(Ignobly iſſued from the cart and plough,)
To enter Aſia? What, were they the heirs
To Perſia or the Medes, firſt Monarchies?
What intereſt had they to Africa?
To Gaul or Spain? Or what did Neptune owe us
Within the bounds of farther Brittany?
Are we not thieves and robbers of thoſe realms,
That ow'd us nothing but revenge for wrongs?
What toucheth us the treaſure or the hopes,
The lives or liberties of all thoſe nations,
Whom we by force have held in ſervitude?
Whoſe mournful cries and ſhrieks to heaven aſcend,
Importuning both vengeance and defence
Againſt this city, rich of violence.
" 'Tis not enough (alas) our power t' extend,
" Or over-run the world from eaſt to weſt,
" Or that our hands the earth can comprehend,
" Or that we proudly do what like us beſt.
" He lives more quietly whoſe reſt is made,
" And can with reaſon chaſten his deſire,
" Than he that blindly toileth for a ſhade,
" And is with others empire ſet on fire.
" Our bliſs conſiſts not in poſſeſſions,
" But in commanding our affections;
" In virtue's choice, and vice's needful chace
" Far from our hearts, for ſtaining of our face.

CHORUS.

UPON thy back, (where Miſery doth ſit)
O Rome, the heavens with their wrathful hand
Revenge the crimes thy fathers did commit.
But if (their farther fury to withſtand,
Which o'er thy walls thy wrack ſits menacing)
Thou doſt not ſeek to calm heaven's ireful king,
A farther plague will peſter all the land.

" The

" *The wrath of heaven (though urg'd) we ſee, is ſlow,*
" *In puniſhing the evils we have done:*
" *For what the father hath deſerv'd, we know,*
" *Is ſpar'd in him, and puniſh'd in the ſon.*
" *But to forgive the after that they be,*
" *They are the more diſpleaſed when they ſee,*
" *That we continue our offence begun.*

" *Then from her loathſome cave doth Plague repair,*
" *That breathes her heavy poiſons down to hell:*
" *Which with their noiſome fall corrupt the air,*
" *Or meagre Famine which the weak foretell,*
" *Or bloody War (of other woes the worſt)*
" *Which where it lights doth ſhow the land accurſt,*
" *And ne'er did good wherever it befell.*

War, that hath ſought th' Auſonian fame to rear,
In warlike emony (now grown ſo great
With ſoldiers bodies that were buried there,)
Which yet to ſack us toils in bloody ſweat:
T'enlarge the bounds of conquering Theſſaly,
Through murder, diſcord, wrath, and enmity,
Even to the peaceful Indian's pearled ſeat.

Whoſe entrails fir'd with rancour, wrath and rage,
The former petty combats did diſplace,
And camp to camp did endleſs battles wage:
Which on the mountain tops of warlike Thrace,
Made thund'ring Mars (Diſſenſion's common friend)
Amongſt the forward ſoldiers firſt deſcend,
Arm'd with his blood-beſmeared keen cutlace.

Who firſt attempted to excite to arms,
The troops enraged with the trumpet's ſound,
Head-long to run and reck no after-harms;
Where in the flow'red meads dead men were found
Falling as thick (through warlike cruelty)
As ears of corn for want of husbandry;
That (waſtful) ſhed their grain upon the ground.

O War, if thou were ſubject but to death,
And by deſert might'ſt fall to Phlegethon,
The torment that Ixion *ſuffereth,*
Or his whoſe ſoul the vulture ſeizeth on,
Were all too little to reward thy wrath:
Nor all the plagues that fiery Pluto hath
The moſt outrageous ſinners laid upon.

Accurſed caitives! wretches that we are!
Perceive we not that for the fatal doom
The Fates make haſte enough, but we (by War)
Muſt ſeek in hell to have a hapleſs room?
Or faſt enough do fooliſh men not die,
But they (by murder of themſelves) muſt hie,
Hopeleſs to hide them in a hapleſs tomb?

All ſad and deſolate our city lies,
And for fair corn-ground are our fields ſurcloy'd
With worthleſs gorſe, that yearly fruitleſs dies,
And choaks the good, which elſe we had enjoy'd.
Death dwells within us, and if gentle Peace
Deſcend not ſoon, our ſorrows to ſurceaſe,
Latium (already quail'd) will be deſtroy'd.

ACT II.

Cornelia, Cicero.

AND will ye needs bedew my dead-grown joys,
And nouriſh ſorrow with eternal tears?
O eyes, and will ye ('cauſe I cannot dry
Your ceaſeleſs ſprings) not ſuffer me to die?
Then make the blood from forth my branch-like veins
Like weeping rivers trickle by your vaults;

And ſpunge my body's heat of moiſture ſo,
As my deſpiſed ſoul may ſhun my heart.
Heavens, let me die, and let the deſtinies
Admit me paſſage to th' infernal lake;
That my poor ghoſt may reſt where pow'rful fate
In death's ſad kingdom hath my huſband lodg'd.
Fain would I die, but darkſome ugly death
With-holds his dart, and in diſdain doth fly me,
Maliciouſly knowing, that hell's horror
Is milder than mine endleſs diſcontent;
And that if death upon my life ſhould ſeize,
The pain ſuppoſed would procure mine eaſe.
But ye ſad powers, that rule the ſilent deeps
Of dead-ſad night, where ſins do maſk unſeen:
You that amongſt the darkſome manſions
Of pining ghoſts, twixt ſighs, and ſobs, and tears,
Do exercise your mirthleſs empory:
Ye gods (at whoſe arbitrament all ſtand,)
Diſlodge my ſoul, and keep it with yourſelves,
For I am more than half your priſoner.
My noble huſbands (more than noble ſouls,)
Already wander under your commands.
O then ſhall wretched I, that am but one,
(Yet once both theirs,) ſurvive now they are gone?
Alas! thou ſhould'ſt, thou ſhould'ſt, Cornelia,
Have broke the ſacred thread that ty'd thee here,
When as thy huſband Craſſus (in his flower)
Did firſt bear arms, and bare away my love.
And not (as thou haſt done) go break the bands,
By calling Hymen once more back again.
Leſs hapleſs, and more worthily thou might'ſt
Have made thine anceſtors and thee renown'd:
If (like a royal dame) with faith faſt kept,
Thou with thy former huſband's death had'ſt ſlept.
But partial Fortune, and the powerful Fates,
That at their pleaſures wield our purpoſes,
Bewitch'd my life, and did beguile my love.
Pompey, the fame that ran of thy frail honours,
Made me thy wife, thy love, and (like a thief)
From my firſt huſband ſtole my faithleſs grief.

But if (as ſome believe) in heaven or hell
Be heavenly powers, or infernal ſpirits,
That care to be aveng'd of lovers oaths;
Oaths made in marriage, and after broke;
Thoſe powers, thoſe ſpirits, (mov'd with my light faith,)
Are now diſpleas'd with Pompey and my ſelf,
And do with civil diſcord (furthering it)
Untie the bands that ſacred Hymen knit:
Elſe only I am cauſe of both their wraths,
And of the ſin that ſealeth up thine eyes;
Thine eyes (O deplorable Pompey!) I am ſhe,
I am that plague, that ſacks thy houſe and thee.
For 'tis not heaven, nor Craſſus (cauſe he ſees
That I am thine) in jealouſy purſues us.
No, 'tis a ſecret croſs, an unknown thing,
That I receiv'd from heaven at my birth,
That I ſhould heap misfortunes on their head,
Whom once I had receiv'd in marriage bed.
Then ye, the noble Romuliſts that reſt,
Henceforth forbear to ſeek my murdering love,
And let their double loſs that held me dear,
Bid you beware for fear you be beguil'd.
Ye may be rich and great in Fortune's grace,
And all your hopes with hap may be effected;
But if ye once be wedded to my love,
Clouds of adverſity will cover you.
So peſtilently fraught with change of plagues
Is mine infected boſom from my youth.
Like poiſon that (once lighting in the body)
No ſooner toucheth than it taints the blood;
One while the heart, another while the liver,
(According to th' encountering paſſages)
Nor ſpareth it what purely feeds the heart,
More than the moſt infected filthieſt part.
Pompey, what holpe it thee, (ſay deareſt life)
Tell me, what holpe thy warlike valiant mind
T'encounter with the leaſt of my miſhaps?
What holpe it thee, that under thy command
Thou ſaw'ſt the trembling earth with horror maz'd?
Or where the ſun forſakes th' ocean ſea,
Or watereth his courſers in the weſt,

T'hav

T' have made thy name be far more fam'd and fear'd,
Than ſummer's thunder to the ſilly herd ?
What holpe it, that thou ſaw'ſt, when thou wert young,
Thy helmet deck'd with coronets of bays ?
So many enemies, in battle rang'd,
Beat back like flies before a ſtorm of hail ?
T' have look'd aſkance, and ſee ſo many kings
To lay their crowns and ſcepters at thy feet ?
T'embrace thy knees, and, humbled by their fate,
T' attend thy mercy in this mournful ſtate ?
Alas, and here-withal what holpe it thee,
That even in all the corners of the earth,
Thy wand'ring glory was ſo greatly known,
And that Rome ſaw thee while thou triumph'dſt thrice
O'er three parts of the world that thou hadſt yok'd ?
That Neptune welt'ring on the windy plains,
Eſcap'd not free from thy victorious hands ?
Since thy hard hap, ſince thy fierce deſtiny,
(Envious of all thine honours) gave thee me ?
By whom the former courſe of thy fair deeds
Might (with a biting bridle) be reſtrain'd ;
By whom the glory of thy conqueſts got,
Might die diſgrac'd with mine unhappineſs.
O hapleſs wife ! thus ominous to all,
Worſe than Megæra, worſe than any plague.'
What foul infernal, or what ſtranger hell
Henceforth wilt thou inhabit, where thy hap
None other's hopes with miſchief may entrap ?
Cic. What end, O race of Scipio, will the Fates
Afford your tears ? Will that day never come,
That your diſaſt'rous griefs ſhall turn to joy,
And we have time to bury our annoy ?
Corn. Ne'er ſhall I ſee that day ; for heaven and time
Have fail'd in power to calm my paſſion.
Nor can they (ſhould they pity my complaints)
Once eaſe my life, but with the pangs of death.
Cic. " The wide world's accidents are apt to change,
" And tickle Fortune ſtays not in a place ;
" But (like the clouds) continually doth range,
" Or like the ſun that hath the night in chace.

" Then as the heavens (by whom our hopes are guided)
" Do coaſt the earth with an eternal courſe,
" We muſt not think a miſery betided
" Will never ceaſe, but ſtill grow worſe and worſe.
" When icy winter's paſt, then comes the ſpring,
" Whom ſummer's pride with ſultry heat purſues;
" To whom mild autumn does earth's treaſure bring,
" The ſweeteſt ſeaſon that the wiſe can chuſe.
" Heaven's influence was ne'er ſo conſtant yet,
" In good or bad as to continue it.
When I was young, I ſaw againſt poor Sylla,
Proud Cynna, Marius, and Carbo fleſh'd
So long, till they 'gan tyrannize the town,
And ſpilt ſuch ſtore of blood in every ſtreet,
As there were none but dead men to be ſeen.
Within a while, I ſaw how Fortune play'd,
And wound thoſe tyrants underneath her wheel,
Who loſt their lives and power at once by one,
That (to revenge himſelf) did with his blade
Commit more murder than Rome ever made.
Yet Sylla, ſhaking tyranny aſide,
Return'd due honours to our common-wealth,
Which peaceably retain'd her ancient ſtate,
Grown great without the ſtrife of citizens;
Till this ambitious tyrant's time, that toil'd
To ſtoop the world and Rome to his deſires.
But flatt'ring Chance, that train'd his firſt deſigns,
May change her looks, and give the tyrant over,
Leaving our city, where ſo long ago
Heavens did their favours laviſhly beſtow.

Corn. 'Tis true, the heavens (at leaſt-wiſe if they pleaſe)
May give poor Rome her former liberty.
But though they would, I know they cannot give
A ſecond life to Pompey that is ſlain.

Cic. Mourn not for Pompey, Pompey could not die
A better death, than for his country's weal.
For oft he ſearch'd amongſt the fierce alarms,
But (wiſhing) could not find ſo fair an end;
Till fraught with years and honour both at once,

He

He gave his body (as a barricade)
For Rome's defence, by tyrants overlaid.
Bravely he dy'd, and (haplie) takes it ill,
That (envious) we repine at heaven's will.
Corn. Alas, my ſorrow would be ſo much leſs,
If he had dy'd his faulchion in his fiſt.
Had he amidſt huge troops of armed men
Been wounded by another any way,
It would have calmed many of my ſighs.
For why, t'have ſeen his noble Roman blood
Mixt with his enemies, had done him good.
But he is dead, (O heavens!) not dead in fight,
With pike in hand upon a fort beſieg'd,
Defending of a breach: but baſely ſlain;
Slain traiterouſly, without aſſault in war.
Yea, ſlain he is, and bitter Chance decreed
To have me there, to ſee this bloody deed.
I ſaw him, I was there, and in mine arms
He almoſt felt the poignard when he fell.
Whereat my blood ſtopt in my ſtraggling veins,
Mine hair grew briſtled, like a thorny grove:
My voice lay hid, half dead within my throat.
My frightful heart (ſtun'd in my ſtone-cold breaſt)
Faintly redoubled ev'ry feeble ſtroke.
My ſpirit, chained with impatient rage,
Did raving ſtrive to break the priſon ope,
(Enlarg'd,) to drown the pain it did abide,
In ſolitary Lethe's ſleepy tide.
Thrice to abſent me from this hated light,
I would have plung'd my body in the ſea;
And thrice detain'd, with doleful ſhrieks and cries,
(With arms to heaven uprear'd) I 'gan exclaim
And bellow forth, againſt the Gods themſelves,
A bed-roll of outrageous blaſphemies.
Till (grief to hear, and hell for me to ſpeak,)
My woes wax'd ſtronger, and my ſelf grew weak.
Thus day and night I toil in diſcontent,
And ſleeping wake, when ſleep itſelf, that rides
Upon the miſts, ſcarce moiſteneth mine eyes.
Sorrow conſumes me, and inſtead of reſt,

With folded arms I ſadly ſit and weep.
And if I wink, it is for fear to ſee
The fearful dreams effects that trouble me.
O heavens! what ſhall I do? alas, muſt I,
Muſt I myſelf be murderer of myſelf?
Muſt I myſelf be forc'd to ope the way,
Whereat my ſoul in wounds may ſally forth?
Cic. Madam, you muſt not thus tranſport yourſelf.
We ſee your ſorrow, but who ſorrows not?
The grief is common. And I muſe, beſides
The ſervitude that cauſeth all our cares,
Beſides the baſeneſs wherein we are yok'd,
Beſides the loſs of good men dead and gone,
What one he is that in this broil hath been,
And mourneth not for ſome man of his kin?
Corn. If all the world were in the like diſtreſs,
My ſorrow yet would never ſeem the leſs.
Cic. " O, but men bear misfortunes with more eaſe,
" The more indifferently that they fall;
" And nothing more (in uproars) men can pleaſe,
" Than when they ſee their woes not worſt of all.
Corn. " Our friend's misfortune doth increaſe our own.
Cic. " But ours of others will not be acknown.
Corn. " Yet one man's ſorrow will another touch.
Cic. Ay, when himſelf will entertain none ſuch.
Corn. " Another's tears draw tears from forth our eyes.
Cic. " And choice of ſtreams the greateſt river dries.
Corn. When ſand within a whirlpool lies unwet,
My tears ſhall dry, and I my grief forget.
Cic. What boot your tears, or what avails your ſorrow
Againſt th'inevitable dart of death?
Think you to move with lamentable plaints
Perſiphone, or Pluto's ghaſtly ſpirits,
To make him live that's locked in his tomb,
And wand'reth in the centre of the earth?
" No, no, Cornelia, Charon takes not pain
" To ferry thoſe that muſt be fetch'd again.
Corn. Proſerpina indeed neglects my plaints,

And hell itſelf is deaf to my laments.
Unprofitably ſhould I waſte my tears,
If over Pompey I ſhould weep to death,
With hope to have him be reviv'd by them.
Weeping avails not, therefore do I weep.
Great loſſes greatly are to be deplor'd,
The loſs is great that cannot be reſtor'd.

Cic. " Nought is immortal underneath the ſun,
" All things are ſubject to death's tyranny:
" Both clowns and kings one ſelf-ſame courſe muſt run,
" And whatſoever lives, is ſure to die.
Then wherefore mourn you for your huſband's death,
Sith being a man, he was ordain'd to die?
Since Jove's own ſons, retaining human ſhape,
No more than wretched we, their death could 'ſcape.
Brave Scipio, your famous anceſtor,
That Rome's high worth to Africk did extend;
And thoſe two Scipios (that in perſon fought
Before the fearful Carthaginian walls,)
Both brothers, and both war's fierce light'ning fires,
Are they not dead? Yes, and their death (our dearth)
Hath hid them both embowel'd in the earth.
And thoſe great cities, whoſe foundations reach'd
From deepeſt hell, and with their tops touch'd heaven;
Whoſe lofty towers like thorny-pointed ſpears,
Whoſe temples, palaces, and walls emboſt,
In power and force, and fierceneſs, ſeem'd to threat
The tired world, that trembled with their weight;
In one day's ſpace (to our eternal moans)
Have we not ſeen them turn'd to heaps of ſtones?
Carthage can witneſs, and thou, heaven's hand-work,
Fair Ilium, razed by the conquering Greeks;
Whoſe ancient beauty, worth and weapons, ſeem'd
Sufficient t' have tam'd the Myrmidons.
" But whatſoe'er hath been begun, muſt end.
" Death (haply that our willingneſs doth ſee)
" With brandiſh'd dart doth make the paſſage free;
" And timeleſs doth our ſouls to Pluto ſend.

Corn. Would death had ſteep'd his dart in Lerna's blood,

That I were drown'd in the Tartarian deeps.
I am an offering fit for Acheron.
A match more equal never could be made,
Than I, and Pompey, in th' Elyſian ſhade.
Cic. " Death's always ready, and our time is known
" To be at heaven's diſpoſe, and not our own.
Corn. Can we be over-haſty to good hap?
Cic. What good expect we in a fiery gap?
Corn. To 'ſcape the fears that follow Fortune's glances.
Cic. " A noble mind doth never fear miſchances.
Corn. " A noble mind diſdaineth ſervitude.
Cic. Can bondage true nobility exclude?
Corn. How if I do, or ſuffer that I would not?
Cic. " True nobleſs never doth the thing it ſhould not.
Corn. Then muſt I die? *Cic.* Yet dying think this ſtill;
" No fear of death ſhould force us to do ill.
Corn. If death be ſuch, why is your fear ſo riſe?
Cic. My works will ſhew I never fear'd my life.
Corn. And yet you will not that (in our diſtreſs,)
We aſk death's aid to end life's wretchedneſs.
Cic. " We neither ought to urge, nor aſk a thing,
" Wherein we ſee ſo much aſſurance lies.
" But if perhaps ſome fierce offended king,
" (To fright us) ſet pale death before our eyes,
" To force us do that goes againſt our heart;
" 'Twere more than baſe in us to dread his dart.
" But when for fear of an enſuing ill,
" We ſeek to ſhorten our appointed race,
" Then 'tis (for fear) that we ourſelves do kill,
" So fond we are to fear the world's diſgrace.
Corn. 'Tis not for frailty, or faint cowardice,
That men (to ſhun miſchances) ſeek for death;
But rather he that ſeeks it, ſhows himſelf
Of certain courage 'gainſt uncertain chance.
" He that retires not at the threats of death,
" Is not, as are the vulgar, ſlightly frayed.

" For

" For heaven itſelf, nor hell's infectious breath,
" The reſolute at any time have ſtayed.
" And (ſooth to ſay) why fear we, when we ſee,
" The thing we fear, leſs than the fear to be?
Then let me die, my liberty to ſave,
For 'tis a death to live a tyrant's ſlave.

Cic. Daughter, beware how you provoke the heavens,
Which in our bodies (as a tower of ſtrength)
Have plac'd our ſouls, and fortify'd the ſame;
As diſcreet princes ſet their garriſons,
In ſtrongeſt places of their provinces.
" Now, as it is not lawful for a man,
" At ſuch a king's departure or deceaſe,
" To leave the place, and falſify his faith;
" So in this caſe, we ought not to ſurrender
" That dearer part, till heaven itſelf command it.
" For as they lent us life to do us pleaſure,
" So look they for return of ſuch a treaſure.

CHORUS.

" *WHate'er the maſſie earth hath fraight,*
" *Or on her nurſe-like back ſuſtains,*
" *Upon the will of heaven doth wait,*
" *And doth no more than it ordains.*
" *All fortunes, all felicities,*
" *Upon their motion do depend:*
" *And from the ſtars doth ſtill ariſe*
" *Both their beginning and their end.*
" *The monarchies, that cover all*
" *This earthly round with majeſty,*
" *Have both their riſing and their fall*
" *From heaven and heaven's variety.*
" *Frail men, or man's more frail defence,*
" *Had never power to practiſe ſtays*
" *Of this celeſtial influence,*
" *That governeth and guides our days.*
" *No cloud but will be over-caſt;*
" *And what now flouriſheth, muſt fade.*

" *And that that fades, revive at laſt,*
" *To flouriſh as it firſt was made.*
" *The forms of things do never die,*
" *Becauſe the matter that remains,*
" *Reforms another thing thereby,*
" *That ſtill the former ſhape retains.*
" *The roundneſs of two bowls croſs-caſt,*
" *(So they with equal pace be aim'd,)*
" *Shows their beginning by their laſt,*
" *Which by old nature is new-fram'd.*
" *So peopled cities, that of yore*
" *Were deſert field where none would bide,*
" *Become forſaken as before,*
" *Yet after are re-edify'd.*
Perceive we not a petty vein,
Cut from a ſpring by chance or art,
Engendreth fountains, whence again
Thoſe fountains do to floods convert?
Thoſe floods to waves, thoſe waves to ſeas,
That oft exceed their wonted bounds:
And yet thoſe ſeas (as heavens pleaſe)
Return to ſprings by under-grounds.
E'en ſo our city (in her prime)
Preſcribing princes every thing,
Is now ſubdu'd by conquering time,
And liveth ſubject to a king.
And yet perhaps the ſun-bright crown,
That now the tyrant's head doth deck,
May turn to Rome with true renown,
If fortune chance but once to check.
The ſtately walls that once were rear'd,
And by a ſhepherd's hands erect,
(With hatleſs brothers blood beſmear'd)
Shall ſhow by whom they were infect.
And once more unjuſt Tarquin's frown
(With arrogance and rage inflam'd)
Shall keep the Roman valour down,
And Rome itſelf a while be tam'd.
And chaſteſt Lucrece once again
(Becauſe her name diſhonour'd ſtood)

Shall by herſelf be careleſs ſlain,
And make a river of her blood;
Scorning her ſoul a ſeat ſhould build
Within a body baſely ſeen
By ſhameleſs rape to be defil'd,
That erſt was clear as heaven's queen.
But heavens, as tyranny ſhall yoke
Our daſtard hearts with ſervile thrall;
So grant your plagues (which they provoke)
May light upon them once for all.
And let another Brutus riſe,
Bravely to fight in Rome's defence,
To free our town from tyranny,
And tyrannous proud inſolence.

ACT III.

Cornelia, Chorus.

THE chearful cock (the ſad night's comforter)
Waiting upon the riſing of the ſun,
Doth ſing to ſee how Cynthia ſhrinks her horn,
While Clytie takes her progreſs to the eaſt.
Where wringing wet with drops of ſilver due,
Her wonted tears of love ſhe doth renew.
The wand'ring ſwallow, with her broken ſong,
The country-wench unto her work awakes;
While Cytherea ſighing walks to ſeek
Her murder'd love transform'd into a roſe.
Whom (though ſhe ſee) to crop ſhe kindly fears;
But (kiſſing) ſighs, and dews him with her tears.
Sweet tears of love, remembrancers to time,
Time paſt with me, that am to tears converted;
Whoſe mournful paſſions dull the morning's joys,
Whoſe ſweeter ſleeps are turn'd to fearful dreams.

And whoſe firſt fortunes, (fill'd with all diſtreſs)
Afford no hope of future happineſs.
But what diſaſtrous or hard accident
Hath bath'd your blubber'd eyes in bitter tears,
That thus conſort me in my miſery?
Why do you beat your breaſts? why mourn you ſo?
Say, gentle ſiſters, tell me, and believe
It grieves me that I know not why you grieve.
Chor. O poor Cornelia, have not we good cauſe,
For former wrongs to furniſh us with tears?
Corn. O, but I fear that Fortune ſeeks new flaws,
And ſtill (unſatisfy'd) more hatred bears.
Chor. Wherein can Fortune farther injure us,
Now we have loſt our conquer'd liberty,
Our common-wealth, our empire, and our honours,
Under this cruel Tarquin's tyranny?
Under this outrage now are all our goods,
Where ſcattered they run by land and ſea
(Like exil'd us) from fertile Italy,
To proudeſt Spain, or pooreſt Getuly.
Corn. And will the heavens, that have ſo oft defended
Our Roman walls from fury of fierce kings,
Not once again return our ſenators,
That from the Libyck plains and Spaniſh fields,
With fearleſs hearts do guard our Roman hopes?
Will they not once again encourage them
To fill our fields with blood of enemies,
And bring from Africk to our Capitol,
Upon their helms, the empire that is ſtole?
Then home-born houſhold gods, and ye good ſpirits,
To whom in doubtful things we ſeek acceſs,
By whom our family hath been adorn'd,
And graced with the name of African;
Do ye vouchſafe that this victorious title
Be not expired in Cornelia's blood;
And that my father now (in th' Africk wars)
The ſelf-ſame ſtile by conqueſt may continue.
But, wretched that I am, alas, I fear—
Chor. What fear you, Madam?

Corn.

Corn. That the frowning heavens
Oppoſe themſelves againſt us in their wrath.
Chor. Our loſs (I hope) hath ſatisfy'd their ire.
Corn. O no, our loſs lifts Cæſar's fortunes higher.
Chor. Fortune is fickle.
Corn. But hath fail'd him never.
Chor. The more unlike ſhe ſhould continue ever.
Corn. My fearful dreams do my deſpairs redouble.
Chor. Why ſuffer you vain dreams your head to trouble?
Corn. Who is not troubled with ſtrange viſions?
Chor. That of our ſpirit are but illuſions.
Corn. God grant theſe dreams to good effect be brought.
Chor. We dream by night what we by day have thought.
Corn. The ſilent night, that long had ſojourned,
Now 'gan to caſt her ſable mantle off,
And now the ſleepy wain-man ſoftly drove
His ſlow-pac'd team, that long had travelled;
When (like a ſlumber, if you term it ſo)
A dulneſs, that diſpoſeth us to reſt,
'Gan cloſe the windows of my watchful eyes,
Already tir'd and loaden with my tears;
And lo (methought) came gliding by my bed,
The ghoſt of Pompey, with a ghaſtly look;
All pale and brawn-fall'n, not in triumph borne
Amongſt the conquering Romans, as we us'd,
When he (enthroniz'd) at his feet beheld
Great emperors, faſt bound in chains of braſs.
But all amaz'd, with fearful hollow eyes,
His hair and beard deform'd with blood and ſweat,
Caſting a thin courſe linſel o'er his ſhoulders,
That tore in pieces trail'd upon the ground,
And, gnaſhing of his teeth, unlock'd his jaws,
Which ſlightly cover'd with a ſcarce-ſeen ſkin,
This ſolemn tale he ſadly did begin.
Sleep'ſt thou Cornelia? ſleep'ſt thou, gentle wife,
And ſeeſt thy father's miſery and mine?
Wake, deareſt ſweet, and o'er our ſepulchres

In pity ſhow thy lateſt love to us.
Such hap as ours attendeth on my ſons,
The ſelf-ſame foe and fortune following them.
Send Sextus over to ſome foreign nation,
Far from the common hazard of the wars;
That (being yet ſav'd) he may attempt no more
To 'venge the valour that is try'd before.
He ſaid, and ſuddenly a trembling horror,
A chill cold ſhivering (ſettled in my veins)
Brake up my ſlumber; when I ope'd my lips
Three times to cry, but could nor cry, nor ſpeak.
I mov'd mine head, and flung abroad mine arms
To entertain him, but his airy ſpirit
Beguiled mine embracements, and (unkind)
Left me embracing nothing but the wind.
O valiant ſoul, when ſhall this ſoul of mine
Come viſit thee in the Elyſian ſhades?
O deareſt life, or when ſhall ſweeteſt death
Diſſolve the fatal trouble of my days,
And bleſs me with my Pompey's company?
But may my father, (O extreme miſhap!)
And ſuch a number of brave regiments,
Made of ſo many expert ſoldiers,
That lov'd our liberty, and follow'd him,
Be ſo diſcomfited? O would it were but an illuſion!
Chor. Madam, never fear.
Nor let a ſenſeleſs idol of the night
Encreaſe a more than needful fear in you.
Cor. My fear proceeds not of an idle dream,
For 'tis a truth that hath aſtoniſh'd me.
I ſaw great Pompey, and I heard him ſpeak;
And thinking to embrace him, ope'd mine arms,
When drowſy ſleep, that wak'd me at unwares,
Did with his flight uncloſe my fearful eyes
So ſuddenly, that yet methinks I ſee him.
Howbeit I cannot touch him, for he ſlides
More ſwiftly from me than the ocean glides.
Chor. "Theſe are vain thoughts, or melancholy
ſhows,
That wont to haunt and trace by cloiſter'd tombs:

" Which eath appear in ſad and ſtrange diſguiſes
" To penſive minds, deceived with their ſhadows ;
" They counterfeit the dead in voice and figure,
" Divining of our future miſeries.
" For when our ſoul the body hath diſgag'd,
" It ſeeks the common paſſage of the dead,
" Down by the fearful gates of Acheron ;
" Where when it is by Æacus adjudg'd,
" It either turneth to the Stygian lake,
" Or ſtays for ever in th'Elyſian fields ;
" And ne'er returneth to the corſe interr'd,
" To walk by night, or make the wiſe afraid.
" None but inevitable conquering death
" Deſcends to hell, with hope to riſe again ;
" For ghoſts of men are lock'd in fiery gates,
" Faſt guarded by a fell remorſeleſs monſter.
" And therefore think not it was Pompey's ſprite,
" But ſome falſe Dæmon that beguil'd your ſight. [*Ex.*

Enter Cicero.

Cic. Thou, O world's queen! O town that didſt
Thy conquering arms beyond the ocean, [extend
And throng'dſt thy conqueſts from the Libyan ſhores,
Down to the Scythian ſwift-foot fearleſs porters,
Thou art embas'd ; and at this inſtant yield'ſt
Thy proud neck to a miſerable yoke.
Rome, thou art tam'd, and th'earth dew'd with thy blood,
Doth laugh to ſee how thou art ſignioriz'd.
The force of heaven exceeds thy former ſtrength :
For thou that wont'ſt to tame and conquer all,
Art conquer'd now with an eternal fall.
Now ſhalt thou march (thy hands faſt bound behind thee)
Thy head hung down, thy cheeks with tears beſprent,
Before the victor ; while thy rebel ſon,
With crowned front triumphing follows thee.
Thy braveſt captains, whoſe courageous hearts
(Join'd with the right) did reinforce our hopes,
Now murder'd lie for fowl to feed upon.

Petreus,

Petreus, Cato, and Scipio are ſlain,
And Juba, that amongſt the Moors did reign.
Now you, whom both the gods and fortune's grace
Hath ſav'd from danger in theſe furious broils,
Forbear to tempt the enemy again,
For fear you feel a third calamity.
Cæſar is like a brightly-flaming blaze,
That fiercely burns a houſe already fir'd;
And ceaſeleſs launching out on every ſide,
Conſumes the more, the more you ſeek to quench it,
Still darting ſparkles, till it find a train
To ſeize upon, and then it flames amain.
The men, the ſhips, wherewith poor Rome affronts him,
All powerleſs, give proud Cæſar's wrath free paſſage.
Nought can reſiſt him, all the power we raiſe,
Turns but to our misfortune, and his praiſe.
'Tis thou, O Rome, that nurs'd his inſolence;
'Tis thou, O Rome, that gav'ſt him firſt the ſword,
Which murd'rer-like againſt thyſelf he draws,
And violates both God and Nature's laws.
Like moral Eſop's miſled country ſwain,
That found a ſerpent pining in the ſnow;
And full of fooliſh pity took it up,
And kindly laid it by his houſhold fire,
Till (waxen warm) it nimbly 'gan to ſtir,
And ſtung to death the fool that foſter'd her.
O gods! that once had care of theſe our walls,
And fearleſs kept us from th' aſſault of foes;
Great Jupiter, to whom our Capitol
So many oxen yearly ſacrific'd;
Minerva, Stator, and ſtout Thracian Mars,
Father to good Quirinus our firſt founder;
To what intent have ye preſerv'd our town,
This ſtately town, ſo often hazarded
Againſt the Samnites, Sabins, and fierce Latins?
Why, from once footing in our fortreſſes,
Have ye repell'd the luſty warlike Gauls?
Why from Moloſſus and falſe Hanibal,
Have ye reſerv'd the noble Romuliſts?

Or why from Cat'line's lewd conſpiracies
Preſerv'd ye Rome by my prevention,
To caſt ſo ſoon a ſtate ſo long defended,
Into the bondage where (enthral'd) we pine?
To ſerve (no ſtranger, but amongſt us) one
That with blind frenzy buildeth up his throne?
But if in us be any vigour reſting,
If yet our hearts retain one drop of blood,
Cæſar, thou ſhalt not vaunt thy conqueſt long,
Nor longer hold us in this ſervitude.
Nor ſhalt thou bathe thee longer in our blood:
For I divine, that thou muſt vomit it,
Like to a cur that carrion hath devour'd,
And cannot reſt until his maw be ſcour'd.
Think'ſt thou to ſigniorize, or be the king
Of ſuch a number, nobler than thyſelf?
Or think'ſt thou Romans bear ſuch daſtard hearts,
To let thy tyranny be unreveng'd?
No; for methinks I ſee the ſhame, the grief,
The rage, the hatred that they have conceiv'd,
And many a Roman ſword already drawn,
T'enlarge the liberty that thou uſurp'ſt.
And thy diſmember'd body (ſtab'd and torn,)
Drag'd through the ſtreets, diſdained to be borne. [*Ex.*

Enter Philip and Cornelia.

Phil. Amongſt the reſt of mine extreme miſhaps,
I find my fortune not the leaſt in this,
That I have kept my maſter company,
Both in his life, and at his lateſt hour,
Pompey the great, whom I have honoured
With true devotion, both alive and dead.
One ſelf-ſame ſhip contain'd us, when I ſaw
The murd'ring Egyptians bereave his life;
And when the man that had afright the earth,
Did homage to it with his deareſt blood.
O'er whom I ſhed full many a bitter tear,
And did perform his exequies with ſighs:
And on the ſtrand upon the river ſide
(Where to my ſighs the waters ſeem'd to turn)
I wove a coffin for his corſe of ſeggs,

That

That with the wind did wave like bannerets,
And laid his body to be burn'd thereon;
Which when it was conſum'd, I kindly took,
And ſadly clos'd within an earthen urn
The aſhy reliques of his hapleſs bones.
Which having 'ſcap'd the rage of wind and ſea,
I bring to fair Cornelia, to interr
Within his elders tomb that honour'd her.
Corn. Ah me! what ſee I? *Phil.* Pompey's tender bones,
Which (in extremes) an earthen urn containeth.
Corn. O ſweet, dear, deplorable cinders!
O miſerable woman, living, dying!
O poor Cornelia! born to be diſtreſs'd,
Why liv'ſt thou toil'd, that (dead) might'ſt lie at reſt?
O faithleſs hands, that under cloak of love
Did entertain him, to torment him ſo!
O barbarous, inhuman, hateful traitors!
This your diſloyal dealing hath defam'd
Your king, and his inhoſpitable ſeat,
Of the extreameſt and moſt odious crime,
That 'gainſt the heavens might be imagined.
For ye have baſely broke the law of arms,
And out-rag'd over an afflicted ſoul;
Murder'd a man that did ſubmit himſelf,
And injur'd him that ever us'd you kindly.
For which miſdeed, be Egypt peſtered
With battle, famine, and perpetual plagues.
Let aſpics, ſerpents, ſnakes, and Libyan bears,
Tigers, and lions, breed with you for ever.
And let fair Nilus (wont to nurſe your corn)
Cover your land with toads and crocodiles,
That may infect, devour, and murder you.
Elſe earth make way, and hell receive them quick,
A hateful race, 'mongſt whom there doth abide
All treaſon, luxury and homicide.
Phil. Ceaſe theſe laments. *Corn.* I do but what I ought
To mourn his death. *Phil.* Alas! that profits nought.
Corn. Will heaven let treaſon be unpuniſhed?

Phil.

Phil. Heav'ns will perform what they have promiſed.
Corn. I fear the heavens will not hear our prayer.
Phil. The plaints of men oppreſs'd do pierce the air.
Corn. Yet Cæſar liveth ſtill. *Phil.* " Due puniſh-
ment
" Succeeds not always after an offence:
" For oftentimes 'tis for our chaſtiſement
" That heaven doth with wicked men diſpenſe,
" That when they liſt, they may with uſury,
" For all miſdeeds pay home the penalty.
Corn. This is the hope that feeds my hapleſs days,
Elſe had my life been long ago expired.
I truſt the gods, that ſee our hourly wrongs,
Will fire his ſhameful body with their flames;
Except ſome man (reſolved) ſhall conclude,
With Cæſar's death to end our ſervitude.
Elſe (god to fore) my ſelf may live to ſee
His tired corſe lie toiling in his blood:
Gor'd with a thouſand ſtabs, and round about
The wronged people leap for inward joy.
And then come Murder; then come ugly Death;
Then Lethe open thine infernal lake,
I'll down with joy: becauſe before I dy'd,
Mine eyes have ſeen what I in heart deſir'd.
Pompey may not revive, and (Pompey dead)
Let me but ſee the murd'rer murdered.
Phil. Cæſar bewail'd his death.
Corn. His death he mourn'd,
Whom while he liv'd, to live like him he ſcorn'd.
Phil. He puniſhed his murd'rers.
Corn. Who murder'd him,
But he that followed Pompey with the ſword?
He murder'd Pompey that purſu'd his death,
And caſt the plot to catch him in the trap.
He that of his departure took the ſpoil,
Whoſe fell ambition (founded firſt in blood)
By nought but Pompey's life could be withſtood.
Phil. Photis and falſe Achillas he beheaded.
Corn. That was, becauſe that Pompey being their
friend,

They

They had determin'd once of Cæſar's end.
Phil. What got he by his death?
Corn. Supremacy.
Phil. Yet Cæſar ſpeaks of Pompey honourably.
Corn. Words are but wind, nor meant he what he ſpoke.
Phil. He will not let his ſtatutes to be broke.
Corn. By which diſguiſe (whate'er he doth pretend)
His own from being broke he doth defend:
And by the trains wherewith he us allures,
His own eſtate more firmly he aſſures.
Phil. He took no pleaſure in his death, you ſee.
Corn. Becauſe himſelf of life did not bereave him.
Phil. Nay, he was mov'd with former amity.
Corn. He never truſted him but to deceive him.
But, had he lov'd him with a love unfeign'd,
Yet had it been a vain and truſtleſs league:
" For there is nothing in the ſoul of man
" So firmly grounded, as can qualify
" Th'inextinguiſhable thirſt of ſigniory.
" Not heaven's fear, nor country's ſacred love,
" Not ancient laws, nor nuptial chaſte deſire,
" Reſpect of blood, or (that which moſt ſhould move)
" The inward zeal that nature doth require:
" All theſe, nor any thing we can deviſe,
" Can ſtop the heart reſolv'd to tyrannize.
Phil. I fear your griefs increaſe with this diſcourſe.
Corn. My griefs are ſuch, as hardly can be worſe.
Phil. " Time calmeth all things.
Corn. No time qualifies
My doleful ſpirit's endleſs miſeries.
My grief is like a rock, whence ceaſeleſs ſtrain
Freſh ſprings of water at my weeping eyes;
Still fed by thoughts, like floods with winter's rain:
For when to eaſe th' oppreſſion of my heart,
I breathe an autumn forth of fiery ſighs,
Yet herewithall my paſſion neither dies,
Nor drys the heat the moiſture of mine eyes.
Phil. Can nothing then recure theſe endleſs tears?
Corn. Yes, news of Cæſar's death that med'cine bears.

Phil.

Phil. Madam, beware; for ſhould he hear of this,
His wrath againſt you 'twill exaſperate.
Corn. I neither ſtand in fear of him nor his.
Phil. 'Tis policy to fear a powerful hate.
Corn. What can he do?
Phil. Madam, what cannot men
That have the power to do what pleaſeth them?
Corn. He can do me no miſchief that I dread.
Phil. Yes, cauſe your death.
Corn. Thrice happy were I dead.
Phil. With rigorous torments—
Corn. Let him torture me,
Pull me in pieces, famiſh, fire me up,
Fling me alive into a lion's den;
There is no death ſo hard torments me ſo,
As his extreme triumphing in our woe.
But if he will torment me, let him then
Deprive me wholly of the hope of death;
For I had died before the fall of Rome,
And ſlept with Pompey in the peaceful deeps,
Save that I live in hope to ſee ere long,
That Cæſar's death ſhall ſatisfy his wrong.

CHORUS.

FORTUNE in power imperious,
Us'd o'er the world and worldlings thus
to tyrannize,
When ſhe hath heap'd her gifts on us,
away ſhe flies.
Her feet more ſwift than is the wind,
Are more inconſtant in their kind
than autumn's blaſts;
A woman's ſhape, a woman's mind,
that ſeldom laſts.
One while ſhe bends her angry brow,
And of no labour will allow:
Another while
She fleers again, I know not how,
ſtill to beguile.

Fickle

Fickle in our adverſities,
And fickle when our fortunes riſe,
ſhe ſcoffs at us;
That (blind herſelf) can blear our eyes,
to truſt her thus.
The ſun that lends the earth his light,
Beheld her never over-night
lye calmly down,
But in the morning following, might
perceive her frown.
She hath not only power and will,
T'abuſe the vulgar wanting ſkill;
but when ſhe liſt,
To kings and clowns doth equal ill,
without reſiſt.
Miſchance, that every man abhors,
And cares for crowned emperors
ſhe doth reſerve,
As for the pooreſt labourers,
that work or ſtarve.
The merchant, that for private gain
Doth ſend his ſhips to paſs the main,
upon the ſhore,
In hope he ſhall his wiſh obtain,
doth thee adore.
Upon the ſea, or on the land,
Where health or wealth, or vines do ſtand,
thou can'ſt do much,
And often help'ſt the helpleſs bands;
thy power is ſuch.
And many times (diſpos'd to jeſt)
'Gainſt one whoſe power and cauſe is beſt,
(thy power to try),
To him that ne'er put ſpear in reſt,
giv'ſt victory.
For ſo the Libyan monarchy,
That with Auſonian blood did die
our warlike field,
To one that ne'er got victory,
was urg'd to yield.

So noble Marius, Arpin's friend,
That did the Latin ſtate defend
from Cymbrian rage,
Did prove thy fury in the end,
which nought could ſwage.
And Pompey, whoſe days haply led,
So long thou ſeem'dſt t' have favoured
in vain, 'tis ſaid,
When the Pharſalian field he led,
implor'd thine aid.
Now Cæſar ſwoln with honour's heat,
Sits ſignioriziug in her ſeat,
and will not ſee
That Fortune can her hopes defeat,
whate'er they be.
From chance is nothing franchiſed;
And till the time that they are dead,
is no man bleſt;
He only, that no death doth dread,
doth live at reſt.

ACT IV.

Caſſius. Decim. Brutus.

Caſſius.

ACcurſed Rome, that arm'ſt againſt thy ſelf
A tyrant's rage, and mak'ſt a wretch thy king.
For one man's pleaſure (O injurious Rome)
Thy children 'gainſt thy children thou haſt arm'd;
And think'ſt not of the rivers of their blood,
That erſt were ſhed to ſave thy liberty,
Becauſe thou ever hatedſt monarchy.
Now o'er our bodies (tumbled up on heaps,
Like cocks of hay when July ſhears the field)
Thou build'ſt thy kingdom, and thou ſeat'ſt thy king.

And to be ſervile (which torments me moſt)
Employeſt our lives, and laviſheſt our blood.
O Rome, accurſed Rome, thou murd'reſt us,
And maſſacreſt thyſelf in yielding thus.
Yet are there gods, yet is there heaven and earth,
That ſeem to fear a certain Thunderer?
No, no, there are no gods; or if there be,
They leave to ſee into the world's affairs;
They care not for us, nor account of men,
For what we ſee is done, is done by Chance.
'Tis Fortune rules, for equity and right
Have neither help nor grace in heaven's ſight.
Scipio hath wrench'd a ſword into his breaſt,
And launc'd his bleeding wound into the ſea.
Undaunted Cato tore his intrails out.
Affranius and Fauſtus murder'd dy'd.
Juba and Petreus fiercely combating,
Have each done other equal violence.
Our army's broken, and the Libyan bears
Devour the bodies of our citizens.
The conquering tyrant, high in Fortune's grace,
Doth ride triumphing o'er our common-wealth;
And mourniful we behold him bravely mounted
(With ſtern looks) in his chariot, where he leads
The conquer'd honour of the people yok'd.
So Rome to Cæſar yields both power and pelf,
And o'er Rome Cæſar reigns in Rome itſelf.
But, Brutus, ſhall we diſſolutely ſit,
And ſee the tyrant live to tyrannize?
Or ſhall their ghoſts that dy'd to do us good,
Plain in their tombs of our baſe cowardice?
Shall lamed ſoldiers, and grave grey-hair'd men,
Point at us in their bitter tears, and ſay,
See where they go that have their race forgot!
And rather chuſe (unarm'd) to ſerve with ſhame,
Than (arm'd) to ſave their freedom and their fame?
Brut. I ſwear by heaven, the Immortals higheſt throne,
Their temples, altars, and their images,
To ſee (for one) that Brutus ſuffer not

His

His ancient liberty to be repreſs'd.
I freely march'd with Cæſar in his wars,
Not to be ſubject, but to aid his right.
But if (envenom'd with ambitious thoughts)
He lift his hand imperiouſly o'er us;
If he determine but to reign in Rome,
Or follow'd Pompey but to this effect;
Or if (theſe civil diſcords now diſſolv'd)
He render not the empire back to Rome,
Then ſhall he ſee, that Brutus this day bears
The ſelf-ſame arms to be aveng'd on him;
And that this hand (though Cæſar blood abhorr)
Shall toil in his, which I am ſorry for.
I love, I love him dearly. " But the love
" That men their country and their birth-right bear,
" Exceeds all loves; and dearer is by far
" Our country's love, than friends or children are.
Caſ. If this brave care be nouriſh'd in your blood,
Or if ſo frank a will your ſoul poſſeſs,
Why haſte we not, even while theſe words are utter'd,
To ſheath our new-ground ſwords in Cæſar's throat?
Why ſpend we day-light, and why dies he not,
That, by his death, we wretches may revive?
We ſtay too long, I burn till I be there
To ſee this maſſacre, and ſend his ghoſt
To theirs, whom (ſubtilly) he for monarchy
Made fight to death with ſhow of liberty.
Brut. Yet haply he (as Sylla whilom did)
When he hath rooted civil war from Rome,
Will therewithall diſcharge the power he hath.
Caſ. Cæſar and Sylla, Brutus, be not like.
Sylla (aſſaulted by the enemy)
Did arm himſelf (but in his own defence)
Againſt both Cinna's hoſt and Marius;
Whom when he had diſcomfited and chas'd,
And of his ſafety throughly was aſſur'd,
He laid apart the pow'r that he had got,
And gave up rule, for he deſir'd it not.
Where Cæſar, that in ſilence might have ſlept,
Nor urg'd by aught but his ambition,

Did break into the heart of Italy;
And like rude Brennus brought his men to field,
Travers'd the ſeas, and ſhortly after (back'd
With winter'd ſoldiers us'd to conquering,)
He aim'd at us, bent to exterminate
Who ever ſought to intercept his ſtate.
Now, having got what he hath gaped for,
(Dear Brutus) think you Cæſar ſuch a child,
Slightly to part with ſo great ſigniory?
Believe it not, he bought it dear, you know,
And travelled too far to leave it ſo.
Brut. But Caſſius, Cæſar is not yet a king.
Caſ. No, but dictator, in effect as much.
He doth what pleaſeth him, a princely thing;
And wherein differ they whoſe power is ſuch?
Brut. He is not bloody.
Caſ. But by bloody jars
He hath unpeopled moſt part of the earth.
Both Gaul and Africk periſh'd by his wars;
Egypt, Emathia, Italy and Spain,
Are full of dead mens bones by Cæſar ſlain.
Th'infectious plague, and famine's bitterneſs,
Or th' ocean (whom no pity can aſſwage)
Though they contain dead bodies numberleſs,
Are yet inferior to Cæſar's rage;
Who (monſter-like) with his ambition,
Hath left more tombs than ground to lay them on.
Brut. Soldiers with ſuch reproach ſhould not be blam'd.
Caſ. He with his ſoldiers hath himſelf defam'd.
Brut. Why then you think there is no praiſe in war.
Caſ. Yes, where the cauſes reaſonable are.
Brut. He hath enrich'd the empire with new ſtates.
Caſ. Which with ambition now he ruinates.
Brut. He hath reveng'd the Gauls old injury,
And made them ſubject to our Roman laws.
Caſ. The reſtfull Almains, with his cruelty,
He raſhly ſtirr'd againſt us without cauſe;
And hazarded our city and ourſelves
Againſt a harmleſs nation, kindly given;

To

To whom we ſhould do well (for ſome amends)
To render him, and reconcile old friends.
Theſe nations did he purpoſely provoke,
To make an army for his after-aid
Againſt the Romans, whom in policy
He train'd in war to ſteal their ſigniory.
" Like them that (ſtriving at th'Olympian ſports,
" To grace themſelves with honour of the game)
" Anoint their ſinews fit for wreſtling,
" And (e'er they enter) uſe ſome exerciſe.
The Gauls were but a fore-game fetch'd about
For civil diſcord, wrought by Cæſar's ſleights;
Whom (to be king himſelf) he ſoon remov'd.
Teaching a people hating ſervitude,
To fight for that that did their deaths conclude.
Brut. The wars once ended, we ſhall quickly know,
Whether he will reſtore the ſtate or no.
Caſ. No, Brutus, never look to ſee that day,
For Cæſar holdeth ſigniory too dear.
But know, while Caſſius hath one drop of blood,
To feed this worthleſs body that you ſee,
What reck I death to do ſo many good?
In ſpite of Cæſar, Caſſius will be free.
Brut. A generous, or true ennobled ſpirit,
Deteſts to learn what taſtes of ſervitude.
Caſ. Brutus, I cannot ſerve, nor ſee Rome yok'd;
No, let me rather die a thouſand deaths.
" The ſtiff-neck'd horſes champ not on the bit,
" Nor meekly bear the rider but by force:
" The ſturdy oxen toil not at the plough,
" Nor yield unto the yoke but by conſtraint.
Shall we then that are men, and Romans born,
Submit us to unurged ſlavery?
Shall Rome, that hath ſo many over-thrown,
Now make herſelf a ſubject to her own?
O baſe indignity! A beardleſs youth,
Whom king Nicomedes could over-reach,
Commands the world, and bridleth all the earth,
And like a prince controuls the Romuliſts;
Brave Roman ſoldiers, ſtern-born ſons of Mars,

And none, not one, that dares to undertake
The intercepting of his tyranny.
O Brutus ſpeak! O ſay, Servilius!
Why cry you, ah me! and ſee us uſed thus?
But Brutus lives, and ſees, and knows, and feels,
That there is one that curbs their country's weal.
Yet (as he were the ſemblance, not the ſon
Of noble Brutus, his great grandfather)
As if he wanted hands, ſenſe, ſight, or heart,
He doth, deviſeth, ſees, nor dareth aught,
That may extirp or raze theſe tyrannies.
Nor aught doth Brutus that to Brute belongs,
But ſtill increaſeth by his negligence,
His own diſgrace, and Cæſar's violence.
The wrong is great, and over-long endur'd;
We ſhould have practis'd, conſpir'd, conjur'd
A thouſand ways and weapons, to repreſs
Or kill out-right this cauſe of our diſtreſs.

CHORUS.

WHO prodigally ſpends his blood
Bravely to do his country good,
And liveth to no other end,
But reſolutely to attempt
What may the innocent defend,
And bloody tyrants rage prevent:

And he that in his ſoul aſſur'd,
Hath water's force and fire endur'd,
And paſt the pikes of thouſand hoſts,
To free the earth from tyranny,
And fearleſs ſcour'd on dang'rous coaſts,
T' enlarge his country's liberty:

Were all the world his foes before,
Now ſhall they lowe him evermore.
His glory ſpread abroad by Fame,
On wings of his poſterity,

From

From obſcure death ſhall free his name,
To live in endleſs memory.

All after-ages ſhall adore,
And honour him with hymns therefore.
Yearly the youth for joy ſhall bring
The faireſt flowers that grow in Rome.
And yearly in the ſummer ſing,
O'er his heroic kingly tomb.

For ſo the two Athenians,
That from their fellow citizens
Did freely chaſe vile ſervitude,
Shall live for valiant proweſs bleſt.
No ſepulchre ſhall e'er exclude
Their glory, equal with the beſt.

But when the vulgar, mad and rude,
Repay good with ingratitude,
Hardly then they them reward;
That to free them from the hands
Of a tyrant, ne'er regard
In what plight their perſon ſtands.

For high Jove, that guideth all,
When he lets his juſt wrath fall,
To revenge proud diadems,
With huge cares doth croſs kings lives,
Raiſing treaſons in their realms,
By their children, friends or wives.

Therefore he whom all men fear,
Feareth all men every where.
Fear, that doth engender hate,
(Hate enforcing them thereto)
Maketh many undertake,
Many things they would not do.

O, how many mighty kings
Live in fear of petty things!

For when kings have ſought by wars
Stranger towns to have o'erthrown,
They have caught deſerved ſcars,
Seeking that was not their own.

For no tyrant commonly,
Living ill, can kindly die;
But either traiterouſly ſurpriz'd
Doth coward poiſon quail their breath,
Or their people have deviſ'd,
Or their guard to ſeek their death.

He only lives moſt happily,
That free and far from majeſty,
Can live content, although unknown;
He fearing none, none fearing him:
Meddling with nothing but his own,
While gazing eyes at crowns grow dim.

Enter Cæſar and Mark Antony.

Cæſar.

O Rome, that with thy pride doſt over-peer
The worthieſt cities of the conquer'd world;
Whoſe honour got by famous victories,
Hath fill'd heaven's fiery vaults with frightful horror.
O lofty towers! O ſtately battlements!
O glorious temples! O proud palaces!
And you brave walls, bright heaven's maſonry,
Grac'd with a thouſand kingly diadems!
Are ye not ſtirred with a ſtrange delight,
To ſee your Cæſar's matchleſs victories?
And how your empire and your praiſe begins
Through fame, which he of ſtranger nations wins?
O beauteous Tiber, with thine eaſy ſtreams,
That glide as ſmoothly as a Parthian ſhaft!
Turn not thy criſpy tides like ſilver curl,
Back to thy graſs-green banks to welcome us;
And with a gentle murmur haſte to tell

The foaming ſeas the honour of our fight?
Trudge not thy ſtreams to Triton's mariners,
To bruit the praiſes of our conqueſts paſt?
And make their vaunts to old Oceanus,
That henceforth Tiber ſhall ſalute the ſeas,
More fam'd than Tiger or fair Euphrates?
Now all the world (well-nigh) doth ſtoop to Rome.
The ſea, the earth, and all is almoſt ours.
Be't where the bright ſun with his neighbour beams
Doth early light the pearled Indians,
Or where his chariot ſtays to ſtop the day,
Till heaven unlock the darkneſs of the night.
Be't where the ſea is wrapt in cryſtal ice,
Or where the ſummer doth but warm the earth.
Or here, or there, where is not Rome renown'd?
There lives no king, (how great ſoe'er he be)
But trembleth if he once but hear of me.
Cæſar is now earth's fame, and Fortune's terror,
And Cæſar's worth hath ſtain'd old ſoldiers praiſes.
Rome, ſpeak no more of either Scipio,
Nor of the Fabii, or Fabritians;
Here let the Decii and their glory die.
Cæſar hath tam'd more nations, ta'en more towns,
And fought more battles than the beſt of them.
Cæſar doth triumph over all the world,
And all they ſcarcely conquered a nook.
The Gauls, that came to Tiber to carouſe,
Did live to ſee my ſoldiers drink at Loire;
And thoſe brave Germans, true-born martialiſts,
Beheld the ſwift Rhine under-run mine enſigns.
The Britains (lock'd within a wat'ry realm,
And wall'd by Neptune) ſtoopt to me at laſt.
The faithleſs Moor, the fierce Numidian,
Th' earth that the Euxine ſea makes ſometimes marſh,
The ſtony-hearted people that inhabit
Where ſevenfold Nilus doth diſgorge itſelf,
Have all been urg'd to yield to my command;
Yea, even this city, that hath almoſt made
An univerſal conqueſt of the world;
And that brave warrior, my brother-in-law,

That, ill-advis'd, repined at my glory,
Pompey, that ſecond Mars, whoſe haught' renown,
And noble deeds, were greater than his fortunes;
Prov'd to his loſs but even in one aſſault,
My hand, my hap, my heart exceeded his.
When the Theſſalian fields were purpled o'er
With either army's murder'd ſoldiers gore;
When he (to conquering accuſtomed)
Did (conquered) fly, his troops diſcomfited.
Now Scipio, that long'd to ſhew himſelf
Deſcent of African, (ſo fam'd for arms)
He durſt affront me and my warlike bands
Upon the coaſts of Libya, till he loſt
His ſcatter'd army: and to ſhun the ſcorn
Of being taken captive, kill'd himſelf.
Now, therefore, let us triumph, Antony;
And rend'ring thanks to heaven as we go,
For bridling thoſe that did malign our glory,
Let's to the Capitol.

Ant. Come on, brave Cæſar,
And crown thy head, and mount thy chariot.
Th' impatient people run along the ſtreets,
And in a rout againſt thy gates they ruſh,
To ſee their Cæſar, after dangers paſt,
Made conqueror and emperor at laſt.

Cæſ. I call to witneſs heaven's great Thunderer,
That 'gainſt my will I have maintain'd this war,
Nor thirſted I for conqueſts bought with blood.
I joy not in the death of citizens;
But through my ſelf-will'd enemies deſpite,
And Romans wrong, was I conſtrain'd to fight.

Ant. They ſought t' eclipſe thy fame, but deſtiny
Revers'd th'effect of their ambition;
And Cæſar's praiſe, increas'd by their diſgrace,
That reck'd not of his virtuous deeds. But thus
We ſee it fareth with the envious.

Cæſ. I never had the thought to injure them.
Howbeit I never meant my greatneſs ſhould
By any other's greatneſs be o'er-rul'd.

For

For as I am inferior to none,
So can I ſuffer no ſuperiors.
Ant. Well, Cæſar, now they are diſcomfited,
And crows are feaſted with their carcaſes;
And yet I fear you have too kindly ſav'd
Thoſe, that your kindneſs hardly will requite.
Cæſ. Why Antony, what would you wiſh me do?
Now ſhall you ſee that they will pack to Spain,
And (joined with the exiles there encamp'd)
Until th'ill ſpirit that doth them defend,
Do bring their treaſons to a bloody end.
Ant. I fear not thoſe that to their weapons fly,
And keep their ſtate in Spain, in Spain to die.
Cæſ. Whom fear'ſt thou then, Mark Antony?
Ant. The hateful crew,
That wanting power in field to conquer you,
Have in their coward ſouls deviſed ſnares
To murder thee, and take thee at unwares.
Cæſ. Will thoſe conſpire my death that live by me?
Ant. In conquer'd foes what credit can there be?
Cæſ. Beſides their lives, I did their goods reſtore.
Ant. O, but their country's good concerns them more.
Cæſ. What, think they me to be their country's foe?
Ant. No, but that thou uſurp'ſt the right they owe.
Cæſ. To Rome have I ſubmitted mighty things.
Ant. Yet Rome endures not the command of kings.
Cæſ. Who dares to contradict our empory?
Ant. Thoſe whom thy rule hath robb'd of liberty.
Cæſ. I fear them not whoſe death is but deferr'd.
Ant. I fear my foe until he be interr'd.
Cæſ. A man may make his foe his friend, you know.
Ant. A man may eaſier make his friend his foe.
Cæſ. Good deeds the cruel'ſt heart to kindneſs bring.
Ant. But reſolution is a deadly thing.
Cæſ. If citizens my kindneſs have forgot,
Whom ſhall I then not fear?
Ant. Thoſe that are not.
Cæſ. What, ſhall I ſlay them all that I ſuſpect?
Ant. Elſe cannot Cæſar's empory endure.
Cæſ. Rather I will my life and all neglect.

Nor labour I my vain life to aſſure;
But ſo to die, as dying I may live,
And leaving off this earthly tomb of mine,
Aſcend to heaven upon my winged deeds.
And ſhall I not have lived long enough,
That in ſo ſhort a time am ſo much fam'd?
Can I too ſoon go taſte Cocytus' flood?
No, Antony, death cannot injure us,
" For he lives long, that dies victorious.
Ant. Thy praiſes ſhow thy life is long enough,
But for thy friends and country all too ſhort.
Should Cæſar live as long as Neſtor did,
Yet Rome may wiſh his life eternized.
Cæſ. Heaven ſets our time, with heaven may nought diſpenſe.
Ant. But we may ſhorten time with negligence.
Cæſ. But Fortune and the heavens have care of us.
Ant. Fortune is fickle, heaven imperious.
Cæſ. What ſhall I then do?
Ant. As befits your ſtate,
Maintain a watchful guard about your gate.
Cæſ. What more aſſurance may our ſtate defend,
Than love of thoſe that do on us attend?
Ant. There is no hatred more, if it be mov'd,
Than theirs whom we offend, and once belov'd.
Cæſ. Better it is to die than be ſuſpicious.
Ant. 'Tis wiſdom yet not to be credulous.
Cæſ. The quiet life that careleſly is led,
Is not alonely happy in this world,
But death itſelf doth ſometime pleaſure us.
That death that comes unſent for or unſeen,
And ſuddenly doth take us at unware,
Methinks is ſweeteſt; and if heaven were pleas'd,
I could deſire that I might die ſo well.
The fear of evil doth afflict us more,
Than th'evil itſelf, though it be ne'er ſo ſore.

A Chorus of Cæſar's Friends.

O Fair ſun, that gently ſmiles
From the orient-pearled iſles,
Gilding theſe our gladſome days
With the beauty of thy rays:

Free fro' rage of civil ſtrife,
Long preſerve our Cæſar's life,
That from ſable Africk brings
Conqueſts, whereof Europe rings.

And fair Venus, thou of whom
The Æneades are come,
Henceforth vary not thy grace,
From Iulus' happy race.

Rather cauſe thy deareſt ſon,
By his triumphs new begun,
To expel fro' forth the land,
Fierce war's quenchleſs fire-brand.

That of care acquitting us,
(Who at laſt adore him thus)
He a peaceful ſtar appear,
From our walls all woes to clear.

And ſo let his warlike brows
Still be deck'd with laurel boughs,
And his ſtatues newly ſet
With many a freſh-flower'd coronet.

So in every place let be
Feaſts, and maſks, and mirthful glee,
Strewing roſes in the ſtreet,
When their emperor they meet.

He his foes hath conquered,
Never leaving till they fled,

And (abhorring blood) at laſt
Pardon'd all offences paſt.

" *For high Jove the heavens among,*
" *(Their ſupport that ſuffer wrong)*
" *Doth oppoſe himſelf again*
" *Bloody-minded cruel men.*

" *For he ſhorteneth their days,*
" *Or prolongs them with diſpraiſe:*
" *Or (his greater wrath to ſhow)*
" *Gives them over to their foe.*

Cæſar, a citizen ſo wrong'd
Of the honour him belong'd,
To defend himſelf from harms,
Was enforc'd to take up arms.

For he ſaw that envy's dart,
(Pricking ſtill their poiſoned heart,
For his ſudden glory got)
Made his envious foe ſo hot.

Wicked envy feeding ſtill,
Fooliſh thoſe that do thy will;
For thy poiſons in them pour
Sundry paſſions every hour.

And to choler doth convert,
Pureſt blood about the heart,
Which (o'er-flowing of their breaſt)
Suff'reth nothing to digeſt.

" *Other mens proſperity,*
" *Is their infelicity;*
" *And their choler then is rais'd*
" *When they hear another prais'd.*

" *Neither Phœbus' faireſt eye,*
" *Feaſts, nor friendly company,*

" *Mirth,*

" *Mirth, or whatſoe'er it be,*
" *With their humour can agree.*

" *Day or night they never reſt*
" *Spiteful hate ſo pecks their breaſt.*
" *Pinching their provoked lungs,*
" *With her fiery poiſoned tongues.*

" *Fire-brands in their breaſts they bear,*
" *As if Tiſiphon were there.*
" *And their ſouls are pierc'd as ſore*
" *As Prometheus' ghoſt, and more.*

" *Wretches, they are woe-begone,*
" *For their wound is always one.*
" *Nor hath Charon power or ſkill*
" *To recure them of their ill.*

ACT V.

Meſſenger, Cornelia, Chorus.

Meſſenger.

UNhappy man! amongſt ſo many wracks
As I have ſuffer'd both by land and ſea,
That ſcornful deſtiny denies my death.
Oft have I ſeen the ends of mightier men,
Whoſe coats of ſteel baſe death hath ſtoln into;
And in this direful war before mine eyes,
Beheld their corſes ſcatter'd on the plains,
And endleſs numbers falling by my ſide;
Nor thoſe ignoble, but the nobleſt lords.
'Mongſt whom above the reſt that moves me moſt,
Scipio (my deareſt maſter) is deceas'd;
And death, that ſees the nobles blood ſo rife,
Full-gorged triumphs, and diſdains my life.

Corn.

Corn. We are undone.
Chor. Scipio hath loſt the day;
But hope the beſt, and hearken to his news.
Corn. O cruel fortune!
Meſſ. Theſe misfortunes yet
Muſt I report to ſad Cornelia;
Whoſe ceaſeleſs grief (which I am ſorry for)
Will aggravate my former miſery.
Corn. Wretch that I am, why leave I not the world!
Or wherefore am I not already dead?
O world! O wretch!
Chor. Is this th'undaunted heart
That is required in extremities?
Be more confirmed. And, madam, let not grief
Abuſe your wiſdom like a vulgar wit.
Haply the news is better than the noiſe;
Let's hear him ſpeak.
Corn. O no, for all is loſt!
Farewell, dear father.
Chor. He is ſav'd perhaps.
Meſ. Methinks I hear my maſter's daughter ſpeak.
What ſighs, what ſobs, what plaints, what paſſions
Have we endur'd, Cornelia, for your ſake?
Corn. Where is thine emperor?
Meſ. Where our captains are.
Where are our legions? where our men at arms?
Or where ſo many of our Roman ſouls?
The earth, the ſea, the vultures, and the crows,
Lions and bears are their beſt ſepulchres.
Corn. O miſerable!
Chor. Now I ſee the heavens
Are heap'd with rage and horror 'gainſt this houſe.
Corn. O earth! why ope'ſt thou not?
Chor. Why wail you ſo?
Aſſure your ſelf that Scipio bravely dy'd;
And ſuch a death excels a ſervile life.
Say, meſſenger;
The manner of his end
Will haply comfort this your diſcontent.
Corn. Diſcourſe the manner of his hard miſhap,

And what diſaſt'rous accident did break
So many people, bent ſo much to fight.
Meſ. Cæſar, that wiſely knew his ſoldiers hearts,
And their deſire to be approv'd in arms,
Sought nothing more than to encounter us.
And therefore (faintly ſkirmiſhing) in craft,
Lamely they fought, to draw us further on.
Oft (to provoke our wary well-taught troops)
He would attempt the entrance on our bars:
Nay, even our trenches, to our great diſgrace,
And call our ſoldiers cowards to their face.
But when he ſaw his wiles nor bitter words
Could draw our captains to endanger us,
Coaſting along and following by the foot,
He thought to tire and weary us fro' thence;
And got his willing hoſts to march by night,
With heavy armour on their hard'ned backs,
Down to the ſea ſide; where, before fair Tapſus,
He made his pioneers, poor weary ſouls,
The ſelf-ſame day to dig and caſt new trenches,
And plant ſtrong barricades; where he encamp'd,
Reſolv'd by force to hold us hard at work.
Scipio, no ſooner heard of his deſigns,
But being afraid to loſe ſo fit a place,
March'd on the ſudden to the ſelf-ſame city;
Where few men might do much, which made him ſee
Of what importance ſuch a town would be.
The fields are ſpread, and as a houſhold camp
Of creeping emmets in a country farm,
That come to forage when the cold begins,
Leaving their crannies to go ſearch about,
Cover the earth ſo thick, as ſcarce we tread,
But we ſhall ſee a thouſand of them dead.
Even ſo our battles ſcatter'd on the ſands,
Did ſcour the plains in purſuit of the foe.
One while at Tapſus we begin t'entrench,
To eaſe our army if it ſhould retire;
Another while we ſoftly ſally forth.
And wakeful Cæſar, that doth watch our being,
(When he perceives us marching o'er the plain)

Doth

Doth leap for gladneſs. And (to murder vow'd)
Runs to the tent for fear we ſhould be gone,
And quickly claps his ruſty armour on.
For true it is, that Cæſar brought at firſt
An hoſt of men to Africk, meanly arm'd;
But ſuch as had brave ſpirits, and (combating)
Had power and wit to make a wretch a king.
Well, forth to field they marched all at once,
Except ſome few that ſtaid to guard the trench.
Them Cæſar ſoon and ſubt'ly ſets in rank,
And every regiment warned with a word,
Bravely to fight for honour of the day.
He ſhows, that ancient ſoldiers need not fear
Them that they had ſo oft diſordered;
Them that already dream'd of death or flight:
That tir'd, would ne'er hold out, if once they ſee
That they o'erlaid them in the firſt aſſault.
Meanwhile our emperor, at all points arm'd,
Whoſe ſilver hairs and honourable front
Were (warlike) lock'd within a plumed caſk;
In one hand held his targe of ſteel emboſt,
And in the other graſp'd his coutelas,
And with a chearful look ſurvey'd the camp;
Exhorting them to charge, and fight like men,
And to endure what e'er betided them.
For now, quoth he, is come that happy day
Wherein our country ſhall approve our love.
Brave Romans know, this is the day and hour,
That we muſt all live free, or friendly die:
For my part (being an ancient ſenator)
An emperor and conſul, I diſdain
The world ſhould ſee me to become a ſlave.
I'll either conquer, or this ſword you ſee,
(Which brightly ſhone) ſhall make an end of me.
We fight, not we, like thieves, for others wealth;
We fight, not we, t'enlarge our ſcant confines;
To purchaſe fame to our poſterities,
By ſtuffing of our trophies in their houſes:
But 'tis for publick freedom that we fight,
For Rome we fight, and thoſe that fled for fear.

Nay,

Nay more, we fight for ſafety of our lives,
Our goods, our honours, and our ancient laws.
As for the empire, and the Roman ſtate
(Due to the victor) thereon ruminate.
Think how this day the honourable dames.
With blubber'd eyes, and hands to heaven uprear'd,
Sit invocating for us to the gods,
That they will bleſs our holy purpoſes.
Methinks I ſee poor Rome in horror clad,
And aged ſenators in ſad diſcourſe,
Mourn for our ſorrows and their ſervitude.
Methinks I ſee them (while lamenting thus)
Their hearts and eyes lie hovering over us.
On then, brave men, my fellows and Rome's friends,
To ſhew us worthy of our anceſtors:
And let us fight with courage and conceit,
That we may reſt the maſters of the field:
That this brave tyrant, valiantly beſet,
May periſh in the preſs before our faces;
And that his troops (as touch'd with light'ning flames)
May by our horſe in heaps be overthrown,
And he (blood-thirſting) wallow in his own.
This ſaid: His army crying all at once,
With joyful tokens did applaud his ſpeech;
Whoſe ſwift ſhrill noiſe did pierce into the clouds,
Like northern winds that beat the horned Alps.
The clatt'ring armour buſkling as they pac'd,
Rung through the foreſts with a frightful noiſe,
And every echo took the trumpet's clang.
When (like a tempeſt rais'd with whirl-wind's rage)
They ran at ever-each other hand and foot;
Wherewith the duſt, as with a darkſome cloud,
Aroſe, and over-ſhadow'd horſe and man.
The darts and arrows on their armour glanc'd,
And with their fall the trembling earth was ſhaken.
The air (that thick'ned with their thund'ring cries)
With pale wan clouds diſcoloured the ſun.
The fire in ſparks fro' forth their armour flew,
And, with a duſkiſh yellow, choak'd the heavens.
The battles lock'd (with briſtle-pointed ſpears)

Do

Do at the half pike freely charge each other,
And daſh together like two luſty bulls,
That (jealous of ſome heifer in the herd)
Run head to head, and (ſullen) will not yield,
Till dead or fled, the one forſake the field.
The ſhivered launces (rattling in the air)
Fly forth as thick as motes about the ſun:
When with their ſwords (fleſh'd with the former fight)
They hew their armour, and they cleave their caſks,
Till ſtreams of blood like rivers fill the downs;
That being infected with the ſtench thereof,
Sürcloys the ground, and of a champant land
Makes it a quagmire, where (knee-deep) they ſtand.
Blood-thirſty Diſcord, with her ſnaky hair,
A fearful hag, with her fire-darting eyes,
Runs croſs the ſquadrons with a ſmoaky brand,
And with her murd'ring whip encourageth
The over-forward hands to blood and death.
Bellona, fired with a quenchleſs rage,
Runs up and down, and in the thickeſt throng,
Cuts, caſts the ground, and madding makes a pool,
Which in her rage free paſſage doth afford,
That with our blood ſhe may anoint her ſword.
Now we of our ſide urge them to retreat,
And now before them we retire as faſt,
As on the Alps the ſharp nor-northeaſt wind,
Shaking a pine-tree with her greateſt power,
One while the top doth almoſt touch the earth,
And then it riſeth with a counterbuff:
So did the armies preſs and charge each other,
With ſelf-ſame courage, worth and weapons too;
And prodigal of life for liberty,
With burning hate let each at other fly.
Thrice did the cornets of the ſoldiers clear'd,
Turn to the ſtandard to be new ſupply'd;
And thrice the beſt of both was fain to breathe;
And thrice recomforted they bravely ran,
And fought as freſhly as they firſt began.

Like two fierce lions fighting in a deſert,
To win the love of ſome fair lioneſs,
When they have vomited their long-grown rage,
And prov'd each other's force ſufficient,
Paſſant regardant ſoftly they retire.
Their jaw-bones dy'd with foaming froth and blood;
Their lungs like ſpunges ramm'd within their ſides;
Their tongues diſcover'd, and their tails long-trailing,
Till jealous rage (engendered with reſt)
Returns them ſharper ſet than at the firſt;
And makes them couple when they ſee their prize,
With briſtled backs, and fire-ſparkling eyes,
Till tir'd or conquer'd, one ſubmits or flies.
Cæſar, whoſe king-like looks like day-bright ſtars,
Both comfort and encourage his to fight,
March'd through the battle (laying ſtill about him)
And ſubt'ly mark'd whoſe hand was happieſt;
Who nicely did but dip his ſpear in blood,
And who more roughly ſmear'd it to his fiſt;
Who ſtaggering fell with every feeble wound,
And who (more ſtrongly) pac'd it through the thickeſt;
Him he enflam'd, and ſpur'd, and fill'd with horror.
As when Alecto in the loweſt hell,
Doth breathe new heat within Oreſtes' breaſt,
Till outward rage with inward grief begins
A freſh remembrance of our former ſins.
For then (as if provok'd with pricking goads)
Their warlike armies (faſt lock'd foot to foot)
Stooping their heads low bent to toſs their ſtaves,
They fiercely open both battalions,
Cleave, break, and raging tempeſt-like o'er-turn,
What e'er makes head to meet them in this humour.
Our men at arms (in brief) begin to fly,
And neither prayers, intreaty, nor example
Of any of their leaders left alive,
Had power to ſtay them in this ſtrange career;
Straggling, as in the fair Calabrian fields,
When wolves for hunger ranging fro' the wood,

Make

Make forth amongſt the flock, that ſcattered flies
Before the ſhepherd, that reſiſtleſs lies.
Corn. O cruel fortune!
Meſ. None reſiſting now,
The field was fill'd with all confuſion,
Of murder, death, and direful maſſacres.
The feeble bands that yet were left entire,
Had more deſire to ſleep than ſeek for ſpoil.
No place was free from ſorrow, every where
Lay armed men, o'ertroden with their horſes;
Diſmember'd bodies drowning in their blood,
And wretched heaps lie mourning of their maims.
Whoſe blood, as from a ſpunge, or bunch of grapes
Cruſh'd in a wine-preſs, guſheth out ſo faſt,
As with the ſight doth make the ſound aghaſt.
Some ſhould you ſee that had their heads half clove,
And on the earth their brains lie trembling.
Here one new wounded helps another dying.
Here lay an arm, and there a leg lay ſhiver'd.
Here horſe and man (o'erturn'd) for mercy cry'd,
With hands extended to the mercileſs,
That ſtopp'd their ears, and would not hear a word,
But put them all (remorſeleſs) to the ſword.
He that had hap to 'ſcape, doth help afreſh
To reinforce the ſide whereon he ſerv'd.
But ſeeing that there the murd'ring enemy,
Peſle-meſle purſued them like a ſtorm of hail,
They 'gan retire where Juba was encamp'd;
But there had Cæſar eſtſoons tyranniz'd:
So that deſpairing to defend themſelves,
They laid aſide their armour, and at laſt
Offer'd to yield unto the enemy;
Whoſe ſtony heart, that ne'er did Roman good,
Would melt with nothing but their deareſt blood.
And Scipio, thy father, when he beheld
His people ſo diſcomfited and ſcorn'd;
When he perceiv'd the labour profitleſs,
To ſeek by new encouraging his men
To come upon them with a freſh alarm;

And

And when he ſaw the enemies purſuit,
To beat them down as fierce as thund'ring flints,
And lay them level with the charged earth,
Like ears of corn with rage of windy ſhow'rs,
Their battles ſcatter'd, and their enſigns taken;
And, to conclude, his men diſmay'd to ſee
The paſſage choak'd with bodies of the dead,
Inceſſantly lamenting th' extreme loſs,
And ſuſpirable death of ſo brave ſoldiers:)
He ſpurs his horſe, and (breaking through the preſs)
Trots to the haven, where his ſhips he finds,
And hopeleſs truſteth to the truſtleſs winds.
Now had he thought to have arriv'd in Spain,
To raiſe new forces, and return to field;
But as one miſchief draws another on,
A ſudden tempeſt takes him by the way,
And caſts him up near to the coaſts of Hyppon,
Where th' adverſe navy, ſent to ſcour the ſeas,
Did hourly keep their ordinary courſe;
Where ſeeing himſelf at anchor ſlightly ſhipp'd,
Beſieg'd, betray'd by wind, by land, by ſea,
(All raging mad to rig his better veſſels,
The little while this naval conflict laſted)
Behold, his own was fiercely ſet upon;
Which being ſore beaten, till it brake again,
Ended the lives of his beſt fighting men.
There did the remnant of our Roman nobles,
Before the foe, and in their captain's preſence,
Die bravely, with their faulchions in their fiſts.
Then Scipio (that ſaw his ſhips through-gall'd,
And by the foe fulfill'd with fire and blood,
His people put to ſword, ſea, earth and hell,
And heaven itſelf conjur'd to injure him)
Steps to the poop, and with a princely viſage
Looking upon his weapon dy'd with blood,
Sighing he ſets it to his breaſt, and ſaid:
Since all our hopes are by the gods beguil'd,
What refuge now remains for my diſtreſs,
But thee, my deareſt ne'er-deceiving ſword?
Yea, thee, my lateſt fortune's firmeſt hope:

By

By whom I am aſſur'd this hap to have,
That being free-born, I ſhall not die a ſlave.
Scarce had he ſaid, but cruelly reſolv'd,
He drench'd it to the pommel through his ſides,
That fro' the wound the ſmoaky blood ran bubbling,
Wherewith he ſtagger'd; and I ſtep'd to him
To have embrac'd him: But he (being afraid
T'attend the mercy of his murd'ring foe,
That ſtill purſued him, and oppreſt his ſhips)
Crawl'd to the deck, and life with death to eaſe,
Headlong he threw himſelf into the ſeas.
Corn. O cruel gods! O heaven! O direful Fates!
O radiant ſun, that ſlightly gild'ſt our days!
O night-ſtars, full of infelicities!
O triple-titled Hecate, queen and goddeſs,
Bereave my life, or living ſtrangle me;
Confound me quick, or let me ſink to hell!
Thruſt me fro' forth the world, that 'mongſt the ſpirits
Th'infernal lakes may ring with my laments!
O miſerable, deſolate, diſtreſsful wretch,
Worn with miſhaps, yet in miſhaps abounding!
What ſhall I do, or whither ſhall I fly
To venge this outrage, or revenge my wrongs?
Come, wrathful furies, with your ebon locks,
And feed yourſelves with mine enflamed blood!
Ixion's torment, Syſiph's rolling ſtone,
And th' eagle tearing on Prometheus
Be my eternal taſks; that th' extream fire
Within my heart, may from my heart retire.
I ſuffer more, more ſorrows I endure,
Than all the captives in th' infernal court.
O troubled fate! O fatal miſery!
That unprovoked deal'ſt ſo partially.
Say, fretfull heavens, what fault have I committed,
Or wherein could mine innocence offend you,
When (being but young) I loſt my firſt love Craſſus?
Or wherein did I merit ſo much wrong,
To ſee my ſecond huſband Pompey ſlain?
But 'mongſt the reſt, what horrible offence,
What hateful thing, unthought of, have I done,

That

That in the midſt of this my mournful ſtate,
Nought but my father's death could expiate ?
Thy death, dear Scipio, Rome's eternal loſs,
Whoſe hopeful life preſerv'd our happineſs ;
Whoſe ſilver hairs encouraged the weak ;
Whoſe reſolutions did confirm the reſt :
Whoſe end, ſith it hath ended all my joys,
O heavens, at leaſt permit, of all theſe plagues,
That I may finiſh the cataſtrophe ;
Sith in this widowhood of all my hopes,
I cannot look for further happineſs.
For both my huſbands and my father gone,
What have I elſe to wreck your wrath upon ?
Now as for happy thee, to whom ſweet death
Hath given bleſſed reſt for life's bereaving ;
O envious Julia, in thy jealous heart
Venge not thy wrong upon Cornelia.
But ſacred ghoſt, appeaſe thine ire, and ſee
My hard miſhap in marrying after thee.
O ſee mine anguiſh ! haply ſeeing it,
'Twill move compaſſion in thee of my pains,
And urge thee (if thy heart be not of flint,
Or drunk with rigour) to repent thy ſelf,
That thou enflam'dſt ſo cruel a revenge
In Cæſar's heart, upon ſo ſlight a cauſe ;
And mad'ſt him raiſe ſo many mournful tombs,
Becauſe thy huſband did revive the lights
Of thy forſaken bed ; (unworthily)
Oppoſing of thy fretful jealouſy
'Gainſt his miſhap, as it my help had been,
Or as if ſecond marriage were a ſin.
Was never city where calamity
Hath ſojourn'd with ſuch ſorrow as in this.
Was never ſtate wherein the people ſtood
So careleſs of their conquered liberty,
And careful of another's tyranny.
O gods, that erſt of Carthage took ſome care,
Which by our fathers pityleſs was ſpoil'd ;
When thwarting deſtiny at Africk walls
Did topſy-turvy turn their common-wealth ;

When

When forceful weapons fiercely took away
Their ſoldiers (ſent to nouriſh up thoſe wars;)
When (fir'd) their golden palaces fell down;
When through the ſlaughter th'Africk ſeas were dy'd,
And ſacred temples quenchleſly enflam'd.
Now is our hapleſs time of hopes expir'd;
Then ſatisfy yourſelves with this revenge,
Content to count the ghoſts of thoſe great captains,
Which (conquer'd) periſh'd by the Roman ſwords.
The Hannons, the Amilcars, Aſdrubals,
Eſpecially that proudeſt Hannibal,
Who made the fair Thraſymene ſo deſert:
For even thoſe fields that mourn'd to bear their bodies,
Now (loaden) groan to feel the Roman corſes.
Their earth we purple o'er, and on their tombs
We heap our bodies, equalling their ruin.
And as a Scipio did reverſe their power,
They have a Scipio to revenge them on.
Weep therefore, Roman dames, and from henceforth
Vailing your cryſtal eyes to your fair boſoms,
Rain ſhowers of grief upon your roſe-like cheeks,
And dew yourſelves with ſpring-tides of your tears.
Weep, ladies, weep, and with your reeking ſighs,
Thicken the paſſage of the pureſt clouds,
And preſs the air with your continual plaints.
Beat at your ivory breaſts, and let your robes
(Defac'd and rent) be witneſs of your ſorrows.
And let your hair, that wont be wreath'd in treſſes,
Now hang negle&tly, dangling down your ſhoulders,
Careleſs of art, or rich accoutrements.
That with the gold and pearl we us'd before,
Our mournful habits may be deck'd no more.
Alas! what ſhall I do? O dear companions,
Shall I, O ſhall I live in theſe laments?
Widow'd of all my hopes, my haps, my huſbands,
And laſt, not leaſt, bereft of my beſt father;
And of the joys mine anceſtors enjoy'd,
When they enjoy'd their lives and liberty?
And muſt I live to ſee great Pompey's houſe,

(A houſe

(A houſe of honour and antiquity)
Uſurp'd in wrong by lawleſs Antony?
Shall I behold the ſumptuous ornaments,
(Which both the world and Fortune heap'd on him)
Adorn and grace his graceleſs enemy?
Or ſee the wealth that Pompey gain'd in war,
Sold at a pike, and borne away by ſtrangers?
Die, rather die, Cornelia; and (to ſpare
Thy worthleſs life, that yet muſt one day periſh)
Let not theſe captains vainly lie interr'd,
Or Cæſar triumph in thine infamy,
That wert the wife to th' one, and th' other's daughter.
But if I die before I have entomb'd
My drowned father in ſome ſepulchre,
Who will perform that care in kindneſs for me?
Shall his poor wand'ring limbs lie ſtill tormented,
Toſt with the ſalt waves of the waſteful ſeas?
No, lovely father, and my deareſt huſband,
Cornelia muſt live (though life ſhe hateth)
To make your tombs, and mourn upon your hearſes;
Where, languiſhing, my famous faithful tears
May trickling bathe your generous ſweet cinders;
And afterward (both wanting ſtrength and moiſture,
Fulfilling with my lateſt ſighs and gaſps,
The happy veſſels that encloſe your bones)
I will ſurrender my ſurcharged life.
And (when my ſoul earth's priſon ſhall forego)
Encreaſe the number of the ghoſts below.

Non proſunt domino, quæ proſunt omnibus, artes.

THE MERRY DEVIL OF *EDMONTON*.

A COMEDY.

ONE Kirkman, *a bookſeller, who, about fourſcore years ago, made diligent enquiry after old plays, and collected and publiſhed a great number, affirms this play to have been wrote by* Shakeſpear ; *but I cannot help thinking he muſt be miſtaken. When it was wrote I cannot ſay, or who was the author of it ; the edition I print from was publiſhed in the year* 1655.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Sir Arthur Clare.
Sir Richard Mounchenſey.
Sir Ralph Jerningham.
Henry Clare.
Raymond Mounchenſey.
Frank Jerningham.
Sir John.
Banks.
Smug.
Bilbo.
Hoſt.
Brian.
Fabel.

Lady Clare.
Milliſent.
Abbeſs.
Sexton.
Nuns and Attendants.

THE Merry DEVIL OF *EDMONTON*: A COMEDY.

The PROLOGUE.

YOUR ſilence and attention, worthy friends,
That your free ſpirits may with more pleaſing ſenſe
Reliſh the life of this our active ſcene:
To which intent, to calm this murm'ring breath,
We ring this round with our invoking ſpells;
If that your liſt'ning ears be yet prepar'd

To

To entertain the ſubject of our play,
Lend us your patience.
'Tis Peter Fabel, a renowned ſcholar,
Whoſe fame hath ſtill been hitherto forgot
By all the writers of this latter age.
In Middleſex his birth and his abode,
Not full ſeven miles from this great famous city;
That for his fame in ſlights and magick won,
Was call'd The merry fiend of Edmonton.
If any here make doubt of ſuch a name,
In Edmonton yet freſh unto this day,
Fix'd in the wall of that old ancient church,
His monument remaineth to be ſeen:
His memory yet in the mouths of men,
That whilſt he liv'd he could deceive the devil.
Imagine now, that whilſt he is retir'd
From Cambridge back unto his native home,
Suppoſe the ſilent, ſable-viſag'd night
Caſts her black curtain over all the world;
And whilſt he ſleeps within his ſilent bed,
Toil'd with the ſtudies of the paſſed day,
The very time and hour wherein that ſpirit,
That many years attended his command,
And many times 'twixt Cambridge and that town
Had in a minute born him thro' the air,
By compoſition 'twixt the fiend and him,
Comes now to claim the ſcholar for his due.
[*Draws the curtain.*
Behold him here laid on his reſtleſs couch!
His fatal chime prepared at his head,
His chamber guarded with his ſable ſlights,
And by him ſtands that necromantick chair,
In which he makes his direful invocations,
And binds the fiends that ſhall obey his will.
Sit with a pleaſed eye, until you know
The comick end of our ſad tragick ſhow.

The chime goes, in which time Fabel is oft ſeen to ſtart about him and hold up his hands.

Fab. What means the rolling of this fatal chime?
O what a trembling horror ſtrikes my heart!
My ſtiffen'd hair ſtands upright on my head,
As do the briſtles of a porcupine.

Enter Coreb, a ſpirit.

Cor. Fabel, awake! or I will bear thee hence
Headlong to hell.

Fab. Ha, ha, why doſt thou wake me?
Coreb, is it thou?

Cor. 'Tis I.

Fab. I know thee well, I hear the watchful dogs
With hollow howling tell of thy approach:
The lights burn dim, affrighted with thy preſence;
And this diſtemper'd and tempeſtuous night
Tells me the air is troubled with ſome devil.

Cor. Come, art thou ready?

Fab. Whither, or to what?

Cor. Why, ſcholar, this is the hour thy date expires;
I muſt depart, and come to claim my due.

Fab. Hah! what is thy due?

Coreb. Fabel, thyſelf.

Fab. O let not darkneſs hear thee ſpeak that word,
Leſt that with force it hurry hence amain,
And leave the world to look upon my woe:
Yet overwhelm me with this globe of earth,
And let a little ſparrow, with her bill,
Take but ſo much as ſhe can bear away;
That every day, thus loſing of my load,
I may again, in time, yet hope to riſe.

Cor. Didſt thou not write thy name with thine own blood?
And drew'ſt the formal deed 'twixt thee and me?
And is it not recorded now in hell?

Fab. Why com'ſt thou in this ſtern and horid ſharpe?
Not in familiar ſort as thou waſt wont?

Cor. Becauſe the date of thy command is out,

And

And I am maſter of thy ſkill and thee.

Fab. Coreb, thou angry and impatient ſpirit,
I have earneſt buſineſs for a private friend,
Reſerve me, ſpirit, till ſome farther time.

Cor. I will not for the mines of all the earth.

Fab. Then let me riſe, and e'er I leave the world
I'll diſpatch ſome buſineſs that I have to do,
And in mean time repoſe thee in that chair.

Cor. Fabel, I will. [*Sits down.*

Fab. O that this ſoul, that coſt ſo dear a price
As the dear precious blood of her redeemer,
Inſpir'd with knowledge, ſhould by that alone,
Which makes a man ſo near unto the powers,
Ev'n lead him down into the depth of hell;
When men in their own pride ſtrive to know more
Than man ſhould know!
For this alone God caſt the angels down.
The infinity of arts is like a ſea,
Into which when man will take in hand to ſail
Farther than reaſon (which ſhould be his pilot)
Hath ſkill to guide him; loſing once his compaſs,
He falleth to ſuch deep and dangerous whirlpools,
As he doth loſe the very ſight of heaven:
The more he ſtrives to come to quiet harbour,
The farther ſtill he finds himſelf from land.
Man ſtriving ſtill to find the depth of evil,
Seeking to be a God, becomes a devil.

Cor. Come, Fabel, haſt thou done?

Fab. Yes, yes, come hither.

Cor. Fabel, I cannot.

Fab. Cannot! what ails your hollowneſs?

Cor. Good Fabel, help me.

Fab. Alas! where lies your grief?—Some aqua-vitæ.
The devil's very ſick, I fear he'll die,
For he looks very ill.

Cor. Dar'ſt thou deride the miniſter of darkneſs?
In Lucifer's great name, Coreb conjures thee
To ſet him free.

Fab. I will not for the mines of all the earth,

Unleſs thou give me liberty to ſee
Seven years more, before thou ſeize on me.
Cor. Fabel, I give it thee.
Fab. Swear, damned fiend.
Cor. Unbind me, and by hell I will not touch thee
Till ſeven years, from this hour, be full expir'd.
Fab. Enough, come out.
Coreb. A vengeance take thy art!
Live, and convert all piety to evil;
Never did man thus over-reach the devil.
No time on earth, like Phaetontick flames,
Can have perpetual being. I'll return
To my inferal manſion: but be ſure,
Thy ſeven years done, no trick ſhall make me tarry,
But, Coreb, thou to hell ſhalt Fabel carry.
Fab. Then thus between us two, this variance ends;
Thou to thy fellow fiends, I to my friends. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Arthur Clare, Dorcaſs his lady, Milliſent his daughter, young Clare; the men booted, the gentlewomen in cloaks and ſafe-guards: Blague the merry hoſt of the George comes in with them.

Hoſt. Welcome, good knight, to the George at Waltham; my freehold, my tenements, goods and chattels. Madam, here's a room is the very Homer and Iliads of a lodging, it hath none of the four elements in it; I built it out of the center, and I drink ne'er the leſs ſack. —Welcome,—my little waſte of maidenheads: what? I ſerve the good duke of Norfolk.
Clare. God a mercy, my good hoſt Blague:
Thou haſt a good ſeat here.
Hoſt. 'Tis correſpondent, or ſo: there's not a Tartarian,
Nor a carrier ſhall breathe upon your geldings;
They have villainous rank feet, the rogues,
And they ſhall not ſweat in my linen:
Knights and lords too have been drunk in my houſe,
I thank the Deſtinies.

Harry

Harry Clare. Prithee, good ſinful inn-keeper, will that corruption, thine hoſtler, to look well to my gelding—Hay! a pox of theſe ruſhes.

Hoſt. You, St. Dennis, your gelding ſhall walk without doors, and cool his heels for his maſter's ſake. By the body of ſaint George, I have an excellent intellect to ſteal ſome veniſon: now when waſt thou in the foreſt?

Har. Away, you ſtale meſs of white broth. Come hither, ſiſter, let me help you.

Cla. Mine hoſt, is not ſir Richard Mounchenſey come yet, according to our appointment when we laſt dined here?

Hoſt. The knight's not yet apparent—marry here's a fore-runner that ſummons a parley, and ſaith he'll be here top and top-gallant preſently.

Cla. 'Tis well: good mine hoſt, go down and ſee breakfaſt be provided.

Hoſt. Knight, thy breath hath the force of a woman, it takes me down; I am for the baſer element of the kitchen: I retire like a valiant ſoldier, face point-blank to the foe-man; or like a courtier, that muſt not ſhew his prince his poſteriors: vaniſh to know my canvaſadoes, and my interrogatories, for I ſerve the good duke of Norfolk.

Cla. How doth my lady? are you not weary, madam?
Come hither, I muſt talk in private with you;
My daughter Milliſent muſt not over-hear.

Mil. Ay! whiſpering! pray God it tend to my good;
Strange fears aſſail, my heart uſurps my blood. [*Liſtening.*

Cla. You know, our meeting with the knight Mounchenſey,
Is to aſſure our daughter to his heir.

Dor. 'Tis without queſtion.

Cla. Two tedious winters have paſs'd o'er, ſince firſt
This couple lov'd each other, and in paſſion
Glew'd their firſt naked hands with youthful moiſture;
Juſt ſo long, on my knowledge.

Dor. And what of this?

Cla. This morning ſhould my daughter loſe her name,

And to Mounchenſey's houſe convey our arms,
Quartered within his 'ſcutcheon; the affiance made
'Twixt him and her, this morning ſhould be ſeal'd.
Dor. I know it ſhould.
Cla. But there are croſſes, wife; here's one at Waltham,
Another at the Abbey, and a third
At Cheſton; and it is ominous to paſs
Any of theſe without a pater-noſter.
Croſſes of love ſtill thwart this marriage,
Whilſt that we two like ſpirits walk in night,
About thoſe ſtony and hard-hearted plots.
Mil. O God! what means my father? [*Aſide.*
Cla. For look you, wife, the riotous old knight
Hath over-run his annual revenue,
In keeping jolly Chriſtmas all the year;
The noſtrils of his chimneys are ſtill ſtuff'd
With ſmoak, more chargeable than cane-tobacco;
His hawks devour his fatteſt dogs, whilſt ſimple,
His leaneſt curs eat his hounds carrion:
Beſides, I heard of late, his younger brother,
A Turkey-merchant, hath ſore ſuck'd the knight,
By means of ſome great loſſes on the ſea;
That (you conceive me) before God, all is naught,
His ſeat is weak: thus each thing rightly ſcann'd,
You'll ſee a flight, wife, ſhortly, of his land.
Mil. Treaſon to my heart's trueſt ſoveraign:
How ſoon is love ſmothered in foggy gain! [*Aſide.*
Dor. But how ſhall we prevent this dangerous match?
Cla. I have a plot, a trick, and this it is:
Under this colour I'll break off the match;
I'll tell the knight, that now my mind is chang'd
For marrying of my daughter; for I intend
To ſend her unto Cheſton nunnery.
Mil. O me accurſt!
Cla. There to become a moſt religious nun?
Mil. I'll firſt be buried quick.
Cla. To ſpend her beauty in moſt private prayers.
Mil. I'll ſooner be a ſinner, in forſaking
Mother and father.

Cla.

Cla. How doſt like my plot?

Dor. Exceeding well: but is it your intent
She ſhall continue there?

Cla. Continue there? Ha, ha, that were a jeſt:
You know a virgin may continue there
A twelve month and a day, only on trial.
There ſhall my daughter ſojourn ſome three months,
And in mean time, I'll compaſs a fair match
'Twixt youthful Jerningham, the luſty heir
Of ſir Ralph Jerningham, dwelling in the foreſt;
I think they'll both come hither with Mounchenſey.

Dor. Your care argues the love you bear your child;
I will ſubſcribe to any thing you'll have me.

Mil. You will ſubſcribe to it?—good, 'tis well;
Love hath two chairs of ſtate, heaven and hell.
My dear Mounchenſey, thou my death ſhalt rue,
E'er to thy heart Milliſent prove untrue. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Blague.

Hoſt. Hoſtlers, you knaves and commanders, take the horſes of the the knights and competitors: your honourable hulks have put into harborough, they'll take in freſh water here, and I have provided clean chamber-pots. *Voyez—they come.*

Enter Sir Richard Mounchenſey; Sir Ralph Jerningham, young Frank Jerningham, Raymond Mounchenſey, Peter Fabel, and Bilbo.

Hoſt. The deſtinies be moſt neat chamberlains to theſe ſwaggering puritans, knights of the ſubſidy.

Sir Moun. God a mercy, good mine hoſt.

Sir Jer. Thanks, good hoſt Blague.

Hoſt. Room for my caſe of piſtols, that have Greek and Latin bullets in them; let me cling to your flanks, my nimble giberlaters, and blow wind in your calves to make them ſwell bigger. Ha; I'll caper in mine own fee-ſimple; away with punctilio's and orthography, I ſerve the good duke of Norfolk.

Bilbo. Tytere, tu patulæ recubans ſub tegmine fagi.
Truly, mine hoſt, Bilbo, though he be ſomewhat out of faſhion,

faſhion, will be your only blade ſtill; I have a villainous ſharp ſtomach to ſlice a breakfaſt.

Hoſt. Thou ſhalt have it without any more diſcontinuance, releaſes, or attournment—what! we know our terms of hunting, and the ſea card.

Bil. And do you ſerve the good duke of Norfolk ſtill?

Hoſt. Still, and ſtill, and ſtill, my ſoldier of ſaint Quintin's. Come follow me, I have Charles's-wain below in a butt of ſack, I will gliſter like your crab-fiſh.

Bil. You have fine ſcholar-like terms; your cooper's dictionary is your only book to ſtudy in a cellar, a man ſhall find very ſtrange words in it: come, my hoſt, let's ſerve the good duke of Norfolk.

Hoſt. And ſtill, and ſtill, and ſtill, my boy, I'll ſerve the good duke of Norfolk.

Jer. Good ſir Arthur Clare!

Cla. What gentleman is that? I know him not.

Moun. 'Tis mr. Fabel, ſir, a Cambridge ſcholar,
My ſon's dear friend.

Cla. Sir, I entreat you know me.

Fab. Command me ſir, I am affected to you
For your Mounchenſey's ſake.

Cla. Alas! for him,
I not reſpect whether he ſink or ſwim:
A word in private, ſir Ralph Jerningham.

Ray. Methinks your father looks ſtrangely on me:
Say, love, why are you ſad?

Mil. I am not, ſweet;
Paſſion is ſtrong, when woe with woe doth meet.

Cla. Shall's in to breakfaſt? After, we'll conclude
The cauſe of this our coming: in and feed,
And let that uſher a more ſerious deed.

Mil. Whilſt you deſire his grief, my heart ſhall bleed.

Young Cla. Raymond Mounchenſey, come, be frolick, friend;
This is the day thou haſt expected long.

Ray. Pray God, dear Harry Clare, it prove ſo happy.

Jer. There's nought can alter it; be merry, lad.

Fab. There's nought ſhall alter it; be lively, Raymond:

Stand

Stand any oppoſition 'gainſt thy hope,
Art ſhall confront it with her largeſt ſcope. [*Exeunt.*

Peter Fabel, ſolus.

Fab. Good old Mounchenſey, is thy hap ſo ill,
That for thy bounty, and thy royal parts,
Thy kind alliance ſhould be held in ſcorn;
And after all theſe promiſes by Clare,
Refuſe to give his daughter to thy ſon,
Only becauſe thy revenues cannot reach
To make her dowage of ſo rich a jointure
As can the heir of wealthy Jerningham?
And therefore is the falſe fox now in hand
To ſtrike a match betwixt her and the other,
And the old gray-beards now are cloſe together,
Plotting in the garden. Is't even ſo?
Raymond Mounchenſey, boy, have thou and I
Thus long at Cambridge read the liberal arts,
The metaphyſicks, magick, and thoſe parts
Of the moſt ſecret deep philoſophy?
Have I ſo many melancholy nights
Watch'd on the top of Peter-houſe higheſt tower?
And come we back unto our native home,
For want of ſkill, to loſe the wench thou lov'ſt?
We'll firſt hang Envil in ſuch rings of miſt
As never roſe from any dampiſh fenn;
I'll make the briniſh ſea to riſe at Ware,
And drown the marſhes unto Stratford-bridge;
I'll drive the deer from Waltham in their walks,
And ſcatter them, like ſheep, in every field:
We may perhaps be croſs'd; but if we be,
He ſhall croſs the devil that but croſſes me.

Enter Raymond, young Jerningham, and young Clare.

But here comes Raymond, diſconſolate and ſad;
And here comes the gallant muſt have the wench.

Jer. I prithee, Raymond, leave theſe ſolemn dumps,
Revive thy ſpirits; thou that before haſt been
More watchful than the day-proclaiming cock,
As ſportive as a kid, as frank and merry
As mirth herſelf.

If aught in me may thy content procure,
It is thine own, thou may'ſt thyſelf aſſure.

Ray. Ha! Jerningham, if any but thyſelf
Had ſpoke that word, it would have come as cold
As the bleak northern winds upon the face of winter.
From thee, they have ſome power on my blood;
Yet being from thee, had but that hollow ſound
Come from the lips of any living man,
It might have won the credit of mine ear;
From thee it cannot.

Jer. If I underſtand thee, I am a villain:
What! doſt thou ſpeak in parables to thy friend?

Cla. Come, boy, and make me this ſame groaning love,
Troubled with ſtitches and the cough o'th lungs,
That wept his eyes out when he was a child,
And ever ſince hath ſhot at hudman-blind:
Make her leap, caper, jerk, and laugh, and ſing,
And play me horſe-tricks.
Make Cupid wanton as his mother's dove;
But, in this ſort, boy, I would have thee love.

Fab. Why, how now, madcap? What, my luſty Frank,
So near a wife, and will not tell your friend?
But you will to this gear in hugger-mugger:
Art thou turn'd miſer, raſcal, in thy loves?

Jer. Who I? z'blood, what ſhould all you ſee in me,
That I ſhould look like a married man? Ha?
Am I bald? Are my legs too little for my hoſe?
If I feel any thing in my forehead, I am a villain.
Do I wear a night-cap? Do I bend in the hams?
What doſt thou ſee in me, that I ſhould be towards marriage? Ha?

Cla. What, thou married? Let me look upon thee;
Rogue, who has given this out of thee?
How cam'ſt thou into this ill name? What company
Haſt thou been in, raſcal?

Fab. You are the man, ſir, muſt have Milliſent,
The match is making in the garden now;
Her jointure is agreed on, and the old men,
Your fathers, mean to launch their purſy bags.

But in mean time, to thruſt Mounchenſey off,
For colour of this new-intended match,
Fair Milliſent to Cheſton muſt be ſent,
To take the approbation for a Nun.
Ne'er look upon me, lad, the match is done.
Jer. Raymond Mounchenſey, now I touch thy grief
With the true feeling of a zealous friend.
And as for thy fair beauteous Milliſent,
With my vain breath I will not ſeek to ſlubber
Her angel-like perfections. But thou know'ſt
That Eſſex hath the ſaint that I adore;
Where e'er didſt meet me, that we two were jovial,
But like a wag thou haſt not laugh'd at me,
And with regardleſs jeſting mock'd my love?
How many a ſad and weary ſummer's night,
My ſighs have drunk the dew from off the earth,
And I have taught the nightingale to wake,
And from the meadows ſprung the early lark
An hour before ſhe ſhould have liſt to ſing?
I have loaded the poor minutes with my moans,
That I have made the heavy ſlow-pac'd hours
To hang like heavy clogs upon the day.
But, dear Mounchenſey, had not my affection
Seiz'd on the beauty of another dame,
Before I would wrong the chaſe, and leave the love
Of one ſo worthy, and ſo true a friend,
I will abjure both beauty and her ſight,
And will in love become a counterfeit.
Moun. Dear Jerningham, thou haſt begot my life,
And from the mouth of hell, where now I ſat,
I feel my ſpirit rebound againſt the ſtars;
Thou haſt conquer'd me (dear friend) and my free ſoul,
Nor time, nor death, can by their power controul.
Fab. Frank Jerningham, thou art a gallant boy;
And were he not my pupil, I would ſay,
He were as fine a metal'd gentleman,
Of as free ſpirit, and as fine a temper
As any in England; and he is a man
That very richly may deſerve thy love.

But,

But, noble Clare, this while of our diſcourſe,
What may Mounchenſey's honour to thyſelf
Exact upon the meaſure of thy grace?

Cla. Raymond Mounchenſey, I would have thee know,
He does not breathe this air,
Whoſe love I cheriſh, and whoſe ſoul I love
More than Mounchenſey's:
Nor ever in my life did ſee the man
Whom, for his wit and many virtuous parts,
I think more worthy of my ſiſter's love.
But ſince the matter grows unto this paſs,
I muſt not ſeem to croſs my father's will;
But when thou liſt to viſit her by night,
My horſe is ſaddled, and the ſtable door
Stands ready for thee; uſe them at thy pleaſure:
In honeſt marriage wed her frankly, boy,
And if thou get'ſt her, lad, God give thee joy.

Moun. Then care, away! let fate my fall pretend,
Back'd with the favours of ſo true a friend.

Fab. Let us a'one, to buſtle for the ſet;
For age and craft, with wit and art hath met.
I'll make my ſpirits dance ſuch nightly jiggs
Along the way 'twixt this and Tot'nam Croſs,
The carrier's jades ſhall caſt their heavy packs,
And the ſtrong hedges ſcarce ſhall keep them in:
The milk-maids cuts ſhall turn the wenches off,
And lay their doſſers tumbling in the duſt:
The frank and merry London 'prentices,
That come for cream and luſty country chear,
Shall loſe their way; and ſcrambling in the ditches
All night, ſhall whoop and hollow, cry and call,
And none to other find the way at all.

Moun. Purſue the project, ſcholar, what we can do
To help endeavour, join our lives thereto. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Banks, Sir John, and Smug.

Banks. Take me with you, good ſir John; a plague on thee, Smug, and thou toucheſt liquor thou art founder'd ſtraight — What, are your brains always water-mills? Muſt they ever run round?

Smug.

Smug. Banks, your ale is as a Philiſtine fox;—nouns, there's fire i'th tail on't;—you are a rogue to charge us with mugs i'th' rear-ward;—a plague of this wind, O it tickles our cataſtrophe.

Sir John. Neighbour Banks of Waltham, and goodman Smug, the honeſt ſmith of Edmonton, as I dwell betwixt you both, at Enfield, I know the taſte of both your ale-houſes; they are good both, ſmart both;—— Hem, graſs and hay,—we are not yet all mortal,—let's live 'till we die, and be merry, and there's an end.

Banks. Well ſaid, ſir John, you are of the ſame humour ſtill; and doth the water run the ſame way ſtill, boy?

Smug. Vulcan was a rogue to him;—Sir John, lock, lock, lock faſt, ſir John;—So, ſir John, i'll one of theſe years, when it ſhall pleaſe the goddeſſes and the deſtinies, be drunk in your company; that's all now, and God ſend us health;—Shall I ſwear I love you?

Sir John. No oaths, no oaths, good neighbour Smug,
We'll wet our lips together, and hug;
Carouſe in private, and elevate the heart,
And the liver, and the lights,
Mark you me, within us for—hem—
Graſs and hay,—we are not yet all mortal,—let's live 'till we die, and be merry, and there's an end.

Banks. But to our former motion about ſtealing ſome veniſon; whither go we?

Sir John. Into the foreſt, neighbour Banks, into Brian's walk, the mad keeper.

Smug. Blood! i'll tickle your keeper.

Banks. I'faith thou art always drunk, when we have need of thee.

Smug. Need of me! heart, you ſhall have need of me always, while there is iron in an anvil.

Banks. Mr. Parſon, may the ſmith go (think you) being in this taking?

Smug. Go! I'll go, in ſpite of all the bells in Waltham.

Sir John. The queſtion is, good neighbour Banks—let me ſee,—the moon ſhines to night,—there's not a narrow

row bridge betwixt this and the foreſt,—his brain may be ſettled e'er night,—he may go, he may go, neighbour Banks. Now we want none but the company of mine hoſt Blague, of the George at Waltham; if he were here, our conſort were full. Look where comes my good hoſt, the duke of Norfolk's man! and how? and how? A hem—graſs and hay—we are not yet mortal; let us live till we die, and be merry, and there's an end.

Enter Hoſt.

Hoſt. Ha! my Caſtilian dialogues; and art thou in breath ſtill, boy? Miller, doth the match hold? Smith, I ſee by thy eyes thou haſt been reading a little Geneva print: but wend we merrily to the foreſt, to ſteal ſome of the king's deer? I'll meet you at the time appointed. Away, I have knights and colonels at my houſe, and muſt tend the hungarians. If we be ſcatter'd in the foreſt, we'll meet in the church porch at Enfield; is't correſpondent?

Banks. 'Tis well: but how if any of us ſhould be taken?

Smug. He ſhall have ranſom by my ſword.

Hoſt. Tuſh, the knaves keepers are my bona ſocias, and my penſioners—Nine o'clock—Be valiant, my little gogmagogs;—I'll fence with all the juſtices in Hertfordſhire—I'll have a buck till I die; I'll ſlay a doe while I live — Hold your bow ſtrait and ſteady; I ſerve the good duke of Norfolk.

Smug. O rare! who, ho, ho, boy.

Sir John. Peace, neighbour Smug; you ſee this boor, a boor of the country, an illiterate boor, and yet the citizen of good fellows. Come, let's provide—a hem—graſs and hay,—we are not yet all mortal; we'll live till we die, and be merry, and there's an end: come, Smug.

Smug. Good night, Waltham—who, ho, ho, boy.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter the Knight and Gentlemen from breakfaſt again.

Old Moun. Nor I for thee, Clare, not of this:
What! haſt thou fed me all this while with ſhales?

And

And com'ſt to tell me now, thou lik'ſt it not?
Cla. I do not hold thy offer competent:
Nor do I like the aſſurance of thy land,
The title is ſo brangled with thy debts.
Old Moun. Too good for thee; and knight, thou know'ſt it well, I fawn'd not on thee for thy goods, not I,
'Twas thine own motion; that thy wife doth know.
Lady. Huſband, it was ſo; he lies not in that.
Cla. Hold thy chat, quean.
Old Moun. To which I hearkened willingly, and the rather,
Becauſe I was perſuaded it proceeded
From love thou bareſt to me and to my boy;
And gav'ſt him free acceſs unto thy houſe,
Where he hath not behav'd him to thy child
But as befits a gentleman to do:
Nor is my poor diſtreſſed ſtate ſo low
That I'll ſhut up my doors, I warrant thee.
Cla. Let it ſuffice, Mounchenſey, I miſlike it;
Nor think thy ſon a match fit for my child.
Moun. I tell thee, Clare, his blood is good and clear
As the beſt drop that panteth in thy veins:
But for this maid, thy fair and virtuous child,
She is no more diſparag'd by thy baſeneſs,
Than the moſt orient and the precious jewel,
Which ſtill retains his luſtre and his beauty,
Although a ſlave were owner of the ſame.
Cla. She is the laſt is left me to beſtow;
And her I mean to dedicate to God.
Moun. You do, ſir?
Cla. Sir, ſir, I do; ſhe is mine own.
Moun. And pity ſhe is ſo:
Damnation dog thee and thy wretched pelf. [*aſide.*
Cla. Not thou, Mounchenſey, ſhalt beſtow my child.
Moun. Neither ſhouldſt thou beſtow her where thou meaneſt.
Cla. What wilt thou do?
Moun. No matter, let that be;
I will do that, perhaps, ſhall anger thee:

Thou

Thou haſt wrong'd my love, and, by a bleſſed angel,
Thou ſhalt well know it.

Cla. Tut, brave not me.

Moun. Brave thee, baſe churl! were't not for manhood ſake—
I ſay no more, but that there be ſome by
Whoſe blood is hotter than ours is,
Which being ſtirr'd, might make us both repent
This fooliſh meeting. But, Harry Clare,
Although thy father hath abus'd my friendſhip,
Yet I love thee, I do, my noble boy,
I do i'faith.

Lady. Ay, do, do, fill all the world with talk of us many man, I never look'd for better at your hands.

Fab. I hop'd your great experience, and your years,
Would have prov'd patience rather to your ſoul,
Than with this frantick and untamed paſſion
To whet their ſkeens; and, but for that
I hope their friendſhips are too well confirm'd,
And their minds tempered with more kindly heat,
Than for their forward parent's frowardneſs,
That they ſhould break forth into publick brawls:
Howe'er the rough hand of the untoward world
Hath molded your proceedings in this matter,
Yet I am ſure the firſt intent was love.
Then ſince the firſt ſpring was ſo ſweet and warm,
Let it die gently, ne'er kill it with a ſcorn.

Ray. O thou baſe world! how leprous is that ſoul
That is once lim'd in thy polluted mud!
O ſir Arthur! you have ſtartled his free active ſpirits
With too ſharp a ſpur for his mind to bear.
Have patience, ſir, the remedy to woe,
Is, to leave that we muſt of force forego.

Mil. And I muſt take a twelvemonth's approbation,
That in mean time this ſole and private life,
At the year's end may faſhion me a wife.
But, ſweet Mounchenſey, e'er this year be done,
Thou'ſt be a friar, if that I be nun.

And

And, father, e'er young Jerningham's I'll be,
I will turn mad, to ſpite both him and thee. [*Aſide.*
Cla. Wife, come to horſe; and, huſwife, make you ready:
For if I live, I ſwear by this good light,
I'll ſee you lodg'd in Cheſton-houſe to night. [*Exeunt.*
Moun. Raymond, away, thou ſee'ſt how matters fall,
Churl, hell conſume thee and thy pelf and all.
Fab. Now, mr. Clare, you ſee how matters fadge;
Your Milliſent muſt needs be made a nun.
Well ſir, we are the men muſt ply the match;
Hold you your peace, and be a looker on:
And ſend her unto Cheſton, where he will,
I'll ſend me fellows of a handful high
Into the cloiſters where the nuns frequent,
Shall make them ſkip like does about the dale;
And make the lady prioreſs of the houſe
To play at leap-frog naked in her ſmock,
Until the merry wenches at their maſs
Cry teehe, weehee;
And tickling theſe mad laſſes in their flanks,
Shall ſprawl and ſqueak, and pinch their fellow nuns.
Be lively, boys, before the wench we'll loſe,
Ill make the abbeſs wear the canon's hoſe. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Harry Clare, Frank Jerningham, Peter Fabel, and Milliſent.

Ha. Cla. Spite now hath done her worſt; ſiſter, be patient.
Jer. Forewarn'd poor Raymond's company! O heaven!
When the compoſure of weak frailty meet
Upon this mart of dirt, O then weak love
Muſt in her own unhappineſs be ſilent,
And wink on all deformities.
Mil. 'Tis well:
Where's Raymond, brother? Where's my dear Mounchenſey?
Would we might weep together, and then part,
Our ſighing parley would much eaſe my heart.

Fab.

Fab. Sweet beauty, fold your ſorrows in the thought
Of future reconcilement; let your tears
Shew you a woman, but be no farther ſpent
Than from the eyes: for, ſweet, experience ſays,
That love is firm that's flatter'd with delays.

Mil. Alas, ſir, think you I ſhall e'er be his?

Fab. As ſure as parting ſmiles on future bliſs.
Yond comes my friend; ſee, he hath doated
So long upon your beauty, that your want
Will with a pale retirement waſte his blood:
For, in true love muſick doth ſweetly dwell;
Sever'd, theſe leſs words bear within them hell.

Enter Mounchenſey.

Moun. Harry and Frank, you are enjoin'd to wain
Your friendſhip from me, we muſt part; the breath
Of all advis'd corruption: pardon me,
Faith, I muſt ſay ſo; you may think I love you,
Tho' I breathe not, and tho' rough ſpite do ſever us,
We'll meet by ſtealth, ſweet friends, by ſtealth you twain;
Kiſſes are ſweeteſt got by ſtruggling pain.

Jer. Our friendſhip dies not, Raymond.

Moun. Pardon me:
I am buſied; I have loſt my faculties,
And buried them in Milliſent's clear eyes.

Mil. Alas! ſweet love, what ſhall become of me?
I muſt to Cheſton to the nunnery,
I ſhall ne'er ſee thee more.

Moun. How, ſweet!
I'll be thy votary, we'll often meet:
This kiſs divides us, and breathes ſoft adieu—
This be a double charm to keep both true.

Fab. Have done, your fathers may chance ſpy your parting.
Refuſe you not by any means, good ſweetneſs,
To go into the nunnery, for from hence
Muſt we beget your loves ſweet happineſs:
You ſhall not ſtay there long, your harder bed
Shall be more ſoft, when nun and maid are dead.

Enter

Enter Bilbo.

Moun. Now, ſirrah, what's the matter?

Bil. Marry, you muſt to horſe preſently; that vilainous old gouty churl, ſir Richard Clare, longs till he be at the nunnery.

H. Clar. How, ſir?

Bil. O, I cry you mercy, he is your father, ſir, indeed; but I am ſure, that there's leſs affinity betwixt your two natures, than there is between a broker and a cutpurſe.

Moun. Bring me my gelding, ſirrah.

Bil. Well, nothing grieves me, but for the poor wench; ſhe muſt now cry *vale* to lobſter pies, artichokes, and all ſuch meats of mortality: poor gentlewoman! the ſign muſt not be in *virgo* any longer with her, and that me grieves: farewel.

Poor Milliſent
Muſt pray and repent:
O fatal wonder!
She'll now be no fatter,
Love muſt not come at her,
Yet ſhe ſhall be kept under. [*Exit.*

Jer. Farewel, dear Raymond.

H. Cla. Friend, adieu.

Mil. Dear ſweet,
No joy enjoys my heart till we next meet.

[*Exeunt.*

Fab. Well, Raymond, now the tide of diſcontent
Beats in thy face; but ere't be long, the wind
Shall turn the flood: we muſt to Waltham-abbey,
And as fair Milliſent in Cheſton lives
A moſt unwilling nun, ſo thou ſhalt there
Become a beardleſs novice; to what end,
Let time and farther accidents declare:
Taſte thou my ſleights, thy love I'll only ſhare.

Moun. Turn friar? Come, my good counſellor, let's go,
Yet that diſguiſe will hardly ſhroud my woe.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter the prioreſs of Cheſton with a nun or two, ſir Arthur Clare, ſir Ralph Jerningham, Harry and Frank, the Lady and Bilbo, with Milliſent.

L. Cla. Madam,
The love unto this holy ſiſterhood,
And our confirm'd opinion of your zeal,
Hath truly won us to beſtow our child
Rather on this than any neighbouring cell.

Pri. Jeſus' daughter, Mary's child,
Holy matron, woman mild,
For thee a maſs ſhall ſtill be ſaid,
Every ſiſter drop a bead;
And thoſe again ſucceeding them,
For you ſhall ſing a *Requiem.*

Fran. The wench is gone, Harry, ſhe is no more a woman of this world—Mark her well, ſhe looks like a nun already: what think'ſt on her?

Har. By my faith, her face comes handſomely to't. But peace, let's hear the reſt.

Sir Art. Madam, for a twelve-month's approbation,
We mean to make the trial of our child.
Your care, and our dear bleſſing in mean time,
We pray may proſper this intended work.

Pri. May your ſoul be blithe,
That ſo truly pay your tithe:
He that many children gave,
'Tis fit that he one child ſhould have.
Then, fair virgin, hear my ſpell,
For I muſt your duty tell.

Mil. Good men and true, ſtand together,
And hear your charge. [*Aſide.*

Pri. Firſt, a mornings take your book,
The glaſs wherein yourſelf muſt look;
Your young thoughts, ſo proud and jolly,
Muſt be turn'd to motions holy;
For your buſk, attires, and toys,
Have your thoughts on heavenly joys:

And

And for all your follies paſt,
You muſt do penance, pray, and faſt.

Bil. Let her take heed of faſting, and if ever ſhe hurt herſelf with praying, I'll ne'er truſt beaſt.

Mil. This goes hard, by'r lady. [*Aſide.*

Pri. You ſhall ring the ſacring bell,
Keep your hours, and tell your knell,
Riſe at midnight to your matins,
Read your pſalter, ſing your latins;
And when your blood ſhall kindle pleaſure,
Scourge yourſelf in plenteous meaſure.

Mil. Worſe and worſe, by ſaint Mary. [*Aſide.*

Fra. Sirrah, Hal, how does ſhe hold her countenance?—Well, go thy ways, if ever thou prove a nun, I'll build an abbey.

Har. She may be a nun, but if ever ſhe prove an anchoreſs, I'll dig her grave with my nails.

Fra. To her again, mother.

Har. Hold thine own, wench.

Pri. You muſt read the morning maſs,
You muſt creep unto the croſs,
Put cold aſhes on your head,
Have a hair-cloth for your bed.

Bil. She had rather have a man in her bed.

Pri. Bind your beads, and tell your needs,
Your holy ave's, and your creeds:
Holy maid, this muſt be done,
If you mean to live a nun.

Mil. The holy maid will be no nun. [*Aſide.*

Sir Art. Madam, we have ſome buſineſs of import,
And muſt be gone;
Will't pleaſe you take my wife into your cloſet,
Who farther will acquaint you with my mind:
And ſo, good madam, for this time adieu.

[*Exeunt women.*

Sir Ral. Well now, Frank Jerningham, how ſay'ſt thou?
To be brief,
What wilt thou ſay for all this, if we two,

Her father and myſelf, can bring about,
That we convert this nun to be a wife,
And thou the huſband to this pretty nun?
How then, my lad? Ha, Frank; it may be done.
Har. Ay, now it works. [*Aſide.*
Frank. O god, ſir! you amaze me at your words;
Think with yourſelf, ſir, what a thing it were
To cauſe a recluſe to renounce her vow:
A maimed, contrite, and repentant ſoul,
Ever mortify'd with faſting and with pray'r,
Whoſe thoughts even as her eyes are fix'd on heaven;
To draw a virgin thus devout with zeal,
Back to the world; O impious deed!
Nor by the canon-law can it be done,
Without a diſpenſation from the church:
Beſides, ſhe is ſo prone unto this life,
As ſhe'll even ſhriek to hear a huſband nam'd.
Bil. Ay, a poor innocent ſhe!—well, here's no knavery;
He flouts the old fools to their teeth. [*Aſide.*
Sir Ral. Boy, I am glad to hear
Thou mak'ſt ſuch ſcruple of that conſcience,
And in a man ſo young as is yourſelf,
I promiſe you 'tis very ſeldom ſeen.
But, Frank, this is a trick, a mere device,
A ſleight plotted betwixt her father and myſelf,
To thruſt Mounchenſey's noſe beſides the cuſhion;
That being thus debarr'd of all acceſs,
Time yet may work him from her thoughts,
And give thee ample ſcope to thy deſires.
Bil. A plague on you both for a couple of Jews. [*Aſide.*
Har. How now, Frank, what ſay you to that?
Fra. Let me alone, I warrant thee.
Sir, aſſured that this motion doth proceed
From your moſt kind and fatherly affection,
I do diſpoſe my liking to your pleaſure:
But for it is a matter of ſuch moment
As holy marriage, I muſt crave thus much,
To have ſome conference with my ghoſtly father,

Friar

Friar Hilderſham, here by, at Waltham-abbey,
To be abſolv'd of things that it is fit
None only but my confeſſor ſhould know.

Sir Ral. With all my heart, he is a reverend man; and to morrow morning we will meet all at the abbey, where, by the opinion of that reverend man, We will proceed; I like it paſſing well.
Till then we part, boy, I think of it, farewell:
A parent's care no mortal tongue can tell.

Enter ſir Arthur Clare, and Raymond Mounchenſey like a friar.

Sir Art. Holy young novice, I have told you now
My full intent, and do refer the reſt
To your profeſſed ſecrecy and care:
And ſee,
Our ſerious ſpeech hath ſtolen upon the way,
That we are come unto the abbey-gate;
Becauſe I know Mounchenſey is a fox,
That craftily doth overlook my doings,
I'll not be ſeen, not I; tuſh, I have done,
I had a daughter, but ſhe is now a nun:
Farewel, dear ſon, farewel. [*Exit.*

Moun. Fare you well.—Ay, you have done:
Your daughter, ſir, ſhall not be long a nun.
O my rare tutor! never mortal brain
Plotted out ſuch a piece of policy;
And my dear boſom is ſo great with laughter,
Begot by his ſimplicity and error,
My ſoul is fall'n in labour with her joy.
O my friends, Frank Jerningham, and Clare!
Did you but know how this jeſt takes fire,
That good ſir Arthur, thinking me a novice,
Hath even pour'd himſelf into my boſom;
O you would vent your ſpleens with tickling mirth.
But, Raymond, peace, and have an eye about,
For fear perhaps ſome of the nuns look out.

Peace and charity within,
Never touch'd with deadly ſin;
I caſt holy-water pure
On this wall, and on this door,
That from evil ſhall defend,
And keep you from the ugly fiend;
Evil ſprite, by night nor day,
Shall approach, or come this way;
Elf nor fairy, by this grace,
Day nor night ſhall haunt this place.
Holy maidens--- [*Knocks.*

Anſwer within. Who's that which knocks? ha, who's there?

Moun. Gentle nun, here is a friar.

Enter Nun.

Nun. A friar without? now Chriſt us ſave:
Holy man, what would'ſt thou have?

Moun. Holy maid, I hither come
From friar and father Hilderſome,
By the favour and the grace
Of the prioreſs of this place,
Amongſt you all to viſit one
That's come for approbation;
Before ſhe was as now you are,
The daughter of ſir Arthur Clare;
But ſince ſhe now became a nun,
Call'd Milliſent of Edmonton.

Nun. Holy man, repoſe you there,
This news I'll to our abbeſs bear,
To tell her what a man is ſent,
And your meſſage, and intent.

Moun. Benedicite.

Nun. Benedicite. [*Exit.*

Moun. Do, my good plump wench; if all fall right,
I'll make your ſiſter-hood one leſs by night.
Now, happy fortune, ſpeed this merry drift,
I like a wench comes roundly to her ſhrift.

Enter Lady and Milliſent.

Lady. Have friars recourſe then to the houſe of nuns?

Mil.

Mil. Madam, it is the order of this place,
When any virgin comes for approbation,
(Leſt that for fear, or ſuch ſiniſter practice,
She ſhould be forc'd to undergo this vail,
Which ſhould proceed from conſcience and devotion)
A viſitor is ſent from Waltham houſe,
To take the true confeſſion of the maid.
Lady. Is that the order? I commend it well:
You to your ſhrift, I'll back unto the cell. [*Exit.*
Moun. Life of my ſoul! bright angel!
Mil. What means the friar?
Moun. O Milliſent, 'tis I.
Mil. My heart miſgives me; I ſhould know that voice.
You? who are you? the holy virgin bleſs me!
Tell me your name: you ſhall e'er you confeſs me.
Moun. Mounchenſey, thy true friend.
Mil. My Raymond! my dear heart!
Sweet life, give leave to my diſtracted ſoul
To wake a little from this ſwoon of joy.
By what means cam'ſt thou to aſſume this ſhape?
Moun. By means of Peter Fabel, my kind tutor,
Who in the habit of friar Hilderſham,
Frank Jerningham's old friend and confeſſor,
Plotted by Frank, by Fabel and myſelf,
And ſo delivered to ſir Arthur Clare,
Who brought me here unto the abbey-gate,
To be his nun-maid daughter's viſitor.
Mil. You are all ſweet traitors to my poor old father.
O my dear life, I was a dreaming to night,
That as I was praying in my pſalter,
There came a ſpirit unto me as I kneel'd,
And by his ſtrong perſuaſions tempted me
To leave this nunnery; and methought
He came in the moſt glorious angel-ſhape,
That mortal eye did ever look upon.
Ha, thou art ſure that ſpirit, for there's no form
Is in mine eye ſo glorious as thine own.

Moun. O thou idolatreſs, that doſt this worſhip
To him whoſe likeneſs is but praiſe of thee!
Thou bright unſetting ſtar, which through this vail,
For very envy, mak'ſt the ſun look pale.

Mil. Well, viſitor, leſt that perhaps my mother
Should think the friar too ſtrict in his decrees,
I this confeſs to my ſweet ghoſtly father,
If chaſte pure love be ſin, I muſt confeſs,
I have offended three years now with thee.

Moun. But do you yet repent you of the ſame?

Mil. I'faith I cannot.

Moun. Nor will I abſolve thee
Of that ſweet ſin, though it be venial:
Yet have the penance of a thouſand kiſſes;
And I enjoin you to this pilgrimage,
That in the evening you beſtow yourſelf
Here in the walk near to the willow ground,
Where I'll be ready both with men and horſe
To wait your coming, and convey you hence
Unto a lodge I have in Enfield Chaſe:
No more reply if that you yield conſent,
I ſee more eyes upon our ſtay are bent.

Mil. Sweet life, farewel, 'tis done, let that ſuffice;
What my tongue fails, I ſend thee by mine eyes.
[*Exit.*

Enter Fabel, Clare, and Jerningham.

Jer. Now, viſitor, how does this new-made nun?

Cla. Come, come, how does ſhe, noble capuchin?

Moun. She may be poor in ſpirit, but for the fleſh 'tis fat and plump, boys.
Ah, rogues, there is a company of girls would turn you all friars.

Fab. But how, Mounchenſey, how, lad, for the wench?

Moun. Zounds, lads, (i'faith I thank my holy habit)
I have confeſt her, and the lady prioreſs
Hath given me ghoſtly counſel, with her bleſſing.
And how ſay ye, boys,

If

If I be choſe the weekly viſitor?

Cla. Blood! ſhe'll have ne'er a nun unbag'd to ſing maſs then.

Jer. The abbot of Waltham will have as many children to put to nurſe, as he has calves in the marſh.

Moun. Well, to be brief, the nun will ſoon at night turn Lippit; if I can but deviſe to quit her cleanly of the nunnery, ſhe is mine own.

Fab. But ſirrah, Raymond, what news of Peter Fabel at the houſe?

Mun. Tuſh, he is the only man, a necromancer, and a conjurer, that works for young Mounchenſey altogether; and if it be not for friar Benedict, that he can croſs him by his learned ſkill, the wench is gone, Fabel will fetch her out by very magick.

Fab. Stands the wind there, boy? keep them in that key, the wench is ours before to-morrow day.

Well, Harry and Frank, as ye are gentlemen, ſtick to us cloſe this once; you know your fathers have men and horſe lie ready ſtill at Cheſton, to watch the coaſt be clear, to ſcout about, and have an eye unto Mounchenſey's walks: therefore you two may hover thereabouts, and no man will ſuſpect you for the matter: be ready but to take her at our hands, leave us to ſcramble for her getting out.

Jer. Blood! if all Hertfordſhire were at our heels, we'll carry her away in ſpight of them.

Cla. But whither, Raymond?

Moun. To Brian's upper lodge in Enfield Chaſe; he is mine honeſt friend, and a tall keeper; I'll ſend my man unto him preſently, to acquaint him with your coming and intent.

Fab. Be brief, and ſecret.

Moun. Soon at night, remember
You bring your horſes to the willow ground.

Jer. 'Tis done, no more.

Cla. We will not fail the hour,
My life and fortune now lies in your power.

Fab. About our buſineſs, Raymond, let's away,
Think of your hour, it draws well off the day.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Blague, Banks, Smug, and ſir John.

Bla. Come, ye Hungarian pilchers, we are once more come under the Zona Torrida of the foreſt; let's be reſolute; let's fly to and again; and the devil come, we'll put him to his interrogatories, and not budge a foot: What! foot, I'll put fire into you, ye ſhall all three ſerve the good duke of Norfolk.

Smug. Mine hoſt, my bully, my precious conſul, my noble Holofernes, I have been drunk in thy houſe twenty times and ten; all's one for that: I was laſt night in the third heaven, my brain was poor, it had yeaſt in't, but now I am a man of action; is't not ſo, lad?

Ban. Why now thou haſt two of the liberal ſciences about thee, wit and reaſon, thou mayeſt ſerve the duke of Europe.

Smug. I will ſerve the duke of Chriſtendom, and do him more credit in his cellar, than all the plate in his buttery; is't not ſo, lad?

Sir Joh. Mine hoſt, and Smug, ſtand there; Banks, you and your horſe keep together, but lie cloſe, ſhew no tricks for fear of the keeper: if we be ſcar'd, we'll meet in the church-porch at Enfield.

Smug. Content, ſir John.

Ban. Smug, doſt not thou remember the tree thou felleſt out of laſt night?

Smug. Tuſh, and't had been as high as an abbey, I ſhould ne'er have hurt myſelf; I have fall'n into the river, coming home from Waltham, and 'ſcaped drowning.

Sir Joh. Come, ſever, fear no ſpirits, we'll have a buck preſently; we have watched later than this for a doe, mine hoſt.

Hoſt. Thou ſpeakeſt as true as velvet.

Sir

Sir Joh. Why then come—graſs and hay, &c.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Clare, Jerningham and Milliſent.

Cla. Frank Jerningham!
Jer. Speak ſoftly rogue, how now?
Cla. 'Sfoot, we ſhall loſe our way, it's ſo dark: whereabouts are we?
Jer. Why man, at Porter's gate,
The way lies right: hark, the clock ſtrikes at Enfield, what's the hour?
Cla. Ten, the bell ſays.
Jer. A lie in's throat, it was but eight when we ſet out of Cheſton; ſir John and his ſexton are at their ale to night, the clock runs at random.
Cla. Nay, as ſure as thou liv'ſt, the villainous vicar is abroad in the chaſe this dark night; the ſtone prieſt ſteals more veniſon than half the country.
Jer. Milliſent, how doſt thou?
Mil. Sir, very well.
I would to god we were at Brian's lodge.
Cla. We ſhall anon—nowns, hark!
What means this noiſe?
Jer. Stay, I hear horſemen.
Cla. I hear footmen too.
Jer. Nay then I have it, we have been diſcovered,
And we are followed by our fathers men.
Mil. Brother, and friend, alas! what ſhall we do?
Cla. Siſter, ſpeak ſoftly, or we are deſcry'd,
They are hard upon us, whatſoe'er they be;
Shadow yourſelf behind this brake of fern,
We'll get into the wood, and let them paſs.

Enter Sir John, Blague, Smug, and Banks; one after another.

Sir John. Graſs and hay, we are all mortal, the keeper's abroad, and there's an end.

Banks. Sir John!

Sir John. Neighbour Banks, what news?

Banks. Zounds, ſir John, the keepers are abroad; I was hard by 'em.

Sir John. Graſs and hay, where's mine hoſt Blague?

Bla. Here, metropolitan; the Philiſtines are upon us, be ſilent: let us ſerve the good duke of Norfolk. But where is Smug?

Smug. Here: a pox on you all, dogs; I have killed the greateſt buck in Brian's walk:—Shift for yourſelves, all the keepers are up; let's meet in Enfield church-porch:—Away, we are all taken elſe. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Brian, with his man and his hound.

Bri. Ralph, hear'ſt thou any ſtirring?

Ral. I heard one ſpeak here hard by, in the bottom. Peace maſter, ſpeak low — nouns, if I did not hear a bow go off and the buck bray, I never heard deer in my life.

Bri. When went your fellows into their walks?

Ral. An hour ago.

Bri. Life! is there ſtealers abroad, and we cannot hear of them? Where the devil are my men to night? Sirrah, go up and wind toward Buckley's lodge:
I'll caſt about the bottom with my hound,
And I will meet thee under Cony-oak.

Ral. I will ſir. [*Exit.*

Bri. How now! by the maſs my hound ſtays upon ſomething; hark, hark Bowman, hark, hark there.

Mil. Brother, Frank Jerningham, brother Clare!

Bri. Peace; that a woman's voice—Stand; who's there? Stand, or i'll ſhoot.

Mil. O lord! hold your hands, I mean no harm, ſir.

Bri. Speak, who are you?

Mil. I am a maid, ſir—who? maſter Brian?

Bri. The very ſame: ſure I ſhould know her voice—Miſtreſs Milliſent!

Mil.

Mil. Ay; it is I, ſir.

Bri. God for his paſſion, what make you here alone? I look'd for you at my lodge an hour ago. What means your company to leave you thus? Who brought you hither?

Mil. My brother, ſir, and maſter Jerningham; who hearing folks about us in the Chaſe, and fearing it had been ſir Ralph and my father, who had purſued us, thus diſpers'd ourſelves till they were paſt us.

Bri. But where be they?

Mil. They be not far off, here about the grove.

Enter Clare and Jerningham.

Cla. Be not afraid, man, I hear Brian's tongue, that's certain.

Jer. Call ſoftly for your ſiſter.

Cla. Millifent!

Mil. Ay, brother, here.

Bri. Maſter Clare!

Cla. I told you it was Brian.

Bri. Who is that, maſter Jerningham? You are a couple of hot-ſhots: does a man commit his wench to you, to put her to graſs at this time of night?

Jer. We heard a noiſe about us in the Chaſe,
And fearing that our fathers had purſu'd us,
Severed ourſelves.

Cla. Brian, how happenedſt thou on her?

Bri. Seeking for ſtealers that are abroad to night,
My hound ſtay'd on her, and ſo found her out.

Cla. They were theſe ſtealers that affrighted us;
I was hard upon them when they hors'd their deer,
And I perceive they took me for a keeper.

Bri. Which way took they?

Jer. Towards Enfield.

Bri. A plague upon't, that's the damn'd prieſt, and Blague of the George, he that ſerves the good duke of Norfolk.

A noiſe within. Follow, follow, follow.

Cla.

Cla. Peace ; that's my father's voice.

Bri. Nouns, you have ſuſpected them, and now they are here indeed.

Mil. Alas! what ſhall we do?

Bri. If you go to the lodge, you are ſurely taken:
Strike down the wood to Enfield preſently,
And if Mounchenſey come, I'll ſend him to you.
Let me alone to buſtle with your fathers;
I warrant you that I will keep them play
Till you have quit the Chaſe; away, away.
Who's there? [*Enter the Knights.*

Sir Ralph. In the king's name purſue the raviſher.

Bri. Stand, or I'll ſhoot.

Sir Ar. Who's there?

Bri. I am the keeper, that do charge you ſtand;
You have ſtolen my deer.

Sir. Ar. We ſtolen thy deer? we do purſue a thief.

Bri. You are arrant thieves, and ye have ſtolen my deer.

Sir. Ar. We are knights; ſir Arthur Clare, and ſir Ralph Jerningham.

Bri. The more your ſhame, that knights ſhould be ſuch thieves.

Sir Ar. Who, or what art thou?

Bri. My name is Brian, keeper of this walk.

Sir Ar. O Brian, a villain!
Thou haſt receiv'd my daughter to thy lodge.

Bri. You have ſtolen the beſt deer in my walk to night: my deer.

Sir Ar. My daughter —
Stop not my way.

Bri. What make you in my walk? You have ſtolen the beſt buck in my walk to night.

Sir Ar. My daughter—

Bri. My deer—

Sir Ra. Where is Mounchenſey?

Bri. Where is my buck?

Sir Ar. I will complain me of thee to the king.

Bri.

Bri. I'll complain unto the king, you ſpoil his game: 'tis ſtrange that men of your account and calling will offer it. I tell you true, ſir Arthur and ſir Ralph, that none but you have only ſpoil'd my game.

Sir Ar. I charge you ſtop us not.

Bri. I charge you both get out of my ground: is this a time for ſuch as you, men of your place, and of your gravity, to be abroad a thieving? 'Tis a ſhame; and afore God if I had ſhot at you, I had ſerved you well enough. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Banks the miller, wet on his legs.

Ban. Foot, here's a dark night indeed; I think I have been in fifteen ditches between this and the foreſt—Soft, here's Enfield church: I am ſo wet with climbing over into an orchard, for to ſteal ſome filberts—Well, here I'll ſit in the church-porch, and wait for the reſt of my conſorts.

Enter Sexton and Prieſt.

Sex. Here's a ſky as black as Lucifer, God bleſs us: Here was goodman Theophilus buried, he was the beſt nut-cracker that ever dwelt in Enfield—Well, 'tis nine o'clock, 'tis time to ring curfew. Lord bleſs us, what a white thing is that in the church-porch! O lord, my legs are too weak for my body, my hair is too ſtiff for my night-cap, my heart fails; this is the ghoſt of Theophilus: O lord, it follows me, I cannot ſay my prayers and one would give me a thouſand pound. Good ſpirit! I have bowl'd and drunk and followed the hounds with thee a thouſand times, though I have not the ſpirit now to deal with you—O lord!

Pri. Graſs and hay! we are all mortal; who's there?

Sex. We are graſs and hay indeed: I know you to be maſter parſon, by your phraſe.

Pri. Sexton!

Sex. Ay, ſir.

Pri. For mortality's ſake, what's the matter?

Sex. O lord, I am a man of another element; maſter Theophilus's ghoſt is in the church-porch; there was an

an hundred cats, all fire, dancing even now, and they are clomb up to the top of the ſteeple: I'll not into the belfry for a world.

Pri. O goodman Solomon, I have been about a deed of darkneſs to night: O Lord! I ſaw fifteen ſpirits in the foreſt like white bulls; if I lie, I am an errant thief: mortality haunts us—graſs and hay! the devil's at our heels, and let's hence to the parſonage. [*Exeunt.*

The miller comes out very ſoftly.

Mill. What noiſe was that? 'Tis the watch; ſure that villainous unlucky rogue Smug is ta'en, upon my life, and then all our knavery comes out: I heard one cry, ſure.

Enter Hoſt Blague.

Hoſt. If I go ſteal any more veniſon, I am a paradox: foot, I can ſcarce bear the ſin of my fleſh in the day, 'tis ſo heavy: if I turn not honeſt, and ſerve the good duke of Norfolk as a true mareterraneum ſkinner ſhould do, let me never look higher than the element of a conſtable.

Mill. By the maſs there are ſome watchmen; I hear them name maſter conſtable: I would my mill were an eunuch, and wanted her ſtones, ſo I were hence.

Hoſt. Who's there?

Mill. 'Tis the conſtable, by this light: I'll ſteal hence, and if I can meet mine hoſt Blague, I'll tell him how Smug is ta'en, and will him to look to himſelf.

[*Exit.*

Hoſt. What the devil is that white thing? This ſame is a church-yard, and I have heard that ghoſts and villainous goblings have been ſeen here.

Enter Sexton and Prieſt.

Pri. Graſs and hay! oh that I could conjure! we ſaw a ſpirit here in the church-yard; and in the fallow field there's the devil with a man's body upon his back in a white ſheet.

Sext. It may be a woman's body, ſir John.

Pri. If ſhe be a woman, the ſheets damn her: Bleſs us, what a night of mortality is this!

Hoſt.

Hoſt. Prieſt!

Pri. Mine hoſt!

Hoſt. Did you not ſee a ſpirit all in white croſs you at the ſtile?

Sext. O no, mine hoſt! but there ſat one in the porch; I have not breath enough left to bleſs me from the devil.

Hoſt. Who's that?

Pri. The Sexton, almoſt frighted out of his wits: Did you ſee Banks, or Smug?

Hoſt. No, they are gone to Waltham, ſure. I would fain hence; come, let's to my houſe; I'll ne'er ſerve the good duke of Norfolk in this faſhion again whilſt I breathe. If the devil be among us, it's time to hoiſt ſail, and cry roomer. Keep together; Sexton, thou art ſecret. What! let's be comfortable one to another.

Pri. We are all mortal, mine hoſt.

Hoſt. True; and I'll ſerve God in the night hereafter, afore the duke of Norfolk.

Enter ſir Arthur Clare, and ſir Ralph Jerningham, truſſing their points, as newly up.

Sir Ral. Good-morrow, gentle knight;
A happy day after your ſhort night's reſt.

Sir Ar. Ha, ha, ſir Ralph ſtirring ſo ſoon indeed?
By'r lady, ſir, reſt would have done right well:
Our riding late laſt night has made me drowſy;
Go to, go to, thoſe days are gone with us.

Sir Ra. Sir Arthur, ſir Arthur, care go with thoſe days,
Let 'em even go together, let 'em go;
'Tis time, i'faith, that we were in our graves,
When children leave obedience to their parents;
When there's no fear of God, no care, no duty.
Well, well, nay it ſhall not do, it ſhall not:
No, Mounchenſey, thou'lt hear on't, thou ſhalt,
Thou ſhalt, i'faith; I'll hang thy ſon, if there be law in England.
A man's child raviſh'd from a nunnery!

This

This is rare! well, there's one gone for friar Hilderſham.

Sir Ar. Nay, gentle knight, do not vex thus,
It will but hurt you, heat;
You cannot grieve more than I do, but to what end?
But hark you, ſir Ralph, I was about to ſay ſomething; it makes no matter: but hark you, in your ear; the friar's a knave: but God forgive me, a man cannot tell neither: s'foot, I am ſo out of patience, I know not what to ſay.

Sir. Ral. There's one went for the friar an hour ago,
Comes he not yet? S'foot, if I do find knavery under's cowl,
I'll tickle him, I'll ferk him.—Here, here, he's here, he's here.
Good-morrow, friar; good-morrow, gentle friar.

Enter Hilderſham.

Sir Arth. Good-morrow, father Hilderſham, good-morrow.

Hil. Good-morrow, reverend knights, unto you both.

Sir Arth. Father, how now? You hear how matters go;
I am undone, my child is caſt away;
You did your beſt, at leaſt I think the beſt:
But we are all croſs'd, flatly, all is daſh'd.

Hil. Alas! good knights, how might the matter be?
Let me underſtand your grief, for charity.

Sir Arth. Who does not underſtand my grief? Alas! alas!
And yet you do not: will the church permit
A nun, in approbation of her habit,
To be raviſhed?

Hil. A holy woman, benedicite;
Now God forefend that any ſhould preſume
To touch the ſiſter of a holy houſe.

Sir Ar. Jeſus deliver me!

Sir Ral. Why, Milliſent, the daughter of this knight,
Is out of Cheſton taken this laſt night.

Hil. Was that fair maiden late become a nun?

Sir Ral.

Sir Ral. Was ſhe, quoth a? Knavery, knavery, knavery, knavery; I ſmell it, I ſmell it i'faith; is the wind in that door? Is it even ſo? Doſt thou aſk me that now?

Hil. It is the firſt time that e'er I heard of it.

Sir Ar. That's very ſtrange.

Sir Ral. Why, tell me friar, tell me, thou art counted a holy man; do not play the hypocrite with me, nor (bear with me) I cannot diſſemble; did I aught but by thy own conſent? by thy allowance? nay farther, by thy warrant?

Hil. Why, reverend knight—

Sir Ral. Unreverend friar.

Hil. Nay, then give me leave, ſir, to depart in quiet; I had hop'd you had ſent for me to ſome other end.

Sir Ar. Nay ſtay, good friar, if any thing hath hapt
About this matter, in thy love to us,
That thy ſtrict order cannot juſtify;
Admit it to be ſo, we will cover it,
Take no care, man:
Diſclaim not yet my counſel and advice,
The wiſeſt man that is may be o'er-reach'd.

Hil. Sir Arthur, by my order, and by my faith,
I know not what you mean.

Sir Ral. By your order, and by your faith? this is moſt ſtrange: why tell me, friar, are not you confeſſor to my ſon Frank?

Hil. Yes, that I am.

Sir Ral. And did not this good knight here, and myſelf,
Confeſs with you, being his ghoſtly father,
To deal with him about th' unbanded marriage
Betwixt him and that fair young Milliſent?

Hil. I never heard of any match intended.

Sir Ar. Did not we break our minds that very time,
That our device in making her a nun,
Was but a colour, and a very plot
To put by young Mounchenſey? Is't not true?

Hil.

Hil. The more I ſtrive to know what you ſhould mean,
The leſs I underſtand you.

Sir Ral. Did not you tell us ſtill, how Peter Fabel
At length would croſs us, if we took not heed ?

Hil. I have heard of one that is a great magician,
But he's about the univerſity.

Sir Ral. Did not you ſend your novice Benedic,
To perſuade the girl to leave Mounchenſey's love,
To croſs that Peter Fabel in his art,
And to that purpoſe made him viſitor?

Hil. I never ſent my novice from my houſe,
Nor have we made our viſitation yet.

Sir Ar. Never ſent him ! nay, did he not go? and did not I direct him to the houſe, and confer with him by the way? and did he not tell me what charge he had received from you, word by word, as I requeſted at your hands?

Hil. That you ſhall know ; he came along with me
And ſtays without:—Come hither, Benedic.

[*Enter Benedic.*

Young Benedic, were you e'er ſent by me
To Cheſton-nunnery for a viſitor?

Ben. Never, ſir, truly.

Sir Ral. Stranger than all the reſt !

Sir Ar. Did not I direct you to the houſe,
Confer with you from Waltham-abbey
Unto Cheſton-wall?

Ben. I never ſaw you, ſir, before this hour.

Sir Ral. The devil thou didſt not !—Ho, chamberlain.

Enter Chamberlain.

Cham. Anon, anon.

Sir Ral. Call mine hoſt Blague hither.

Cham. I will ſend one over, ſir, to ſee if he be up, I think he be ſcarce ſtirring yet.

Sir. Ral. Why, knave, didſt not thou tell me an hour ago mine hoſt was up ?

Cham. Ay, ſir, my maſter's up.

Sir Ral. You knave, is a up, and is a not up?
Doſt thou mock me?

Cham.

Cham. Ay, ſir, my maſter is up, but I think maſter Blague be not ſtirring.

Sir Ral. Why who's thy maſter? Is not the maſter of the houſe thy maſter?

Cham. Yes, ſir, but maſter Blague dwells over the way.

Sir Ar. Is not this the George? Before Jove there's ſome villainy in this.

Cham. Foot, our ſign's remov'd; this is ſtrange!

Enter Blague truſſing his points.

Hoſt. Chamberlain, ſpeak up to the new lodgings,
Bid Nell look well to the bak'd meat.
How now, my old jenerts bank, my horſe,
My caſtle; lie in Waltham all night, and
Not under the canopy of your hoſt Blague's houſe?

Sir Ar. Mine hoſt, mine hoſt, we lay all night at the George in Waltham; but whether the George be your fee-ſimple or no, 'tis a queſtion; look upon your ſign.

Hoſt. Body of ſaint George, this is mine overthwart neighbour hath done this; if I do not indict him at the next aſſizes for burglary, let me die of the yellows; for I ſee 'tis no boot in theſe days to ſerve the good duke of Norfolk: the villainous world is turn'd manger, one jade deceives another, and your hoſtler plays his part commonly for the fourth ſhare: have we comedies in hand, you whorſon, villainous male London-leather?

Sir Ar. Mine hoſt, we have had the moilingeſt night of it, that ever we had in our lives.

Hoſt. Is it certain?

Sir Ar. We have been in the foreſt all night almoſt.

Hoſt. Foot, how did I miſs you? Hart, I was ſtealing of a buck there.

Sir Ar. A plague on you; we were ſtaid for you.

Hoſt. Were you, my noble Romans? Why you ſhall ſhare; the veniſon is a footing, *ſine Cerere & Baccho friget Venus*; that is, there is a good breakfaſt provided for a marriage that is in my houſe this morning.

Sir Ar. A marriage, mine hoſt?

Hoſt.

Hoſt. A conjunction copulative; a gallant match between your daughter and Raymond Mounchenſey, young juvents.

Sir Ar. How?

Hoſt. 'Tis firm; 'tis done.
We'll ſhew you a precedent in the civil law for't.

Sir Ral. How! married?

Hoſt. Leave tricks and admiration, there's a cleanly pair of ſheets on the bed in the orchard chamber, and they ſhall lie there—what? I'll do it, I ſerve the good duke of Norfolk.

Sir Ar. Thou ſhalt repent this, Blague.

Sir Ral. If any law in England will make thee ſmart for this, expect it with all ſeverity.

Hoſt. I renounce your defiance; if you parly ſo roughly, I'll barricado my gates againſt you. Stand fair, bully; prieſt, come off from the rear-ward: what can you ſay now? 'Twas done in my houſe; I have ſhelter in the court for't. Do you ſee yon bay window? I ſerve the good duke of Norfolk, and 'tis his lodging: ſtorm, I care not, ſerving the good duke of Norfolk: thou art an actor in this, and thou ſhalt carry fire in thy face eternally.

Enter Smug, Mounchenſey, Harry Clare, and Milliſent.

Smug. Fire! nouns, there's no fire in England like your Trinidado ſack. Is any man here humourous? We ſtole the veniſon, and we'll juſtify it: ſay you now.

Hoſt. In good ſooth, Smug, there's more ſack on the fire, Smug.

Smug. I do not take any exceptions againſt your ſack; but if you'll lend me a pike-ſtaff, I'll cudgel them all hence, by this hand.

Hoſt. I ſay thou ſhalt into the cellar.

Smug. S'foot, mine hoſt, ſhall's not grapple?
Pray, pray you; I could fight now for all the world like a cockatrice's egg. Shall's not ſerve the duke of Norfolk? [*Exit.*

Hoſt. In, ſkipper, in.

Sir Ar.

Sir Ar. Sirrah! hath young Mounchenſey married your ſiſter?

Har. Cla. 'Tis certain, ſir; here's the prieſt that coupled them, the parties joined, and the honeſt witneſs that cry'd amen.

Moun. Sir Arthur Clare, my new-created father, I beſeech you hear me.

Sir Ar. Sir, ſir, you are a fooliſh boy, you have done that you cannot anſwer: I dare be bold to ſeize on her from you, for ſhe's a profeſs'd nun.

Mil. With pardon, ſir, that name is quite undone;
This true-love knot cancels both maid and nun.
When firſt you told me I ſhould act that part,
How cold and bloody it crept o'er my heart.
To Cheſton with a ſmiling brow I went,
But yet, dear ſir, it was to this intent,
That my ſweet Raymond might find better means
To ſteal me thence. In brief, diſguis'd he came,
Like novice to old father Hilderſham;
His tutor, here, did act that cunning part,
And in our love hath join'd much wit to art.

Cla. Is it even ſo?

Mil. With pardon, therefore, we entreat your ſmiles;
Love thwarted, turns itſelf to thouſand wiles.

Cla. Young maſter Jerningham, were you an actor
In your own love's abuſe?

Jer. My thoughts, good ſir,
Did labour ſeriouſly unto this end,
To wrong myſelf, e'er I'd abuſe my friend.

Hoſt. He ſpeaks like a batchelor of muſick; all in numbers. Knights, if I had known you would have let this covy of partridges ſit thus long upon their knees under my ſign-poſt, I would have ſpread my door with coverlids.

Sir Ar. Well, ſir, for this your ſign was removed, was it?

Hoſt. Faith, we followed the directions of the devil, maſter Peter Fabel; and Smug (lord bleſs us) could never ſtand upright ſince.

Sir Ar.

Sir Ar. You, ſir, 'twas you was his miniſter that married them.

Sir John. Sir, to prove myſelf an honeſt man, being that I was laſt night in the foreſt ſtealing veniſon; now, ſir, to have you ſtand my friend, if the matter ſhould be called in queſtion, I married your daughter to this worthy gentleman.

Sir Ar. I may chance to requite you, and make your neck crack for't.

Sir John. If you do, I am as reſolute as my
Neighbour vicar of Waltham abbey—a hem—
Graſs and hay, we are all mortal;
Let's live till we be hang'd, mine hoſt,
And be merry, and there's an end.

Enter Fabel.

Fab. Now, knights, I enter, now my part begins.
To end this difference, know, at firſt I knew
What you intended, e'er your love took flight
From old Mounchenſey: you, ſir Arthur Clare,
Were minded to have married this ſweet beauty
To young Frank Jerningham; to croſs this match
I us'd ſome pretty ſleights, but I proteſt,
Such as but ſat upon the ſkirts of art;
No conjurations, nor ſuch weighty ſpells
As tie the ſoul to their performancy:
Theſe, for his love who was once my dear pupil,
Have I effected. Now, methinks 'tis ſtrange
That you, being old in wiſdom, ſhould thus knit
Your forehead on this match; ſince reaſon fails,
No law can curb the lovers raſh attempt;
Years, in reſiſting this, are ſadly ſpent:
Smile then upon your daughter and kind ſon,
And let our toil to future ages prove,
The devil of Edmonton did good in love.

Sir Ar. Well, 'tis in vain to croſs the providence:
Dear ſon, I take thee up into my heart;
Riſe, daughter, this is a kind father's part.

Hoſt. Why, ſir George, ſend for Spindle's noiſe preſently:
Ha! e'er't be night I'll ſerve the good duke of Norfolk.

Sir John. Graſs and hay, mine hoſt, let's live till we die, and be merry, and there's an end.

Sir Ar. What, is breakfaſt ready, mine hoſt?

Hoſt. 'Tis, my little Hebrew.

Sir Ar. Sirrah! ride ſtrait to Cheſton nunnery,
Fetch thence my lady; the houſe, I know,
By this time miſſes their young votary.
Come, knights, let's in.

Bilbo. I will to horſe preſently, ſir—A plague on my lady, I ſhall miſs a good breakfaſt.—Smug, how chance you cut ſo plaguely behind, Smug?

Smug. Stand away, I'll founder you elſe.

Bilbo. Farewell, Smug, thou art in another element.

Smug. I will be, by and by, I will be ſaint George again.

Sir Ar. Take heed the fellow do not hurt himſelf.

Sir Ral. Did we not laſt night find two ſaint Georges here?

Fab. Yes, knights, this martialiſt was one of them.

Cla. Then thus conclude your night of merriment.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

ANDROMANA:

OR, THE

Merchant's Wife.

A

TRAGEDY.

By *J. S.*

THIS play hath the letters J. S. *in the title page, and was printed in the year* 1660, *but who was its author I have not been able to learn. The plot is taken from the ſtory of* Plangus, *in ſir* Philip Sidney's *Arcadia.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Ephorbas, king of *Iberia*.
Plangus, his ſon.
Eubulus, *Anamedes*, *Rinatus*, } three lords, and counſellors to the king.
Inophilus, ſon to *Rinatus*, and friend to the prince.
Zopiro, *Nicetes*, *Aramnes*, } captains.
Arteſio, an informing courtier.
Andromana, a merchant's wife.
Libacer, her ſervant,
Meſſenger.
Captains and ſoldiers.

The SCENE *IBERIA*.

ANDROMANA:

OR,

The fatal and deſerved End

OF

Diſloyalty and *Ambition.*

A

TRAGEDY.

ACT I. SCEN. I.

Enter Nicetes and Aramnes.

Nicetes.

I Have obſerv'd it too; but the cauſe is
As unknown to me, as actions done in countries
Not found out yet.

Ara. Some wench, my life to a braſs farthing.

Nic. As like as may be:
We ſoldiers are all given that way; eſpecially

When

When our blood boils high, and pulſes beat
Alarms to Cupid's battles; we're apter
To ſally on a young flaming girl,
Than on an enemy that braves it before our trenches.

Ara. I aſk it not to know his privacies;
For if his freedom doth not acquaint me with them,
Let them be ſecret ſtill—yet I could wiſh
An opportunity to tell him, a little circumſpection
Would be handſome, and ſet a gloſs upon all.
Times might be choſen of leſs publick notice:
It looks ſo poorly in a prince to be thus careleſs
Of his own affairs: men do ſo talk on't—
Here comes Inophilus; if any body knows,
It muſt be he.

Enter Inophilus.

Ino. Your ſervant, captains; ſaw you the prince to-day?

Nic. Not we; we hop'd to hear of him from you.

Ino. 'Tis ſtrange a man adorn'd with ſo much
Wiſdom, ſhould on the ſudden fall off from the
Care of his own fame! I am his friend, and ſo
I know are you; but to ſpeak plainly to you,
He's grown my wonder now, as much as other mens.
I, that have found a ſweetneſs in his company
Beyond whatever lovers dream of in a miſtreſs,
That as he ſpoke, methought have ſmell'd the air perfum'd; nor could have wiſh'd a joy greater than living with him, next thoſe of heav'n, and thoſe preferr'd the more, becauſe I knew Plangus would be there.

I ſay, even I, of late, am grown out of love with any thing that's mortal; ſince I have found Plangus ſo far beneath (I will not ſay my expectations, but) the aſſurances all good men had of future gallantry. He's melancholy now, and hath thrown off the ſpirit which ſo well became him; and all that ſweetneſs which bewitch'd men's hearts, is grown ſo rugged, ſo incompoſed to all commerce, men fear he'll ſhortly quarrel with himſelf. Nay more, he doth not anſwer the fondneſs of his father's love with half that joy he us'd to do.

Ara. 'Tis now about a week I have obſerv'd this alteration; it ſhakes him like an ague once in two days; but holds him longer than a fit o'th' gout: they whiſper about the court as if the king had chid him for it, and now at length found his haunts.

Ino. A poor diſcovery! Who might not find 'em out, that would be ſo uncivil? I was about to follow him, but thought it an ignoble way, beneath the name of friendſhip, and ſo deſiſted. About four days ago, meeting him i'th' long gallery, I aſk'd him how he did? Taking me by the hand, he wrung it, and after a ſigh or two, told me, "Not very well—" But he had buſineſs, and ſo we parted. I ſaw him not again in twenty hours after; and then I aſk'd him where he'd been ſo long? He told me (as if he was aſhamed to deny me ſuch a poor requeſt) I muſt not know: and when I told him, his often abſence was obſerv'd; Is it? (ſaith he) I cannot help it; but it ſhall no more be ſo; and at the laſt he ſtole away: Since when I ſaw him not.

Nic. O this wicked peace! Inophilus,
Is there no hopes of war?
To lye at home to ſee our armours ruſt;
We could keep the prince ſober and merry too,
If he would but exchange his court for a camp.

Ino. The king is old, and doats upon his ſon;
Is loth to venture him to danger:
Yet at this time there is occaſion.
The Argives have refus'd to pay their tribute, and are, for certain, preparing for invaſion: ſome ſay they have got into Iberia already.

Ara. Nay, then there's hopes:
If we could but find the prince with a buff coat again, I ſhould be once more merry.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE 2.

Enter Ephorbas the king, Rinatus, Eubulus, and Aramnes, three lords.

Ephorbas.

SEE the ambaſſadours entertain'd
With ſuch an evenneſs as ſhould be us'd to men
We neither fear nor love; let neither
Too much obſequiouſneſs teach them inſolency,
Nor any ill uſage brand us with incivility:
Stay you, Rinatus. [*He ſighs.*
[*Exeunt Eub. Aram.*
—Open thy boſom, and receive torrents of ſorrow,
That lie like rocks of lead upon my ſoul;
Honeſt Rinatus, experience bids me truſt thee
With a mighty ſecret. Thou canſt not chuſe
But know, my ſon, of late, is much retir'd.
I do not like that youth ſhould be thus melancholy:
Let them enjoy themſelves, for age will come,
Whoſe impotency will deny all pleaſures.
I do believe he loves me. Hah?

Rin. Yes, doubtleſs, better than ſick men health;
Or thoſe who are pen'd up in darkneſs
Love the ſun.

Eph. I ſpeak not as if I thought he did not;
For thou know'ſt I humour him, afford him
Liberty enough; I never chide him, nor expreſs
The leaſt diſlike of any action. Am not I a gentle father?
Methinks were I a ſon again, to ſuch a father,
I ſhould not think he liv'd too long; ſhould'ſt thou, Rinatus?

Rin. No more doth he, upon my ſoul:
One command of yours would make him venture upon
Light'ning, nay almoſt make him act a ſin;
A thing he fears to name.

Eph. I do believe thee:
But yet, methinks, ſhould he be grown ſo impious,
There might be found excuſes,
A crown is a temptation; eſpecially ſo near one:
'Tis not with princes as with other ſons; and I am told too——
Hath not my hand the palſy? Doth a crown become gray hairs?
To be a king might make ſome men forſwear all conſcience.
But I know Plangus hath far nobler thoughts—
And yet an empire might excuſe a parricide.

Rin. Sir! ſure you are a ſtranger to your ſon;
For, give me leave to ſay, your fears are vain:
So great a virtue as the prince's,
Cannot anticipate his hopes by any ſin:
Honour and duty have been acquainted with him now too long
To be divorc'd. Some ſycophants there are
(Such creatures ſtill will haunt the court) I know
Love not the prince, becauſe he loves not them.
Sir, ſhut your ears to them, they will betray you to your ruin.
Jealouſy's a diſeaſe ſhould be below a king,
As that which ſeizeth on the baſeſt ſpirits;
Oh, ſhut it from your ſoul!
One may read in ſtory
What dire effects the fury hath brought forth:
Kings make away their only ſons, and princes their fathers;
And when they have done, they may deſpair at leiſure.

Eph. I do not think Plangus hath plots, or on my crown,
Or me; he was virtuous always, and is ſtill, I hope:
But why is he ſo much from court then, and alone too?
I do but aſk the queſtion.

Rin. It can be no deſign, believe me, ſir;
For crowns are won by other courſes.
Aſpirers muſt grow popular, be hedg'd about

With their confederates; then would he flatter you,
Be jolly ſtill, as if no melancholy thought were in him.
A guilty conſcience would then teach him policy,
And he would ſeek to take ſuſpicion from all his carriages;
Innocence makes him careleſs now.
Eph. Thou haſt almoſt reſolv'd me,
The tempeſt in my ſoul is almoſt laid,
And wants but time to calm it.
Youth hath its whimſies, nor are we
To examine all their paths too ſtrictly.
We went awry ourſelves when we were young.
Rin. Sir!
Eph. Thou may'ſt be gone, Rinatus.
[*Exit Rinatus.*

SCENE 3.

Ephorbas ſolus.

THE bleſſing of an honeſt ſervant!
This Rinatus is truer unto me.
He loves the king as well as I Ephorbas;
And may I live but to reward him;
For he's too honeſt for a court.
Enter Arteſio.
How now, Arteſio? thy looks ſpeak ſtrong amazement;
I am with child to hear the news: Pr'ythee be quick in the delivery.
Art. The prince, an't pleaſe your majeſty—
Ephor. What of him, Arteſio?
Art. I have obſerv'd is much retir'd of late.
Eph. So have I too; this is no news.
Art. And I can whiſper in your ear the cauſe.
'Twas chance, no policy of mine, betray'd his privacies:
Ill offices are not the engines I deſire to riſe by;
Only love to the young prince makes me reveal them.

Eph. Nay, nay, without apology ;
If it were treaſon, it ſhould not go down the ſooner
For all the gilded preparation.
Nor am I of ſo feminine a humour, as
To miſtruſt affection delivered bluntly :
Plain meaning ſhould be plainly told ;
Bad wares may have falſe lights, good can abide the day.

Art. But I know
The nature of my office ;
Though kings ſtill hug ſuſpicion in their boſoms,
They hate the cauſers ; love to hear ſecrets too,
Yet the revealers ſtill fare the worſe,
Being either thought guilty of ends or weakneſs ;
And ſo eſteem'd by thoſe they tell them to,
Either unfit or dangerous to be truſted.
Perhaps, ſir, when the prince and you are friends again,
You'll tell me, that had my love been real,
I ſhould have whiſper'd the prince's errors to himſelf—

Eph. Without a ſyllable of prologue more,
Or I ſhall verify your fears.

Art. In this brave city (take it as brief as may be)
There lives a beauty, fit to command
Them that command the world,
And might be Alexander's miſtreſs, were he yet alive,
And had added empires as large as his deſires :
She's but a private merchant's wife ;
Yet the prince is ſo far gravell'd in her affection,
I fear—

Eph. Then there is hopes I may recall him :
Love is a childiſh evil, though the effects are dangerous.
A prince's errors
Grown publick, will be ſcandalous.
Poor boy ! perhaps the jealous huſband may commit a murder ;
I would not have him cut off ſo young :
Love ſhould be princes recreation, not their buſineſs.
What phyſick muſt we give him for his cure ?

Art. I dare not counſel you ;
But in my poor judgment

Some

Some gentle fatherly perſuaſions will work upon
So good a nature.
Eph. Could'ſt thou but poſſibly effect
How I might take him napping?
Art. That is beyond my ſkill:
But I can ſhew you the houſe, and time
He walks from hence in, which will be
About an hour hence; for then her huſband
Comes home from the Ryalto.
Eph. Time will not tarry for a king; let's go.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene 4.

Inophilus.

WHat is become of this young prince? or where
Doth he beſtow himſelf? Doth he walk inviſible?
Where have I been to look him?
The horſes are in the ſtables,
His page and I at home too, that us'd to be as inſepa-
rable companions.

Enter Nicetes, Aramnes.

Ara. Well met, gentlemen, where is the hermit
Plangus?
Nic. We cannot tell, nor have we been to ſeek him.
If at the court, we ſhould hear preſently; if not,
We might be too officious in his ſearch,
And our enquiry might make his abſence but ſo much
the more
Notorious; and I'm confident he's well:
His virtue guards him ſtill from all miſchances.
Ino. Though his company's the deareſt thing I love,
Yet for his good I could digeſt his abſence,
But that I doubt a mighty miſchief might ſpring
From this ſmall grain of indiſcretion.
The king is old, and there are knaves about the court,
That

That (if he knew it not) would tell him ſo :
And men conſcious to themſelves of a deficiency,
Are ſtill moſt jealous of a growing worth.
Perhaps a thinking father (for plodding is old age's ſickneſs)
May take notice of his ſon's retirement, and miſconſtrue it ſo :
Nothing is impoſſible —
Heaven ſend it otherwiſe.

Ara. This care becomes you, ſir ; but I dare ſwear 'tis needleſs : the king is but an ill diſſembler ; and had he but the leaſt thought of ſuch a thing, he'd hide it leſs than the ſun conceals his brightneſs : beſides, a man as great as Ephorbas is, whoſe rule of living hath been directed by the line of virtue, cannot miſtruſt that vice in his own ſon, of which himſelf was never guilty : Had his younger years been tainted with inordinate deſires, or had his crown been the effect of ſome audacious crime, perhaps his guilty conſcience might have miſtruſted ; but 'tis impoſſible where there is no guilt, to fear a puniſhment.

Ino. You ſpeak my hopes :
But this for certain, gentlemen,
The king, who was admired for his matchleſs ſleeping,
Whoſe night no noiſe diſturb'd, and it was difficult
To wake before his hour, ſleeps but unquietly of late,
Will ſtart at mid-night, and cry Plangus :
Is greedy after news, and walks unevenly,
And ſometimes on the ſudden looks behind him ; and when
One ſpeaks to him, ſcarcely marks one ſyllable.
Surely the mind of ſome diſtemper ſhakes
His ſoul into this looſeneſs.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My lord, the prince deſires
To meet you half an hour hence i' th' gallery.

Ino. Me ?

Meſſ. Yes, my lord.

Ino. I ſhall. Your ſervant, captains.

All

All. Yours, my lord.

[*Exeunt at ſeveral doors.*

SCENE 5.

Plangus, Andromana.

Plangus.

IT cannot be ſo late.

And. Believ't, the ſun is ſet, my dear,
And candles have uſurp'd the office of the day.

Plan. Indeed, methinks a certain miſt,
Like darkneſs, hangs on my eye-lids.
But too great luſtre may undo the ſight:
A man may ſtare ſo long upon the ſun, that he
May look his eyes out; and certainly 'tis ſo with me;
I have ſo greedily ſwallow'd thy light,
That I have ſpoil'd my own.

And. Why ſhouldſt thou tempt me to my ruin thus?
As if thy preſence were leſs welcome to me,
Than day to one, who ('tis ſo long ago
He ſaw the ſun) hath forgot what light is.
Love of thy preſence makes me wiſh this abſence.
Phœbus himſelf muſt ſuffer an eclipſe,
And clouds are ſtill foils to the brighteſt ſplendor:
Some ſhort departure will (like a river ſtopt)
Make the current of our pleaſures run
The higher at our next meeting.

Plan. Alas, my deareſt!
Tell thoſe ſo, that know not what it is to part from bleſſing;
Bid not him ſurfeit to taſte health's ſweetneſs,
That knows what 'tis to groan under a diſeaſe.

And. Then let us ſtand and out-face danger,
Since you will have it ſo; deſpiſe report,
And contemn ſcandals into nothing,

Which

Which vaniſh with the breath that utters 'em;
Love is above theſe vanities.
Should the innocent thing my huſband take thee here,
He could not ſpite me but by growing jealous;
And jealouſy's black effect would be a cloiſter
Perhaps to kill me too: But that's impoſſible,
I cannot die ſo long as Plangus loves me.
Yet ſay this piece of earth ſhould play the coward,
And fall at ſome unlucky ſtroke,
Love would tranſport my better half
To its center, Plangus' heart, and I ſhould live in him.
But, ſir, you have a fame to loſe, which ſhould be
A prince's only care and darling,
Which ſhould have an eternity beyond his life:
If he ſhould take that from you, I ſhould be kill'd indeed.

Plan. Why doſt thou uſe theſe arguments to bid me go,
Yet chain me to thy tongue, while the angel-like
Muſick of thy voice ent'ring my thirſty ears,
Charms up my fears to immobility?
'Tis more impoſſible for me to leave thee,
Than for this carcaſe to quait away its grave-ſtone,
When it lies deſtitute of a ſoul to inform it.
Mariners might with far greater eaſe
Hear whole ſhoals of Sirens ſinging,
And not leap out to their deſtruction,
Than I forſake ſo dangerous a ſweetneſs.

And. I will be dumb then.

Plan. I will be deaf firſt. I've thought a way now,
I'll run from hence, and leave my ſoul behind me.
It ſhall be ſo—and yet it ſhall not neither:
What! ſhall a huſband baniſh a prince his houſe for fear?
A huſband! 'tis but an airy title;
I will command there ſhall be no ſuch thing,
And then Andromana is mine, or his, or any man's
She will herſelf. Theſe ceremonies
Fetter the world, and I was born to free it.
Shall man, that noble creature, be afraid of words,

Things

Things himſelf made ?
Shall ſounds, a thing of ſeven ſmall letters, give
Check to a prince's will ?
And. Did you not promiſe me, dear ſir ?
Have you not ſworn too, you would not ſtay beyond the time ?
Have oaths no more validity with princes ?
Let me not think ſo.
Plan. Come, I will go, thou ſhalt not aſk in vain;
But let us kiſs at parting, it may be our laſt, perhaps.
—I cannot now move one foot, though all the furies
Should whip me forward with their ſnakes.
Woman, thou ſtol'ſt my heart, juſt now thou ſtol'ſt it.
A cannon bullet might have kiſs'd my lips
And left me as much life.
[*The king having liſt'ned comes in ſoftly.*
—Are we betray'd ?
What art ? ſpeak, or reſolve to die.
King. A well-wiſher of the prince's.
Plan. The king ?—It cannot be ! [*He ſtarts.*
King. Though thou haſt thrown all nature off,
I cannot what's my duty.
Ungracious boy ! had'ſt been the offspring of a ſinful bed,
Thou might'ſt have claim'd adultery as inheritance ;
Luſt would have been thy kinſman, and what enormity
Thy looſer life could have been guilty of,
Had found excuſe in an unnatural conception.
Pr'ythee hereafter ſeek another father :
Ephorbas cannot call him ſon, that makes luſt his deity.
Had I but known—(but we are hoodwink'd ſtill
To all miſchances) I ſhould have had a ſon,
That would make it his ſtudy to embrace corruption,
And take delight in unlawful ſheets,
I would have hugg'd a monſter in mine arms
Before thy mother.—Good heavens !
What will this world come to at laſt ?
When princes, that ſhould be the patterns to all virtue,
Lead up the dance to vice !
What ſhall we call our own, when our own wives

Baniſh

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Baniſh

Baniſh their faith, and prove falſe to us?
Have I with ſo much care promis'd my ſelf
So pleaſing a ſpring of comfort, and are all
Thoſe bloſſoms nipt, and buds burnt up by the fire
Of luſt and ſin?—
Have I thus long laboured againſt
The billows, that did oppoſe my growing hopes,
And muſt I periſh in the haven's mouth?
No gulf but this to be devoured in?
Could not youth's inclination find out
Another rock to ſplit itſelf upon?
Had'ſt thou hugg'd drunkenneſs, the wit or mirth
Of company might have excus'd it.
Prodigality had been a ſin
A prince might have been proud in, compar'd to this.
Or had thy greener years incited thee to treaſon
And attempt a doubting father's crown,
It had been a noble vice.
Ambition runs through the veins of princes;
It bring forth acts great as themſelves and it;
Spurs on to honour, and reſolves great things.
But this, this leachery is ſuch a thing,
Sin is too brave a name for't.
A prince (I might ſay my ſon,
But let that paſs) and dare to ſhow
Himſelf to nought but darkneſs, and black chambers,
Whoſe motions like ſome planet
Are all excentrick, not two hours together
In his own ſphere, the court?—
But I am tame to talk thus; begone with as much ſpeed
As a coward would avoid his death;
And never more preſume to look upon this woman,
this whore,
Thou loſeſt both thy eyes and me elſe.

[*Plangus is going out, but comes again.*

Plan. Sir, the reverence that I owe my father,
And the injury I have done this gentlewoman,
Had charm'd me up to ſilence; but I muſt
Speak ſomething for her honour:

Whe

When I have done, command me to the altar.
Whilſt (I confeſs) you tainted me with ſin,
I did applaud you, and condemn myſelf,
It look'd like a father's care.—But when
You us'd that term of whore to her that ſtands there,
I would have given ten thouſand kingdoms
You had had no more relation to me,
Than hath the northern to the ſouthern pole.
I ſhould have flown to my revenge ſwifter than lightning.
But I forbear, and pray imagine not what I had done.

King. Upon my life, ſhe is very handſome. [*Aſide.*

Plan. To be a whore is more unknown to her,
Than what is done in the Antipodes;
She is ſo pure ſhe cannot think a ſin,
Nor ever heard the name to underſtand it.

King. No doubt, theſe private meetings
Were to read her moral lectures, and teach her
Chaſtity.

Plan. Nay, give me leave, ſir,
I do not ſay my addreſſes have been all ſo virtuous;
For whatſoever baſe deſires a flaming beauty
Could kindle in a heart, were all alive in me,
And prompted me to ſeek ſome eaſe, by quenching
Burnings hotter than Ætna.
Imagine but a man that had drunk mercury,
And had a fire within his bones,
Whoſe blood was hotter than the melted ore;
If he ſhould wiſh for drink, nay ſteal it too,
Could you condemn him?

Eph. Marry'd, do they ſay? [*Aſide.*

Plan. I did endure a heat
Seas could not cool; it would have kill'd a ſalamander.
Then, taught both impudence and wit,
I fingled out my foe, us'd all the arts
That love could think upon, and in the end
Found a moſt abſolute repulſe.

King. Well, Plangus, youth excuſes the firſt fault,
But a relapſe exceeds all pardon.

[*Ex. King & Plangus.*

SCENE

SCENE 4.

Andromana.

CURST be old age, and he that first number'd fourscore:
What devil has betray'd us to a doating fool?
Did I but now promise myself what hopes
Ambitious thoughts could reach; and shall I sink
Down to my first foundation without the pleasure of
A tasted greatness? Death and disgrace,
I dare provoke the utmost of your malice,
After the sweetness of some sharp revenge.

Enter Libacer, in haste.

Lib. Madam, my master.

An. You may both hang together.

Lib. Why, this it is, if a man should kill his father For you, he should be thus rewarded; as soon as Your turn's served, I may be hang'd that did it.

A. Since he is dead; how was it done?

Lib. Why, nothing; only as he was taking water at the Ryalto, his foot slip'd a little, and he came tumbling in the sea; whence he was taken up, but not alive.

An. Heav'n prospers not these courses,
I see it plainly; let them be acted with as much closeness,
Or to what end soever, they never thrive. Libacer,
We are undone, undone; the king hath found
His son here, and I have lost him to eternity.

Lib. You women are the shalloweſt creatures,
You never look beyond the present.
Rome was not built in one day, madam;
Greatness is never sweet that comes too easily.
Should Plangus be a fool now, and obey his father—
Pox o'this virtue, it spoils most men living.
We have hopes yet; revenge is something,
And if my old trade fail not,

Princes

rinces are mortal as well as other men;
et my ſoul inſpires me with half a confidence
hat Leon hath not dy'd in vain.
uſe to ſee as far into miſchief as another:
ll go to him, and if I bring him not within this half hour,
s hot and eager on the ſcent as e'er he was,
ake me and hang me at my coming home.
—Madam, here is a meſſenger from court.

[*As he is going out he meets Arteſio.*

An. If from thence, I may be bold to aſk,
ow Plangus, the nobleſt prince alive, doth?

Art. Madam, as well as ſoldiers can
hat are ſick for honour; I ſuppoſe by this time
'ath left the court, and is gone in queſt for glory,
hich he intends to raviſh from young Argo's brow,
he valiant leader of the Argives army.

An. I'm confident then, ſir, your buſineſs is not to me;
f any body elſe hath ſent you, ſir, be pleas'd to ſpare the meſſage,
nd tell them, I neither have learn'd the tricks
'th' court, nor yet intend it: I want no new gowns,
nd have heard men forſwear themſelves
better language, and to better purpoſe
han gaining of a lady's honour.

Art. Madam, my buſineſs is from the king,
ho doth intreat you would be pleas'd to bleſs the court
his afternoon with your fair preſence,
nd bring an anſwer; I muſt not ſtay for one.

[*Exit Art.*

An. Now we do ſee an end of all our miſchiefs;
he prince is gone from court, and the king hath ſent for us;
oth not the name ſtike terror to thy curdling blood?

Lib. No, by my troth, not at all; as far as I ſee,
ou're better than you were. I'll lay my life the old man
ould turn gameſter.

Take

Take my counſel, play deep
Or not at all: not an ace under a kingdom.
Your grace, I hope, will remember your poor friends.
An. If I do find any ſuch thing,
Let me alone to melt his ice.
Go, get me mourning with all haſte. [*Exit Li*
Let froward fortune do her worſt; I ſhall
Create my greatneſs, or, attempting, fall:
And when I fall, I will deſerve my ruin. [*Exi*

ACT II. SCEN. I.

Enter Plangus, Nicetes, Aramnes.

Nicetes.

WHAT, ſir, and are you melancholy,
When fate hath ſhower'd a happineſs ſo unex-
pected on us?
This ugly ſneaking peace is the ſoldier's rock
He ſplits his fortune on. Bawdry's a virtue to't.
Poh! theſe beaver-hats, they make one's head ake
Worſe than a cap of ſteel; and bear not off a knock
The tenth part ſo well.

Pl. You're mad for fighting, gentlemen,
And we ſhall have enough of it.
The Argives, fifty thouſand ſtrong,
Have like a whirlwind born down all before 'em;
And I, with thirteen thouſand, that remain
Yet undiſbanded of the laſt expedition,
Have command to fight that multitude
Of old tough ſoldiers: while ours,
In a month or two, won't have pick'd up that valour
That in this idle time hath ſlipt from 'em.
They have forgot what noiſe a muſket makes;

A

And ſtart if they but hear a drum:
Are theſe fellows either enow, or fit,
On whom a kingdom's ſafety ſhould be built?
Indeed were they to encounter ſome miſtreſs,
Or ſtorm a brothel-houſe, perhaps they'd venture;
But for my part, I yield; nor would I oppoſe my father:
If he ſees good we periſh, I am already ſacrific'd;
Yet our enemies ſhall dearly purchaſe
Their victory.
Pray look to your charge, Nicetes, and you
Aramnes, with all care and ſpeed; and when you come
Into the field, then let me ſee this countenance,
That frowning ſmile, and I ſhall like it.
I love a man runs laughing upon death—
But we loſe time in talk.

Ex. Nic. Aram.

SCENE 2.

Enter Inophilus.

Inophilus.

YOUR ſervant, captains. Sir, pray a word with you.

Pl. Pr'ythee be ſhort, Inophilus, thou know'ſt my buſineſs.

Ino. Sir, I am mad to ſee your tameneſs:
A man bound up by magick is not ſo ſtill as you;
Nothing was ever precipitated thus,
And yet refus'd to ſee it's ruin.

Pl. Thou art tedious, I ſhall not tarry.

Ino. You are made general.

Pl. I know it.

Ino. Againſt the Argives.

Pl. So.

Ino. With thirteen thouſand men, no more, ſir.

Pl.

Pl. I am glad on't, the honour is the greater.

Ino. The danger is the greater; you will be kill'd, ſir,
And loſe your army.

Pl. Is this all? I care not.

Ino. But ſo do I, and ſo do all your friends.
I ſmell a rat, ſir, there's juggling in this buſineſs,
I am as confident of it as I am alive.
The king might within this twenty-four hours
Have made a peace on fair conditions.

(*Pl.* But diſhonourable.)

Ino. And would not. On a ſudden uſeth the ambaſſadors ſcurvily,
And provokes the Argives, yet himſelf in no poſture
Of defence.

Pl. But ——

Ino. Pray give me leave, ſir.
After this, you are on a ſudden created general,
And pack'd away with a crowd of unhewn fellows,
Whoſe courage hangs as looſe about them
As a ſlut's petticoats. Sir, he had other ſpirits
In the court, created for ſuch perils.
Excuſe me, I know you fear not to meet deſtruction;
But where men are ſure to periſh,
'Twere well the perſons were of leſs concernment.
He might have let you ſtaid till you had gather'd
An army fit for your command, and ſent
Some petty things upon this expedition,
Whoſe loſs would have been nothing, and of whom
It might have been recorded in our ſtory
As an honour, that they died monuments
Of the king's folly. But let that paſs;
You'll ſay perhaps, you only have a ſpirit
Fit for ſuch undertakings——I wiſh you had not;
Your want then would not be half ſo grievous.
But here's the prodigy! you muſt fight them preſently,
Come, 'tis a project put into the king's head
By ſome who have a plot on you and him.

Pl. It may be ſo, Inophilus, and I believe
All this is true you tell me, and it might ſtartle

A man

A man were leſs reſolv'd than I.
But danger and I have been too long acquainted
To ſhun a meeting now; I am engag'd,
And cannot any ways come off with reputation.
Hadſt told me this before, perhaps I might have thought on't—
And yet I ſhould not neither.
If the king thinks I am grown dangerous,
'Tis all one to me which way he takes me from his fears,
He could not do it handſomer than thus;
It makes leſs noiſe now—
But come, I muſt not fear ſuch things, Inophilus:
The king hath more virtue and honour than
To do theſe actions, fit only for guilty ſouls;
Nor muſt I fear when my Inophilus fights by me.

Ino. Troth, ſir, for all your compliment,
If you have no valour but what owes itſelf to my company,
You're like to make cold breakfaſt of your enemies:
I have other buſineſs than to throw away
My life, when there is ſo much odds againſt it:
I'll ſtay at home, and pray for you, that's all, ſir.

Pl. How! wilt not go then, Inophilus?

Ino. The time hath been,
I thought it better ſport
To buſtle through a briſtly grove of pikes;
When I have courted rugged danger with
Hotter deſires than handſome faces,
And thought no women half ſo beautiful
As bloody gaping wounds:
But, ſir, to go and caſt away myſelf now,
Would not be gallant, nor an action worth my envy:
'Tis weakneſs to make thoſe that ſeek
My ruin, laugh at my folly, with jaws ſtretch'd wider
Than the gulph that ſwallows us.
I know when honour calls me, and when treaſon
Counterfeits her voice.

Pl. Well, ſtay at home and freeze,
And loſe all ſenſe of glory in a miſtreſs' arms.

Go, periſh tamely, drunk with ſin and peace;
And may'ſt thou, ſince thou dar'ſt not die with them,
Outlive thy noble friends.

Ino. I thank you, ſir, but I cannot be angry.

SCENE 3.

Enter Nicetes and Aramnes, with ſome captains and ſoldiers.

Nicetes.

YOnder's the bones o'th' army rally'd up together,
But they look rather as if they came home
From being ſoundly beaten.
Methinks ſuch tatter'd rogues ſhould never conquer,
Victory would look ſo ſcurvily among 'em,
They'd ſo bedaub her, if ſhe wore clean linen.

Cap. Sir, we wear as ſound hearts in theſe torn breeches,
As e'er a courtier of them all.
We are not afraid of ſpoiling our hands for want
Of gloves, nor need we almond-butter when we go to bed.
And though my lieutenant is pleaſed to be a little merry,
You ſhall ſee us die as handſomly in theſe old cloaths
As thoſe wear better, and become our wounds as well,
And perhaps ſmell as ſweet when we are rotten.

Pl. We hope it.—Captains and fellow ſoldiers,
We are proud of this occaſion to try your valours;
You ſhall go no farther than your prince doth,
I'll be no bringer up of rears.
Let not the number of the foe affright you,
The more they are, the more will the honour be.
The lion ſcorns to prey upon a hare,
Nor is the blinking taper fit to try eagles eyes.
The weight of glory makes our danger light;

When

When victory comes eaſily, 'tis half a ſhame
To conquer.

[*Soldiers ſhout, and exeunt.*

Ino. I'll ſtay at home and grieve, that ſo many
Daring ſouls ſhould die on ſuch advantage.

[*Exit Ino.*

SCENE 4.

Enter the King, ſolus.

King.

HER huſband dead too!—Fates, let me die,
I am too happy to remain long thus
Without a ruin, great as the hight I fell from.
Plangus was my only obſtacle, but him I have
Remov'd——
But love commanded,
His preſence would have countermanded all attempts;
I need not fear his magick at this diſtance.
His looks and actions were one entire enchantment, and
Powerful over a lady's heart.
I ſent for her, but ſhe's not come yet.
Who waits without?

Enter Arteſio.

Art. There's a mourning lady, ſir,
Would ſpeak with the king.

King. Admit her, and begone.

SCENE 5.

Enter Andromana in mourning, with a hood over her face, which ſhe throws up when ſhe ſees the king.

King.

SO riſeth Phœbus from the gloomy night,
(While pale-fac'd Dian maketh haſte to hide
Her borrow'd glory in ſome neighb'ring cloud,
Envying the beauty of the new-born day)
When darkneſs crouds into the other world.
Madam, why kneel you? [*She kneels.*
You, at whoſe name monarchs themſelves might tremble,
And mortals bow with rev'rence great as they pay to altars:
Scepters ſhould break in pieces and adore you;
At whoſe ſight the ſun and moon ſhould bluſh themſelves
To blood and darkneſs, and falling from their ſphere,
Cruſh the audacious world to atoms; for daring
To behold a luſtre ſo much greater than their own.

An. Sir, give me leave to wonder
What ſin I have committed, which calling
Down the vengeance of the gods,
Hath made me author of all this blaſphemy.
Sir, I beſeech your majeſty, if you are angry with your creature,
Speak ſome cruel word and blaſt me.
Scorn me not into the other world,
Where I have ſins enough of my own to bluſh for,
And ſhall not need to dye his cheeks for other mens offences.

King. Lady, though Parthian darts are not ſo ſharp
As are thoſe killing words, yet that breath which
Utters them, is ſweeter than the morning dew.
I'll be dumb, for praiſes cannot add, but rather

Diminiſh

Diminiſh Andromana's worth.

An. I wonder now no longer at this language,
'Tis ſuch as kings are bred in.
But I beſeech you, ſir, if there be aught
You will command your ſervant; if Andromana
Muſt do or ſuffer any thing, for great Ephorbas,
Lay by yourſelf a minute, and remember
A merchant's wife muſt hear you.

King. Your huſband Leon's dead, I hear, lady—
[*She weeps.*
Nay, ſpare thoſe pearls, madam, caſt not away
Such treaſure upon the memory of one,
Who, if the beſt of men, deſerves them not.
Come, come, forget theſe ſorrows, lady,
And wear not mourning weeds before the world's deſtruction;
Hide not thoſe fair eyes, whoſe ſplendour would enrich
Our court.
Madam, though none there be in court
Can merit ſuch a beauty, yet I myſelf
Have taken pains to ſearch a huſband for you;
What think you of myſelf?

An. Great ſir, your care is like yourſelf, all noble,
But ſuits with me no better
Than Phœbus' horſes did with Phaeton,
Ruin'd the world and him. Firſt, ſir,
You do debaſe yourſelf to honour her, whoſe worth
Is leſs conſiderable than lovers oaths:
My huſband's aſhes are ſcarce cold yet,
And would your majeſty have me forſake my honour,
And his memory, ſo ſoon?
I have not paid oblations due to his aſhes yet.

King. You compliment away the worth we know you have, Andromana:
What ſay you to the prince?

An. I ſay he is the prince, and great Ephorbas ſon;
He's Plangus: and if you think there yet remains
A title that can be either better or greater,

I think him worthy of it.

King. But doſt think him worthy, Andromana?

A. O heavens! Is Jove worth heav'n?
Or doth the ſun deſerve to be a light
To all the world? Can virtue deſerve honour?
Or labour, riches? Can gods merit altars?
It might have been a puzzling queſtion
To them whoſe ears have not been bleſs'd with Plangus' worth.
But this, 'tis ſo below him——

King. But ſay he loves thee.

An. I dare not ſay ſo:
For when I think a prince pretends to ſuch poor things
As I am, I feel an ice run through my veins,
And my blood curdles into flakes of ſnow,
And bids me fear him; not with an awe, or reverence,
But as a ſpotted ſinful thing, which is the worſe
For being great. 'Tis ſuch a fear, as I
Should conceive againſt an armed raviſher.

King. Theſe things may be expected, lady, I confeſs,
From blood that boils in flames hot as the ſun
In ſcorching Libra, or ſturdy Hercules,
When he unmaiden'd fifty in one night;
But from a man whoſe years have tam'd thoſe vices,
Whoſe love is doatage and not luſt,
Who doth adore a handſom virtue, and pays
His vows to't, you ſhould have other hopes.
Plangus is young, a ſoldier, and by conſequence
Something which youth excuſes. But Ephorbas
Hath left thoſe toys behind him, when he ſhook off his youth.

An. Sir, now my fears are out.
O virtue! are there juſt powers which men adore,
And throw away their prayers upon,
That lend their eyes to human actions? or was the name
Of heaven invented to ſtill petty ſinners?
Sir, ſure I am miſtaken,
You are not great Ephorbas, ſir, whoſe virtue
Is a theme of wonder to all neighbour nations;

Pray

Pray help me to him, I would ſee that angel;
The kingdom's honour, and good men's ſanctuary.
But if you are the man, whom I have pray'd for
Oftner than I have ſlept; pray, ſir, belie not
A virtue which I have hitherto admired.

King. I ſee you are a ſtranger, lady, (give me leave to ſay ſo)
To Ephorbas;
But if a lady of thy melting years
Can love this grayneſs, I vow, my ſcepter,
Throne, kingdom, and myſelf are thine;
Thou'rt fit to be a queen. [*She ſtarts back.*

An. A queen! ſir, have your ſubjects anger'd you?
Have they rebell'd, or done ſome ſin that wants a name?
I'll cleave to'th' pavement till I have begg'd a vegeance
Great as their crime; but this you mention
Is a puniſhment, which your ſubjects muſt
Study years to curſe you for; no ſin deſerves it.
You would blind my eyes with throwing gold before 'em,
Or ſet me up ſo high on the ſteep pinnacle
Of honour's temple, that you would have me not be able
To look down on my own ſimplicity.
You can create me great, I know ſir, but good you cannot;
You might compel, entice me too perhaps to ſin;
But can you allay a gnawing conſcience,
Or bind up bleeding reputation?
I did never hear that phyſick could afford
A remedy for a wounded honour.

Ep. Th'art a fool, Andromana.
You muſt be mine,
Conſider on't.

An. Sir, you may command your vaſſal.

King. That's kindly ſaid.

An. But—I humbly take my leave,
Goodneſs protect you.

SCENE 6.

Enter to him Rinatus, Eubulus, and Aramnes.

Ephorbas.

WAIT on that lady forth.

Rin. Would there were not a woman in the world,
So we had our prince again.
Sir, are you mad? or have forgot you are a father?
You have undone us all.

Eph. Why, what's the matter?

Rin. O ſir, the prince——

Eph. He is not dead, Rinatus, is he?

Rin. Sir, if he be, 'tis you have murder'd him:
Was it for this you were ſo jealous t'other day?
May my Inophilus never pretend to virtue,
I'll teach him a more thriving art.
Come to the window a little, ſir, and hear
How the good people curſe you; as cold weather
As it is, ſome are ſo hard at it they ſweat again.

Eph. Pr'ythee unriddle; haſt thou drank hemlock
Since I ſaw thee laſt?

Rin. I would not be in my wits for any thing i'th' world,
My grief would kill me, if I were:
He's mad that will ſpeak ſenſe or reaſon,
Now you have thrown away our prince thus;
Whoſe innocence was clearer than his own eyes:
Can you think how you have murdered ſo much virtue,
And not bluſh yourſelf to death?

Eph. I think indeed I ſent him general againſt the Argives,
But, 'twas his own deſire.

Rin. 'T was not his own deſire, ſir, to have but thirteen thouſand men,
Sir, was it? Was that army fit to oppoſe great Argo?

There

There came a meſſenger juſt now, that ſaw the prince
Not ſixteen miles from hence (for thither is the foe
march'd)
Draw up his men to engage the enemy.
Eph. For heav'ns ſake, Rinatus, poſt him back again,
Bid him retreat; command my ſon from me,
Not to go on till greater forces follow him.
If it be poſſible redeem the error;
I'd give my kingdom, life, or any thing,
It were to do again.
Rin. I'm glad to ſee this now, heav'n ſend it ben't too late.
Eph. Nay, ſtand not prating. [*A horn within.*
Rin. 'Tis from the army, ſir. O heaven, I fear!
Eph. If from the army, pr'ythee put on better looks.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Your ſon, nay more, your dying ſon,
Commanded me to bring you word
He dy'd true to his honour, king, and countrymen;
Nor let me ſtay to ſee the brighteſt lamp go out,
That ever grac'd this orb. [*The king faints.*
Rin. O heaven, the king! why this is worſe, ſir,
Than the other; let not us not loſe you both.
Eph. Let me but hear how 'twas he made his exit,
And then my glaſs is run, I will not live
One minute longer.
Meſſ. Sir, thus it was——
'Tis ſcarce three hours ago ſince the brave
Plangus march'd from Lixa with an army,
Whoſe ſouls were richer than their cloaths by far,
Though their valour had put on all the bravery
That ſoldiers ever wore. The prince, whoſe preſence
Breath'd new fire into theſe flaming ſpirits,
Reſolv'd to meet the enemy with his handful,
And with a winged ſpeed fell down to th' Elean
ſtreights,
Determining there to try it with him.

His ſoldiers alſo, true ſons of war,
Contemning ſo great odds, when victory and their country
Was to crown the conquerors, whetted
Their eager valours with impatient expectation
Of the enemy, who truſting to his multitude came on
Wing'd both with ſcorn and anger, to ſee that paucity
Should dare diſpute victory againſt their odds.
Plangus, who though he ſaw, yet could not fear
Deſtruction, and ſcorn'd to avoid it,
When the king commanded him to meet it,
Marſhal'd his army to the beſt advantage,
And having given Zopiro the left wing,
The body to Evarnes, himſelf choſe out the right,
Becauſe he would be oppoſite to Argo.
And keeping a reſerve, as great as could be hop'd for
From ſo ſmall a company, not above five hundred men,
He gave the command of them to Zenon,
Who with his fellows took it ill they ſhould be ſo long idle,
And had not the honour to be thought worthy
To die with the moſt forward, and would, no queſtion, have
Refus'd the charge; but that the ſmiling prince
Promis'd them they ſhould have time to die.
Words here were needleſs, nor had he time to uſe them.

Rin. What, was Inophilus idle all this while?

Meſſ. I only heard the prince wiſh, juſt as
He ſpurr'd his horſe againſt the valiant Argo,
He had fewer by a thouſand men,
So he had Inophilus.

Rin. O traiterous boy!

Meſſ. The prince and Argo met; and like two mighty tides
Encountered.
Here death put on her ſable livery,
And the two gallants, whoſe valour animated each army,
Handyed a long time with equal force,

Till

Till at laſt great Argo fell; and on a ſudden
Multitudes of men accompany'd him, ſo that
The wing went preſently to rout and execution.
Zopiro alſo, and Evarnes, having ſlain
Their oppoſite leaders, breathe death and deſtruction
To their reeling foes.
Thus fluſh'd with victory and blood, the Iberians
Revell'd through the flying field, till there came on
The enemy's reſerve of twenty thouſand men,
Who freſh and luſty, grinded their teeth for anger
At their fellows overthrow, and pouring on
Our weary ſoldiers, turn'd the ſtream of victory.
But the prince's valour, and good fortune, ſoon
Overcame this oppoſition, and having rallied his broken
Troops, went to relieve his friends who had far'd worſe,
When preſently he ſaw Evarnes, who had pil'd up enemies
About him, as an obeliſk of his own death and victory,
Fall bleeding at his foot, and having kiſs'd it
With his dying lips, intreated him to ſave
Himſelf for a more happy day, and died.
'Twas not long after the gallant Zenon
(Who had performed that day deeds of eternal fame,
And with his few, ſpight of oppoſition, thrice charg'd
And routed ſome thouſands of the enemy)
Expir'd; which when the prince beheld,
Weeping for anger, he flew amongſt his enemies,
Suſtained only by the greatneſs of his courage,
For blood and ſtrength had both forſook him;
He ſpent that ſpark of life was left in him,
In ſlaughter and revenge, when leaning on his weapon's point,
That dropp'd with blood as faſt as he,
He then conjur'd me with all ſpeed only to tell the king,
I ſaw him die worthy of his father and himſelf.

[*A horn without; a ſhout.*

Eph. O heaven! what mean theſe acclamations?

[*A ſhout again.*

What, do the Iberians welcome their bloody
Conquerors with ſo much joy?

SCENE 7.

Enter to them Plangus, Inophilus, and Zopiro, captains.

Ephorbas.

OH! oh! [*He faints.*

Rin. O cowardly boy! (for that baſe word includes
All baſeneſs) doth not ſhame kill thee,
Or fear chill thy daſtard blood to an ice,
At ſight of that moſt noble injur'd ghoſt?
'Tis well, dear Plangus (if thy divinity deſerve not
A more laſting name) that thou art come
To take revenge on that moſt traiterous ſon,
In's father's preſence, who deteſts his baſeneſs
More than thyſelf can do——

Pl. Excuſe us, dear Renatus,
That wonder froze to ſuch a ſilence,
If when we expected ſuch a welcome
As had that Roman ſon whoſe mother
Dy'd for joy to ſee him, we found ſo cold
An entertainment, ſomething made us look'd upon
So like an inconvenience, that we could not
But put on ſome ſmall amazement.

Eph. And do I hear thee ſpeak again,
And ſee thee, or only dream a happineſs,
Whoſe reality the ſtars and my genius deny me?
Or art thou Plangus' angel, come to rouſe
Me from deſpair?

Pl. Sir, pray believe it; and be not backward
In th' entertainment of theſe ſoldiers, if
You eſteem it a happineſs;
In a word, you are a conqueror:

And

And the audacious Argives have paid their
Lives, as ſacrifices to your offended ſword.
Eph. A meſſenger of comfort to a deſpairing lover
Is a leſs acceptable thing, than this thy preſence:
If what yon fellow told me were untruth,
Thy welcome ſight hath amply made amends
For thoſe tormenting fears he put me to.
But if it were not, let me know what chance redeem'd you.
Plan. If you have heard how things then went
When I ſent away that meſſenger---
Eph. Yes, I have heard it.
Plan. Then know, when death and our own fates
Had ſworn our ruin, and we like ſome ſtrong wall that
Long reſiſts the iron vomits of the flaming cannon,
At laſts ſhakes itſelf into a dreadful ruin
To thoſe who throw it down; ſo had the Iberians,
With valour great as the cauſe they fought for,
Strove with a noble envy, who ſhould at firſt
Out-go his fellow in ſlaughtering the Argives;
At laſt oppreſs'd with multitude and toil,
We ſunk under the unequal burden;
Then was our emulation chang'd, and who before
Strove to out-do each other, now eagerly contended
To run the race of death firſt.
Sir, there it was I (and many other braver captains) fell,
Being one wound from head to foot.
O then it was Inophilus came in,
With about twenty other gallants, and with what ſpeed
The nimble light'ning flies from eaſt to weſt
Redeem'd this bleeding trunk, which
The inſulting Argive had encompaſs'd,
Blown up with victory and pride;
He with a gallantry like none but great Inophilus,
Being bravely back'd by his own ſoldiers,
Whoſe actions ſpoke them more than men,
Had not Inophilus been by, redeem'd the honour
Of a bleeding day. And thus were our troops,
As little now as their valour great,

Enrich'd

Enrich'd with victory, blood, and jewels, of which
The oppoſite army wanted no ſtore,
Return'd with the renown of an atchievment,
As full of glory and honour to the conquerors,
As ruin to the Argives.

Ino. My liege,
Had this action, and my merit been ſo great
As our prince would make it, I then might
Own it, and expect reward.—
But it was ſo ſmall, ſo much below my duty,
That I muſt upon my knees beg pardon
That I came no ſooner.

Eph. This is a prodigy beyond whatever yet
Was wrote in ſtory.
Inophilus, we have been too backward
In cheriſhing thy growing virtue, we will
Hereafter mend it.
And, dear Rinatus, be proud of thy brave ſon,
And let the people honour the remaining army,
We ſhall eſteem it as a favour done to us;
We have a largeſs for your valorous captains,
You have not fought in vain.
This day, let our court put on its greateſt jollity,
And let none wear a diſcontented brow;
For where a frown is writ, we'll think it reaſon
To ſay, that face hath characters of treaſon.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Plangus, and Inophilus talking to him.

Inophilus.

BUT, ſir, when you conſider ſhe's a woman—
Plan. O dear Inophilus!
Let earth and heav'n forget there are ſuch things;
Or if they ever name them, let it be with a curſe
Heavy as are the ills they act; a mandrake's note
Would ring a better peal of muſick
In my ears, than thoſe two ſyllables pronounc'd again.
Ino. Pray, ſir, put off this humour,
This peeviſh pet, and reaſon tamely. Sir, you
Have loſt a wench, and will you therefore loſe
Yourſelf too? Hear me but patiently a word or two.
Plan. Pr'ythee go teach the gally-ſlaves that word,
Things that dare own no thought beyond their chains,
And ſtand in fear of whipping, and wanting bread:
Bid them be tame and patient that fry in ſulphur;
'Tis a word I have foreſworn to know the meaning of;
Or if I muſt, 'tis but to ſhun it, and hate it more.
Oh! were thy wrongs as great as mine, Inophilus,
Or did'ſt thou love but half ſo well as Plangus,
Thou would'ſt inſtill into me the poiſon of revenge,
And puff me up with thought of vengeance,
Till I did burſt, and like a breaking cloud
Spread a contagion on thoſe have injur'd me.
Ino. Why this were handſome in ſome country fellow,
Whoſe ſoul is dirty
As the thing he's mad for;
'Twere pretty in a lady that had loſt her dog,
But—
Plan. I know what thou would'ſt ſay,
But for Plangus: Oh! 'tis for none but him to be ſo.
Thoſe

Thoſe that have injur'd me are perſons
I once held dearer than my eyes; but how much
Greater was my love, ſo much the more is the offence;
Wounds from our friends are deepeſt.
Had any but my father—And yet methinks
That name ſhould have protected me;
Or was it made only to ſecure offenders?
My life was his, he gave it me; my honour too
I could have parted with; but 'las, my love
Was none of mine, no more than vows made to a deity,
And not performed—And for that creature,
Who muſt be loſt for ills through which
I muſt make way to my revenge,
Had ſhe betray'd my honour to any thing
But him that gave me being,
She had made me half amends, in that my way
To vengeance had been open; now I am ſpurr'd
Forward to revenge by fury, and yet
Held in by the rein of a fooliſh piety,
That doth no man good but them that uſe it not:
'Tis like the miſer's idol, it yielded him no gold
Till he had broke the head off.
Nay, Inophilus, one ſecret more,
And the horror of it blow thee from earth to heaven,
Where there are no ſuch things as women,
'Twill turn thy ſoul the inſide outward.
I cannot get it out. Pr'ythee what is't, Inophilus?

Ino. Alas! I know not, ſir.

Plan. Do but imagine the worſt of ills
Earth ever groan'd under; a ſin nothing but woman,
Nay, ſuch a woman as Andromana durſt think on;
And it is that.

Ino. How revenge tranſports you!
Princes have loſt their miſtreſſes before,
Nay, and to thoſe have not ſuch right to them
As hath Ephorbas to what Plangus hath.
Who could command her, if not Ephorbas?

Plan.

Plan. But I have—Oh Inophilus !—I burſt—
Yet it will out—doſt thou not ſee it here ?
[*Unbuttons his doublet.*
Oh ! I have known Andromana as
Ephorbas did laſt night.—
Ino. Why, ſir, the ſin done by your father is not yours,
If you could not help it.—
Plan. Why there it is :
'Tis that which gnaws me here.
But I ſwore
By all the gods, that ſhe was as innocent
From my unclean imbraces, as is
The new-fall'n ſnow, or ermines that will meet
Ten deaths before one ſpot : I made my father think
The thoughts of angels were leſs innocent than ſhe.
No, it was I betray'd him ; his virtue was too great,
Not to have ſuſpected it.
How do I look, Inophilus ?
Ino. Like ſome bleſt man that griev'd for other's ſins,
And could out of a good nature part with half
His own whiteneſs to purge the other's ſtains.
Plan. Now thou ſooth'ſt, and like ſome flattering glaſs
Preſent'ſt me to advantage. I am, in ſhort,
One born to make Iberia unhappy.
Had I as black a face as is my ſoul,
You'd find in reſpect of it Ægyptians were ſnow-white.
Methinks I hear heaven tell me I am ſlow,
And it is time I had begun revenge.
Ephorbas has done him wrong, who loved him
More than heaven or his happineſs, and would
Have run out of the world to have left him free,
Whatever he would lay claim to, but Andromana ;
Nay, ſhe alſo had been his, ſo't could have been without a ſin.
But ſhe knew the ſin ſhe acted, and yet did it,
And lives free from the ſtroke of thunder.
Is there ſuch a thing as heaven, or ſuch a one

As juſtice dwells there? and can I aſk the queſtion?
O the tameneſs of a conſcience loaded with ſin!
Which reaſons and talks when it ſhould do.
But I will be reveng'd, and thus I begin,—Inophilus,
[*He draws.*
Be ſure when I am dead to meet my ghoſt,
And do as that inſtructs thee; 'twill tell all the particulars
Of my revenge, who muſt die firſt, who laſt, and
What way too; I have my leſſon perfect.
[*He leans the pummel on the ground to fall on it; Inophilus kicks it by with his foot.*
Ino. Is this the revenge befits great Plangus?
Plan. Had this been done two days ago—
Thou durſt as well have met the lightning
Naked, as have oppos'd my will thus.
Ino. Hear me, [*He draws.*
Aſk me no queſtions, nor anſwer me,—or if you do,
By heav'n I'll never ſpeak more.
It is revenge you'd have, and 'tis a great one, a very noble one,
To kill yourſelf.
Be confident, your greateſt foes wiſh nothing more.
When after-ages come to hear your ſtory,
What will they ſay? Juſt as they did of Cato,
He durſt not look great Cæſar in the face;
So Plangus was afraid, and died.
A very pretty ſtory, and much to a man's credit!
For ſhame, dear Plangus (let friendſhip uſe that title)
Shew your great ſoul the world believes you're maſter of
(And I dare ſwear you are) in this action.
Nay, rally up yourſelf, and fight it ſtoutly.
Shake from your mind revenge, and having laid
That paſſion by, put on that virtue
The world admires in you; 'tis now the time to ſhew it.
The ſun broke from a cloud doubles his light,
And fire, the more reſiſted, flames more bright.
Andromana has injur'd you; ſcorn her therefore,

And ſhew ſhe had done nothing; I'd not do her the favour
To have one thought for her, or be troubled
At what ſhe did—As for your father, ſir,
Beſides the tie of nature, he knows not he hath wrong'd you:
Or if he doth, 'tis love that caus'd him; a word that once
Made an excuſe with Plangus for what offence ſoever.
Plan. Thou haſt wrought upon me,
And I am reſolv'd to live a day or two more:
But if I like it not—
Well, I will go try to ſleep a little—perhaps that may---
I'm ſtrangely melancholy---pr'ythee lie down by me,
Inophilus, I'm ſafe while in thy company.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE 2.

Enter Plangus as from ſleep.

Plangus.

LORD! how this ſpirit of revenge ſtill haunts me,
And tempts me with ſuch promis'd opportunity,
And magnifies my injuries!
Sometimes it calls me coward, and tells me,
Conſcience in princes who are injur'd like myſelf,
Is but an excuſe they find, for what is in truth
Poorneſs of ſpirit, or ſomething baſer.
It tells me, 'tis a ſin to be good when all the world is bad.
It makes me look upon myſelf, whilſt wearing
This garb of virtue, like ſome old antiquary,
In cloaths that are out of faſhion in Iberia.
But I will not yield to it, I know it is a greater glory

To

To a man's ſelf (and he that courts opinion
Is of a vulgar ſpirit) to diſobey than ſatisfy
An appetite which I know is ſinful.
Good heaven, guard me, how am I tempted
[*Enter Andromana.*
To put on my former temper! but thus
I fling it from me.
[*Throws away his ſword.*

SCENE 3.

Andromana.

WHY how now prince?
If you part with your darling ſo eaſily,
There is ſmall hopes but you have thrown all love behind you.

Plan. Heaven, how ſhe's alter'd!
I that once ſwore Jove from the well-tun'd ſphere
Ne'er heard ſuch harmony as I did, when ſhe ſpake;
Methinks I can now, in compariſon of her voice,
Count ſcritch-owls muſick, or the croaking toad.

And. Who is't you ſpeak of, ſir?

Plan. Tempt me not, madam, with another word; for by heaven
You know I'm apt, being incens'd ---
Wake not thoſe wrongs that bellow louder in my ſoul
Than wretches in the brazen bull, or Jove
Who ſpeaks in thunder; thoſe wrongs my goodneſs
Had half laid aſide; or if you do,
I have a ſoul dares what you dare tempt me to.

And. Sir, I muſt ſpeak, though Jove forbad me
With a flaſh of lightning.
You think perhaps, ſir, I have forgot my Plangus.
But, ſir, I have infinitely injur'd you,
And could not ſatisfy my conſcience,
(If I ſhould ſay my love too, I ſhould not lie)

Till

Till I had ask'd your pardon.

Plan. Madam, the fault's forgiven and forgotten,
Without you move me to remember't with a worſe apology.
Live and enjoy your ſins, and the angry gods:
Nay, the ſevereſt plague I wiſh you, is,
That you may die without one croſs (for afflictions commonly
Teach virtues to them that know them not while proſperous)
Secure, without one thought or ſenſe of a repentance.

And. Methinks you have a ſteely temper on, to that
Which the other day you wore, when you were
More ſoft than down of bees.
But, ſir, if you but knew the reaſon why I have done
The action, which you perhaps call treaſon to our loves,
You would forbear ſuch language.

Plan. Reaſon! no doubt the man that robs a church,
Or profanes altars, hath reaſon for what he doth;
To ſatisfy your luſt, you have that reaſon, madam.

And. That I have loved you once,
I call heav'n, my own heart, and you to witneſs;
Now by that love, by all thoſe vows have paſs'd
Betwixt us, hear me.

Plan. O heaven! is that a conjuration! things you have broke
With as much eaſe as politicians do maxims of religion.
But I will hear, to know you and to hate you more.
Speak on.

And. You know whilſt Leon liv'd, whoſe due they were,
I out of love reſign'd my love and honour unto you.

Plan. Luſt, Madam.

And. I know not, ſir:
Your eloquence gave it that title then.
How many dangers walk'd I fearleſs through
To ſatisfy your pleaſures? Your very will;
Nay more, your word; nay, if I thought by ſympathy

A thought of yours, that I imagin'd you
Might bluſh to ſpeak, I made it ſtraight my own,
And wak'd and ſtudied as much to put it into act,
As doth a gameſter upon loſs to compaſs money.
At laſt we were betray'd, ſir, to your father's ſpies,
Who deny'd us afterwards thoſe opportunities
We ſtole before, befriended by my huſband's ignorance.
Now was I brought to that which is the worſt of ills,
A ſeeing, but not enjoying of that which I held deareſt.
To ſee you daily, and to live without you,
Was a death many degrees beyond my own.
I knew the love was great, ſo great I durſt not own it.
Nay more, I knew it was noble too, ſo noble
I knew my huſband being dead, you would not ſtick
To aſk your father's leave for publick marriage.

Plan. Heaven and the gods can witneſs I intended it.

And. Nay, farther yet, I knew your father's love,
Which would not have deny'd you any thing,
Would alſo have granted that.

Plan. Madam, you riddle ſtrangely.

And. When I had forecaſt theſe eaſy poſſibilities,
I yet foreſaw one thing that croſs'd our deſigns,
That was a ſenſe of honour I had in me.
Methought in honour I could not condeſcend you
Should debaſe yourſelf ſo low.
It pleas'd me better to be your miſtreſs, than your queen;
And ſtoln imbraces, without the ſcandal
Of a publick eye, were ſweeter than thoſe
Which might bring upon me (for riſing greatneſs
Is ſtill envy'd) the rancour of the people, and
Conſequently diſtaſtes againſt their prince.
Sir, now we may act ſafely what might have been
Leſs ſecure. Your father's name gives a protection;
Or if that ſtartle you, we'll call him huſband.

Plan. Are you in earneſt?

And. As ſerious as love can be.

Plan. Then I want words to tell you how I hate you:
I would ſooner meet Megæra 'tween a pair of ſheets.

And

And can you think I ſhould have ſo ſmall piety,
As to be falſe unto my father's bed?
That I lov'd you once, I confeſs with ſhame; and that I ſhould
Have done ſo ſtill, had you preſerv'd thoſe flames
I think of now with horror. But for thoſe ſins, and
Whatſoever elſe I muſt repent, I ſhall no doubt
Have great occaſion, when I ſhall ſee the kingdom
Envelop'd in thoſe ſwarms of plagues your ſins call down,
And feel a ſhare of them myſelf.
For heaven's ſake, madam! for my father's ſake,
Nay, for my own too, if that have any intereſt,
Learn now at laſt a virtue, that may make us
As happy as much as hitherto unfortunate,
And render your ſtory to poſterity ſo burniſh'd
With your ſhining goodneſs, that their eyes may not
Perceive the error of your former years.
Perhaps I then ſhall have a reverence for you,
As great as any ſon hath for a father's wife.
You wonder, lady, to ſee me talk thus different
From what you ſaw me half an hour ago.
I look'd upon myſelf as one that had loſt a bleſſing—
But heaven hath been happier to me; for I am now
So far from thinking you one, that I look upon you
As a plague, no ſin of good Ephorbas could deſerve.
But love to you—

And. Sir! *Plan.* Anſwer me not in words, but deeds;
I know you always talk'd unhappily,
And if your heart dare do what's ill,
I know it can well teach your tongue excuſes.

[*Exit Plangus.*

SCENE

Scene 4.

Manet Andromana.

Andromana.

AND is my love then ſcorn'd?
The chaos of eternal night poſſeſs my breaſt,
That it may not ſee to ſtartle at any
Undertakings, though they would make
Meduſa's ſnakes curl into rings for fear.
If greatneſs have inſpired me with thoughts
Of a more brave revenge, they ſhall be acted.
A huſband's murder was ſuch a puny ſin,
I bluſh to ſpeak it; but it was great enough
For a merchant's wife: a queen muſt be more
Daring in her revenge, nor muſt her wrath
Be pacify'd under a whole kingdom's ruin.

Scene 5.

Enter Libacer.

Andromana.

MY better genius, thou art welcome as
A draught of water to a thirſty man:
I ne'er had need of thee till now.
Muſter thoſe devils dwell within thy breaſt,
And let them counſel me to a revenge as great,
As is my will to act it.

Lib. Madam, leave words.
The reſt you take in breathing makes your anger cool.
Out with it, and if I do it not; if I ſtartle
At any ill to do you ſervice, though it be to kill my mother,
Let me be troubled with the plague of a tender conſcience,

And lie ſick of repentance a half year after.
And. What need I tell thee more? Plangus muſt die;
And after him Ephorbas, becauſe he is his father.
Lib. Madam, he ſhall. But give me leave to aſk you,
How he, for whom alone of all the world you had a paſſion,
Is now become an object of your hatred, ſo great,
As others muſt die becauſe they have relation to him?
And. The air is hot yet with thoſe words
I profer'd him in ſatisfaction,
And he refus'd it: What need I ſpeak?
Is't ſafe that he ſhould live knows ſo much by us?
Lib. He had been happy, had he never known what virtue meant.
I wonder that paltry thing is not baniſh'd earth,
It ne'er did any good yet. Beggery's a bleſſing to't;
Who e'er grew rich by virtue?
Madam, we are not troubled with it.—But to our buſineſs,
I have thought a way. You know his father loves him.
'Tis he ſhall ruin him, and let's alone for him.
And. Piſh! piſh! that cannot be.
Lib. Theſe women are always with their cannots.
What cannot be? Have you but read the Sophy?
You will find that Haly (O how I hug that fellow's name!)
Ruin'd great Mirza by his father, and his father by his ſon.
That great politician, while all the court
Flam'd round about him, ſat ſecure, and laugh'd,
Like thoſe throw fireworks among the waving people,
That have nothing but fire and ſmoke about them,
And yet not ſinge one hair. Indeed he fell at laſt,
'Tis true, but he was ſhallow in that part o' th' plot.
What have we his example, but to learn by it?
Praiſe Plangus to Ephorbas then ſo far,
That firſt he may fear for his kingdom,
And if you do proceed till he grow jealous of his bed,
'Twill do the better.

The king is coming, I muſt be gone.

[*Exit Libacer.*

[*Manet Andromana.*

Scene 6.

Enter Ephorbas to her.

Ephorbas.

HOW fares Andromana?
I'm glad this greatneſs ſits ſo well about thee;
My court was bleſt that hour I knew thee firſt.
We'll live and ſtill grow happy; we ſhall flouriſh
Like ſome ſpreading tree, that ſhall ne'er ceaſe
Till its proud height o'erlook the ſkies.
I hope I bade fair for a boy to-night.
How happy ſhould I count myſelf, could I but leave
My kingdom ſomething that had thy image in't!

And. Sir, never think Iberia can he happy in another ſon,
When ſuch a prince as Plangus lives the heir;
Who is the ſubject of all men's prayers, nay,
The deſerver too. There's not a man or woman
In the kingdom hath one good wiſh within their breaſt,
But they ſtraight beſtow it upon Plangus; a prince,
Whom mothers ſhew their little children, as ſomething
They ſhould learn betime to worſhip and admire.

Eph. I know, Andromana, but—

And. Sir, virtue's perfection
Is at the height in him. Whatever after-ages bear,
Or give the name of worth to, muſt, if compar'd to him,
Be but as foils to ſet his glory off the brighter.
Nor are the men only thus taken with him;
There's not a lady in the land but ſighs with paſſion for him,
And dreams on him a-nights.
Huſbands grow jealous of him, yet with joy

That

That they are Plangus' rivals.

Eph. All this is nothing. Men talk'd as loud of
Me when I was young.

And. Yea, but they ſay, ſir,
You were not half ſo mincing in your carriage,
Nor ſo majeſtick. Beſides---

Eph. I hope they do not make compariſons. [*Starts.*

And. Sir, I thought we could not have diſcours'd on a more
Welcome theme than what is full of Plangus.

Eph. No more you cannot.
Let him as a leſs ſtar enjoy his ſplendor,
But it muſt not be ſo great to darken me.
But pr'ythee do they compare us then?

And. You're diſcompos'd, ſir, I have done.

Eph. Nay, nothing but the remembrance of a fooliſh dream.
What ſay they?

And. Why, ſir, ſome went ſo far
To ſay, they wond'red a lady of my years
Could marry the father, though a king,
When I might have had Plangus himſelf.

Eph. They did not---

Ant. Then I confeſs I bluſh'd, and had been out
Of temper, but that I thought it might be
The court faſhion to talk boldly.

Eph. This ſtory jump'd juſt with my dream to-night;
Methought I ſaw him threat'ning to kill me,
'Cauſe thou hadſt married me—
But the young ſaucy boy ſhall know, I hold
My ſcepter ſtrong enough to cruſh him into atoms.
Did they not name Inophilus?

And. I think they did.
He had ſome ſhare of praiſes too, but it was ſo,
As gleanings to a loading cart,
They ſometimes fell beſide.

Eph. Then I am ſatisfied. 'Tis an aſpiring youth;
'Tis ſomething that unites Plangus and him ſo.
I muſt be ſpeedy in reſolves. [*Exit Ephorbas.*

SCENE 7.

Manet Andromana.

Andromana.

WHO waits without there? [*Enter Libater.*
Oh! art thou come? Stay, let me breathe, or elſe——

Lib. Nay, ſpare your pains, I know it all,
I ſaw him drink it with as great greedineſs,
As uſurers do unthrifts lands, or jealous huſbands
Confirm their cuckoldſhips by ocular teſtimony.

An. It took moſt rarely,
Beyond our hopes. I'll leave the reſt to thee,
Thou art ſo fortunate in all deſigns.
Go on and proſper.

Lib. And I'll attend for an opportunity to meet
With Plangus, and betray him to ruin
As great as unavoidable.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCEN. 1.

Enter Ephorbas, ſolus.

Ephorbas.

FOR aught I know, my bed may be the next;
Men are not bad by halves, nor doth
One miſchief ſtop a man in his career of ſin.
There's as much reaſon i'th' one, as the other.
Doth he affect my kingdom, 'cauſe I'm old?
No, that's not it; he knows I muſt die ſhortly.

'Tis

Tis not a deſire of rule, and glory of their bending knees,
Makes him forget his duty——
He may as well covet Andromana, 'cauſe ſhe's handſome,
He ſatisfies a luſt alike in both—Well, let him be
My rival in the kingdom; 'tis but what
He was born to, and I muſt leave it him;
But for my wife, he muſt excuſe me,
Nay he ſhall—— [*He pauſeth.*
Yet now I think on't better, the grounds are ſlender,
And my ſuſpicions ſlight; no evidence againſt him
But the people's love, and that's no fault of his,
Unleſs deſerving be a crime.—Who's without there?
[*Enter Libacer.*
Go call in Plangus, and bid him not ſtay,
For I muſt ſpeak with him.
[*Exit King.*

SCENE 2.

Manet Libacer.

Libacer.

NAY, then all's daſh'd if once he comes to parly.
I muſt not have them talk.
But here he is.
[*Enter Plangus.*

SCENE 3.

ALL health and happineſs attend the prince.
Pl. Pray tell me if you ſaw the king;
Be ſhort, for I am very melancholy.
Lib. He parted hence juſt now, but
With ſuch a fury revelling in his looks,

There had been leſs danger in a baſiliſk.
Pl. Went he this way?
Lib. Yes, ſir.
[*He is going out, but turns ſhort.*
Pl. But doſt not thou know what mov'd him?
Lib. I heard ſome ſuch words as theſe:
My rival in the kingdom——There's evidence againſt him——
The people's love——Deſerving is a crime——
And ſomewhat elſe my fear made me forget.
Pl. Who was there with him lately?
Lib. I cannot tell; but about a quarter of an hour ago
He aſk'd for you, and every time he nam'd you, he ſeem'd angry.
Pl. Named me? thou art miſtaken.
Lib. I had almoſt forgot, ſir,
I have a meſſage to you from Andromana.
Pl. I will not hear one ſyllable.
Lib. No, ſo ſhe told me; but charg'd me ſpeak it, or dye,
For it concern'd your life, which ſhe held dearer
Than her own.
Pl. I value it not; but ſpeak the myſtery.
Lib. When firſt her lips began to move, a bluſh
O'erflow'd her face, as if her heart had ſent
Her tainted blood to ſeek a paſſage out.
Then with a ſhow'r of tears ſhe told me, how
Inordinate deſires had made her but this morning
Tempt you to th' acting of a ſin ſhe would not name;
And that your virtue had ſo wrought upon her,
She had not left one thought unchang'd.
She loves you ſtill, but with affection
That carries honour, and converted thoughts:
And next ſhe bade me whiſper in your ear,
(For time was ſhort) that if you loved her,
Or yourſelf, or intended to cheriſh
The peoples growing hopes, you ſhould not come
When the king ſent for you.

For

For ſomething had incens'd him ſo highly
Againſt you, that there was mighty danger in it.
She bade me haſte, for time would not permit her to ſay more.
I was ſcarce out o'th' chamber, when
Your father came and aſk'd for you,
And bade me ſeek you out with ſpeed.
Sir, I ſhould be moſt proud to ſerve you.

Pl. I thank thee, friend, but pr'ythee tell thy miſtreſs,
Innocence knows no fear: 'tis for guilty ſouls
To doubt their ſafety. If ſhe would have me ſafe,
My only way is by preſent appearance to clear myſelf,
For I believe my falſe accuſers wiſh nothing more,
Than that I ſhould be abſent.

Lib. The devil's in him ſure, he gueſſeth ſo right. [*Aſide.*
She told me ſo, ſir, and would have wiſh'd you to it,
But that there was a way to ſerve you better by.
She ſaith Ephorbas told her, a few minutes hence
He'd call a council, where they'd conſult about you.
The place is hang'd ſo, that behind the wall, ſir,
You may ſtand ſecure, and hear what paſſeth;
And according to what they determine, you may
Provide for your ſafety; only for more ſecurity
She wiſheth you would arm yourſelf———
Sir, pray reſolve, ſhe'll pacify the king,
That you appear not preſently.

Pl. Well, I will be perſuaded:
Tell her, I'm reſolv'd, I will not come.

Lib. Happineſs attend you; half an hour hence
I'll wait upon you. [*Exit Lib.*

Pl. We ſhall reward thee.

SCENE 4.

Manet Plangus.

Plangus.

WHence ſhould this kindneſs come? and on a ſudden too?
A ſtrange alteration!—She who a day ago
Forgot the vows her ſoul was fetter'd in,
And but this morning tempted me to a ſin
I can ſcarce think on without fear, ſhould on
An inſtant be careful for my ſafety,
And that from a principle of virtue too.

SCENE 5.

Enter to him Inophilus.

Inophilus.

WHO was that with you, ſir, juſt now?

Pl. An honeſt fellow certainly; but one I know not.

Ino. An honeſt fellow call you him?
If he have not rogue writ in great letters in's face,
I have no phyſnomy. Pray, ſir, what was his buſineſs to you?

Pl. A meſſage from Andromana,
Who out of love deſires me not to go to my father,
Becauſe ſomething hath put him in a fume againſt me.

Ino. Did the king ſend for you?

Pl. He did ſo.

Ino. But upon her intreaty you forbore to go?

Pl. What then?

Ino.

Ino. Then you are mad, ſir,
And tacitly conſpire to your own ruin.
Do, take an enemy's advice, and die the object
Both of their joy and ſcorn.
Where are your ſenſes, ſir? Or pray, whence ſprings
This friendſhip of Andromana's? Alas! you ſhould not
Meaſure her malice by the ſmallneſs of your own.
She has injur'd you, ſhe knows it, ſir.
And though at preſent ſhe enjoys her treachery,
She may ſoon fall beſide it;
Ephorbas is not immortal, nor can ſhe promiſe to herſelf
Security when you have power to call her ills in queſtion.
Were't nothing elſe, her ſafety would make her
To plot your death. I hinder you in talking,
But pray be gone, and when you ſee your father,
Speak boldly to him, or you are gone for ever.

Pl. I tell thee once again, Inophilus,
Since I have ſaid I would not go, both heav'n and thee
Shall want a motive to make me ſtir one foot.
Were danger juſt before me, running
With open jaws upon me; and had my word been giv'n
To remain here, I would be forc'd from life
Before my place.

Ino. Here is a bravery now would make a man
Forſwear all gallantry, to fool away your life thus
In a humour——I met the court juſt now, ſir,
As full of whiſpers, every man's eyes ſpoke ſtrong amazement.
My father's ſent for, with two other lords,
Eubulus and Anamedes; and the court gates are lock'd.
Reſolve, ſir, and command me ſomething, wherein
I may have an occaſion to ſerve you.

Pl. Then I reſolve to do as I am caution'd;
Walk in, I'll tell thee more.

SCENE 6.

Enter Ephorbas and Libacer.

Ephorbas.

WHAT was his anſwer then?

Lib. Tell him I am reſolv'd I will not come
Thoſe were
The very words, ſir.

Eph. 'Twas very pretty, reſolute methinks.
If he be grown ſo ſtubborn already,
The next we muſt expect is action.

Lib. But yet he bid me, if you aſk'd why he came not,
To find ſome excuſe or other.

Eph. He could find none himſelf then.
Call in the lords, we muſt be ſudden in our execution:
But pr'ythee one thing more, who was there with him?

Lib. No body, but I met going to him young Incophilus;
And heard one ſervant tell another, in great haſte,
Their lord would ſpeak with ſome o'th' captains of the army. [*Exit.*

SCENE 7.

Enter to the king, Rinatus, Eubulus, and Anamedes.

Ephorbas.

SIT down, my lords; we have buſineſs with you,
Requires your hands and hearts, both ſpeed and counſel;
Our danger's ſuch, that I could wiſh't had flown
Upon us without warning, for ſo croſs the fates are,

Our ſafety muſt be bought at ſuch a price,
That we muſt loſe what is as dear to us
Almoſt as it. 'Tis Plangus' death or mine
Muſt ſecure the other's life—Nay, ſtartle not;
If I am grown as wearisome to you
As to him, your calling is in vain, my lords;
Nor ſhall I labour longer to preſerve
A life deny'd me by the gods and you.
But if there's any here who hath a ſon
Brought to theſe years, with ſo much care and love
As mine hath been, think what a grief it is
To loſe him, and ſhed one tear with me.
But for that ſon to plume himſelf with feathers
Pluck'd from his father's wings, would melt one's eyeballs.
Yet Plangus, who hath vizarded his ends
With virtue, finding it uſeleſs now, hath thrown
It from him, and openly attempts my crown and life.
When miſchief's wheel once runs, how faſt it ſpeeds,
Headlong to put in act the blackeſt deeds!
Were my crown his, had he my life to give,
Though he would let me, I would ſcorn to live.

Eub. Sir, we are called upon a great affair,
And if it be true, the ſpeed of our reſolves
Shall be as great as it.
Your majeſty hath reign'd ſo happily, and long,
We will not think a time beyond it.
And ſuch, ſo great your virtue ſtill hath been,
Strangers have been enamour'd, and admir'd it.
Our enemies, that could have wiſh'd it leſs,
Yet have ſate down with envy, nor attempted
Aught againſt you, knowing (I'm confident)
By ſuch unjuſt attempts the gods would be their foes.
Methinks 'tis therefore much leſs likely
That Plangus, who hath hitherto been found
A miracle of filial piety,
And one that we may ſay was born the heir
To all your virtues, all your goodneſs,
As well as the kingdom; who counts it glory

As much to be an honeſt man, as a great prince:
I ſay, for him, who as he is your ſon,
And as we hitherto have found him full
Of worth and honour, we cannot but behold
As him in whom the ſpreading hopes of all
Iberia grow, and promiſe to themſelves
A ſtill green happineſs, that ne'er ſhall know
What autumn, or a naked winter means.
For him, that hath ſcarce yet put off
Thoſe cloaths which ſtill wear the badges
Of the great danger he was in, not for
Himſelf, my liege, but you and us; for had
He wiſh'd the ruin of his father and his country,
The Argives would have done that for him,
And he not have been call'd in queſtion.
But when we muſt remember with what wings
He flew to meet the torrent, both againſt
The counſel of his friends, and his own hopes;
How love to you and us ſpurr'd him on forward
To thoſe impoſſibilities, which nothing
But love and valour durſt have attempted:
Why then, methinks 'tis ſtrange, yea very ſtrange,
Thus in a moment t'have flung all nature off,
And all religion; and that, ſir, againſt you,
Whom we all well know and think with fear
(But our fading hopes ſpring freſh from Plangus)
Muſt ſhortly pay your tribute to the grave.
Not that we doubt your majeſty hath cauſe
To apprehend a danger, only 'tis wiſh'd
Thoſe who inform'd you were examin'd ſtrictly,
And Plangus ſent for to anſwer for himſelf.
Slanders, like miſts, ſtill vaniſh at the ſight
Of innocents, who bring their lies to light.

Eph. If an oration could have made him clear,
No doubt my fears are vain, and we ſhall lie
Still ſleeping in ſecurity, as great
And laſting as Plangus and his 'complices
Can wiſh upon us, nor wake till we are bound
In the ſecureſt chains, death's fetters.

That

That I am old is true, and Plangus knows it,
He would have catch'd a cannon bullet ſooner elſe
Between his naked hands, than have provok'd
My fury; but age hath froze me
To an icy numbneſs: Yet ſhall he know
My veins have fire as well as his, and when
Incens'd, my eyes ſhoot as much poiſon too.
What you alledge about his battle 'gainſt the Argives
As an excuſe, it is a proof againſt him.
Though thieves rob others, yet they fight themſelves
For thoſe that rob when ſtrangers ſet on them,
And all unite againſt a common enemy.
Had Plangus' private intereſts not held
Him to us, no doubt he'd left us naked
Of all defence; but an inteſtine fury,
To ſee the Argives bear away the fruits
Of all his labours, all his treaſons,
Shot him into deſpair, and made him play
A game was almoſt loſt, rather than give all o'er.
Beſides, that action hath endear'd him to the people;
Gain'd him the ſoldiers hearts with ſo great eaſe,
The danger's nothing in reſpect o'th' riſe
He takes from thence to climb up to his ends.
And for the virtue that hath gull'd us all,
I'd bluſh to ſpeak it, that a ſon of mine
Should ever be ſo baſe to ſeek a cloak
For what he doth; but that I have diſclaim'd
All my relations to him, and would adopt
A Cannibal ſooner for a ſon than he.
The evidence we have is what we wiſh were leſs,
Then might I hug my Plangus, and he me;
But ſince the fates and his own ills deny
That intercourſe; what can remain,
But that we ſhould proceed to ſentence
Speedy as themſelves, and ſtop the ill, which may
Strike when 'tis night, or while 'tis call'd to-day.
He knows his guilt too well, and hath deny'd
To come, that ſo he might be juſtify'd.

Once

Once diſobey'd as father, the next thing
Will be rebellion to me as his king.

SCENE 8.

Enter to them Libacer.

Rinaldus.

AS ſure as death,
This is one of the rogues that hath his roguery to act,
And comes in like ſomething that hath brought news
In the latter end of a play. Now ſhall we have
Some ſtrange diſcovery——How the rogue ſtares!

Lib. No ſooner had we ſhut the gates, my liege,
Than an uncertain rumour ſpread among the people
That Plangus was in danger;
When if you ever ſaw a hive of bees,
How if you ſtir but one the whole ſwarm moves,
And teſtify their anger; ſo ſtrait whole crowds
Of people, the greateſt half not knowing what they came for, ſwarmed to the gates, and with confuſed cries, hindered themſelves from being underſtood; till ſome having divers times cried Plangus, ſome their prince, all with one note made up a common voice, and ſo continued till ſome captains with one or two ſelected troops made up to them, and having promiſed them they would ſecure the prince, deſired them to withdraw. And when they came ſo nigh as to be heard, they did in earneſt what the other had attempted with ſo much noiſe and failed in; for they told the porter, in plain ſoldiers language, they would either ſee Plangus ſafe, or force the gates upon him. He, in this exigence, hath ſent to know your pleaſure.

Eph. How ſay you now, my lords?
Where is the innocence, the love to you and us?

For

For my part, I will meet the danger;
Tame expectation is beneath a king,
Only let me intreat you to ſee my queen ſafe.
'Tis pity ſhe ſhould ſmart who hath no ſin
To anſwer for, but calling me husband.
Plangus——Iberia ſhall be thine——But
With curſes of the angry gods, and a kind
Injur'd dying father.

[*He goes to ſtab himſelf, Rinaldus ſtays him.*

Rin. Heav'n bleſs you, ſir, what a deſpair is this?
Becauſe you hate a hangman, you will be
Your executioner yourſelf. Believe me,
That which preſents ſo great danger to you
I look upon with joy: there is no ſubject
That loves you, or the prince, but muſt be glad
To ſee the zeal Iberians bear to a true virtue,
When bending under an unjuſt oppreſſion;
No doubt their love had been as great to you,
Had you been in like danger——Beſides, my lord,
You are not ſure 'tis with the prince's conſent
The ſoldiers do this. My life for yours
You will be ſafe, let the worſt come——
Let us go meet your fears.

[*They begin to riſe, when at the inſtant Andromana enters undreſs'd, and in a fright.*

An. Happy am I, my lord, [*She weeps.*
This ſudden fright hath refcued me from being made
The ſubject of ſome villain's luſt, who
With his ſword drawn, juſt now was forcing me
To lewd embraces; if you command to ſearch the court,
He cannot be far hence, for he ran that way.

Rin. O impudence!
That durſt attempt a ſin (darkneſs and woods
Have too many eyes for) in the open court.

[*Plangus ſtirs behind the hangings.*

I ſhall be with you——The devil hath
Armour on—— [*Rinatus draws and runs at him,*

Eph.

Eph. Drag him to torture——

[*They fetch him out.*

My ſon! why have I liv'd to ſee this?
Away with him to death, the air will grow infectious.
Why ſtay you?

SCENE 9.

Enter Zopiro and Inophilus, with ſoldiers.

Inophilus.

UNhand the prince, or elſe by heaven he treads
Into his grave that moves a foot to touch him.
Madam, though Plangus' noble ſelf was blind,
And could not ſee the deep black darkneſs of your
Helliſh actions; his friends had eyes about them.
Was this your love? this your repentance?
This your advice, your counſel? I muſt confeſs, had I,
And theſe his noble friends here, been rul'd by him,
E'er this he'd been a ſacrifice to your revenge and you.
Why ſtand you mute, ſir? Want you a tongue to juſtify
Your innocence, our ſwords and we maintain?
And now, my liege, we turn to you,
Whom we have ſerved as truly
As ever ſubjects did any prince alive,
And whilſt you're worthy, we will do ſo ſtill;
But we'll be no man's ſlaves alive,
Much leſs be his that is another's, while this baſe witch,
For ſo ſhe is, conſtrains you to do actions
Children would bluſh at, and wiſe men laugh at,
Which will after leave you both to repentance and deſpair.
This begger, whom t'other day you took up as ſome loſt thing,
Gave your honour to, and in that our ſafety,
That knew leſs to be good than devils do, and hath

Ills

Ills lodg'd in her, that would make hell beyond that
The furies dwell in: Baniſh her hence,
Send her to ſome place, where murders, rapines,
Or ſins yet unheard of, do inhabit,
And where ſhe can do us no miſchief.
Do you betake yourſelf
To your former virtue, and reſtore the prince
To thoſe affections you once had for him,
We then perhaps may live to ſee Iberia happy.

Eph. Why am I forc'd thus to declare his ſhame
Which at the bound ſtrikes me, and is made my own?
You know not how well Plangus can diſſemble,
He is an hypocrite, I need not tell you more,
Thoſe three ſyllables comprehend all ill.
My queen, juſt now, 'ſcap'd from his baſe attempt,
Wherein he would have forc'd her to have damn'd
Herſelf and him, and diſhonour'd me.
What meant that armour on, and why ſo guarded?
Where was a danger threat'ned him?
Or doth he think his conſcience could not
Sting him through it?
I wiſh he might live, my lords, but as nature,
That as he is my ſon, bids me preſerve him;
So honour, which pleads to the king ſtronger
Than nature can, tells me, for that very reaſon,
I can leſs pardon him than ſomething born
A ſtranger to my blood——But I deſerve
To die, as well as he; if he be grown
A burden to the earth, I am ſo too,
That gave the monſter being.
Wherefore, let me be drawn to execution too,
For fathers are guilty of their children's ills.

Ino. Would Plangus then have forc'd Andromana?
Yes, ſo would Daphne have raviſh'd Phœbus:
I'll undertake goats are leſs ſalt than ſhe—
But for his armour—Can any man that breathes
One common air with her not need an armour?
Braſs walls cannot be ſecurity enough.
Why ſpeak you not, ſir? are you dumb too?

Pl.

Plang. It is for them to ſpeak are ſure to be believ'd,
And not for him that is condemn'd as guilty;
Words can excuſe ſlight faults.
If mine are eſteem'd ſuch, that all my actions,
A ſpeaking duty of one and twenty years,
Speak not enough to clear me, ſilence ſhall.
I have no more to ſay, therefore,
But to bid you do your duty to the king,
And aſk him pardon for the intemperate zeal:
Heav'n knows I wiſh't it not, nor would I buy
My ſafety at one of my father's angry thoughts,
Much leſs his fears,
For thoſe I fall by.
Obey my father, and if ye love me, gentlemen,
Shed not one tear for Plangus:
For I am timely taken from thoſe plagues
This woman's crying ſins muſt bring
Upon Iberia, and make you wiſh,
That you had dy'd as ſoon and innocent as I.

And. That I was nothing I confeſs; that what I am,
I owe to Ephorbas; nay, that the greatneſs
I am now in, tells me it is too high
To be ſecure, my fears bear witneſs.
I wiſh my life would excuſe Plangus his,
At leaſt my blood waſh off the blackneſs of his guilt,
Heav'n knows it ſhould not be one minute
Ere he ſhould be reſtor'd to his former virtues;
But ſince it cannot be, I'll in and weep,
Not for my ſelf, but him. [*Exit.*

Ino. Millions of plagues go with thee.
Sir, you ſhall along with us, we will not
Truſt you, or to the king, or her.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Libacer ſolus

Libacer.

WHat politician was there ever yet,
Who ſwimming through a ſea of plots and treaſons,
Sunk not at laſt i' th' very haven's mouth?
And ſhall I do ſo too? No, my thoughts prompt me,
I ſhall be told in ſtory, as the firſt
That ſtood ſecure upon the dreadful ruins
He had thrown down beneath him. Yet I am nigh
The precipice I ſtrive to ſhun with ſo much care.
I have betray'd Plangus, 'tis true, and ſtill
Have found a growing fortune; but ſo long
As jealouſy binds up Ephorbas' thoughts
From ſearching deeper, 'tis not well
That Plangus lives at all: though he be diſgrac'd,
H'has friends enow about the king, and they will find
A time to pacify him, which will be my undoing;
He muſt not therefore live. Andromana
Is of that mind too; but how to compaſs it—
Or when perhaps I have, what will become of me?
Nothing more uſual than for thoſe folks
Who have by ſiniſter means reach'd to the top
O' th' mountain of their hopes, but they throw down
And forget the power that rais'd them;
Indeed neceſſity enforceth them, leſt others climb
By the ſame ſteps they did, and ruin them.
I muſt not therefore truſt her womanſhip,
Who, though I know ſhe cannot ſtand without me now,
Yet when ſhe's queen alone,
Fortune may alter her, and make her look upon me
As one whoſe life whiſpers unto her own guilt.
It is not ſafe to be the object of a princeſs' fear;
Then ſhe will find others will be as apt

To

To keep her up, as I to raiſe her;
I will prevent her firſt.
Time is not ripe yet, but when it is
(For I muſt walk on with her a little farther)
I will unravel all this labyrinth
E'en to the king himſelf. Then let her accuſe me,
Though ſhe ſhould damn herſelf to hell,
I know ſhe'll be believ'd no more, than
Plangus hath been hitherto.
Thus ſhall I ſtill grow great, though all the world
Be to a dreadful ruin madly hurl'd.

[*Exit.*

SCENE 2.

Plangus ſolus

Plangus.

I Can no longer hold, 'tis not i'th' power
Of fate to make me leſs; bid me out-ſtare
The ſun, out-run a falling ſtar,
Feed upon flames, or pocket up the clouds;
Or if there be a taſk mad Juno's hate
Could not invent to plague poor Hercules,
Impoſe it upon me, I'll do't without a grudge:
Condemn me to a galley, load me with chains,
Whoſe weight may ſo keep me down, I can ſcarce ſwell
Under my burden to let out a ſigh, I would o'ercome all.
Were there a deity that men adore
And throw their prayers upon, that would lend
Juſt ears to human wiſhes,
I would grow great by being puniſhed, and be
A plague myſelf, ſo that when people curſt
Beyond invention, to their prodigious rhetorick
This epiphonema ſhould be added,

" Be-

" Become as miſerable as wretched Plangus."
I have been jaded, baſely jaded, by thoſe tame fools
Honour and piety, and now am wak'd into revenge,
Breathing forth ruin to thoſe firſt ſpread
This drowſineſs upon my ſoul.
A woman! O heaven! had I been gull'd
By any thing had borne the name of man!
But this will look ſo ſordidly in ſtory,
I ſhall be grown diſcourſe for grooms and foot-boys,
Be balladed, and ſung to filthy tunes—
But do I talk ſtill? well, I muſt leave
This patience—And now, Ephorbas,
Since thou haſt wrought me to this temper,
I'll be reveng'd with as much ſkill as thou
Haſt injur'd me. I'll to theſe preſently,
For my hour-glaſs ſhall not run ten minutes longer,
And having kill'd myſelf before thee,
I'll pluck my heart out, tell thee all
My innocence, and leave thee hem'd in with
A deſpair thicker than Ægyptian darkneſs.
I know thou canſt not chooſe but die for grief.
But here he is.

[*Exit.*

Scene 3.

Ephorbas ſolus.

Ephorbas

Riddle upon riddle! I have dream'd this night
Plangus was cloath'd like innocence, all white;
And Andromana then methoughts was grown
So black, nothing but all one guilt was ſhewn.
What ſhall I do? Shall I believe a dream?
Which is a vapour born along the ſtream
Of fancy, and ſprung up from the groſs fumes
Of a full ſtomach, ſent to the upper rooms

O'th'

O'th' brain by our ill genius, to ſpoil our ſight,
And cloud our judgments like a miſty night.
Why do I doubt? 'tis ominous to ſtay
Demurring, when the way is plain: Is day
Or night beſt to judge colours? ſhall I ſtand,
Trying the water's ſoundneſs, when the land
Preſents firm footing? Truth by day appears,
And I from tapers hope to find my fears
Oppos'd. And yet methinks 'tis very ſtrange
A ſon of mine ſhould ſuddenly thus change,
And throw his nature off; I did not ſo
When I was young. I am reſolv'd to know
The truth, and clear this miſt from fore my eyes,
If 't can be done by care, by gold, or ſpies.

[*Exit.*

SCENE 4.

Andromana ſola.

Andromana.

SO badgers dig the holes,
And foxes live in them: Of all factors,
State-factors are the worſt, and yet leaſt to themſelves
Of all their labour. This Libacer is wading
To the throat in blood to do me ſervice.
Tame fool! can he imagine I remove
A huſband and a ſon, to ſuffer him
To live ſtill and upbraid my ills?

Lib. It is reſolv'd. [*Enter Libacer.*

But here ſhe is, I muſt ſpeak fairly for a while.

And. How doth it ſucceed now, my darling?
Shall we be great? great alone?

Lib. As great as pride and fullneſs of revenge
Can ſwell us.—Hark in your ear, madam,
I'll tell you all our plot, but ſoftly,

For

For perhaps the jealous walls may echo
Back the treaſon. [*They whiſper.*

Scene 5.

Enter Plangus with his ſword drawn.

Plangus.

I Bore whilſt I could, but now 'tis grown
Too great to be contain'd in human breaſt,
And it ſhall out, tho' hoop'd with walls of braſs.
Are they at it? I ſtood once a liſt'ning at their intreaty,
This time at my own I'll ſtand and hearken.
[*Steps aſide.*

And. It is impoſſible.

Lib. I tell you no. I'll aggravate the injuries,
And tell him how baſely poor it was
For a father to betray his ſon ſo.

And. His piety will never —

Lib. But his fury ſhall. I'll ſtab the king myſelf, and bring
Thoſe witneſſes ſhall ſwear 'twas Plangus.

Plan. Nay then, 'tis time to ſtrike—
There, carry thy intents to hell. [*He ſtabs Libacer.*

And. Help! murder! murder! a rape! a rape!

Eph. What diſmal note was that?

And. Sir, there you ſee your martyr,
Whoſe force being too weak to ſave my honour,
His fidelity was greater, and dy'd a loyal ſacrifice,
Offer'd by the impious hand of that vile man.

Eph. O heav'n! doth not the earth yet gape and ſwallow thee?
Thy life ſhall be my crime no longer; I gave it thee,
And thus reſume it with a thouſand curſes.
[*He ſtabs Plangus.*

Plang. Sir, I at length am happy
To the height of all my wiſhes. I am

I am a going ſuddenly—from all [*Faints.*
My troubles, all your fears—
But I will tell my ſtory firſt—
How you have wrong'd, and been wrong'd yourſelf.
This woman—to be ſhort—
Hath twin'd like ivy with my naked limbs
Before ſhe marry'd you—
And would—Oh—in ſpite of death
I will go on—have tempted me to bed her ſince.
Upon refuſal ſhe turn'd her love to hate,
And plots my ruin—And—
Next your death—I can no more—
I kill'd the inſtrument—farewel—
————————Forgive me— [*Dies.*

Eph. Can this be true, Andromana? *And.* Do you believe it?

Eph. I wiſh I had not cauſe—

And. Sir, every ſyllable was true he told you; Whoſe words I thus confirm.

She takes Plangus's dagger, flings it at Ephorbas, and kills him.

Eph. I'm ſlain! mercy, heaven.

And. You ſhould have come a little ſooner.

[*Enter Inophilus.*

Ino. Do I ſee well? or is the prince here ſlain?

And. He is, and 'cauſe you love him,
Carry that token of [*Stabs Inophilus.*
My love to him, I know he'll take it kindly that you take
So long a journey only to ſee him.

Ino. It was the devil ſtruck, ſure,
A woman could not do it—Plangus, oh!—
[*Dies.*

SCENE

Scene 6.

Enter to them Rinatus, Eubulus, Anamedes.

Rinatus.

HEaven defend us! what a ſight is here?
The king, the prince, both ſlain? what, and my ſon too?
Only this woman living?—Speak out,
Scritch-owl, witch, how came they by their deaths?
And. By me; how elſe?
Rin. Let's torture her.
And. I can prevent you; I would not live a minute longer,
Unleſs to act my ills again, for all Iberia.
[*Stabs herſelf.*
I have lived long enough to boaſt an act,
After which no miſchief ſhall be new— [*Dies.*
Rin. Let's in, and weep our weary lives away;
When this is told, let after-ages ſay,
But Andromana none could have begun it,
And none but Andromana could have done it.
[*Exeunt.*

THE MAYOR OF QUINBOROUGH: A COMEDY.

BY

THO. MIDDLETON.

GENTLEMEN,

YOU *have the firſt ſight of him, I aſſure you. This Mayor of* Quinborough, *whom you have all heard of, and ſome of you beheld upon the ſtage, now begins to walk abroad in print; he has been known ſufficiently by the reputation of his wit, which is enough, by the way, to diſtinguiſh him from ordinary Mayors; but wit, you know, has ſkulk'd in corners for many years paſt, and he was thought to have moſt of it that could beſt hide himſelf. Now whether this magiſtrate fear'd the decimating times, or kept up the ſtate of other Mayors, that are bound not to go out of their liberties during the time of their mayoralty, I know not; 'tis enough for me to put him into your hands, under the title of an honeſt man, which will appear plainly to you, becauſe you ſhall find him all along to have a great pique to the rebel* Oliver. *I am told his drollery yields to none the* Engliſh *drama did ever produce; and though I would not put his modeſty to the bluſh, by ſpeaking too much in his commendation, yet I know you will agree with me, upon your better acquaintance with him, that there is ſome difference in point of wit, betwixt the Mayor of* Quinborough *and the Mayor of* Huntingdon.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Conſtantius.
Aurelius Ambroſius.
Uther Pendragon.
Vortiger.
Hengiſt.
Horſus.
Devonſhire, Stafford, } *Britiſh Lords.*
Gentlemen.
Simon.
Oliver.
Taylor.
Barber.
Aminadab.
Footmen.
Soldiers.
Cheaters.
Caſtiza.
Roxena.
Ladies.
Raynulph, *Monk of Cheſter.*
Germanus, Lupus, } *Monks.*
Graſiers.

THE MAYOR OF *QUINBOROUGH.* A COMEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Raynulph.

Raynulph.

WHAT Raynulph, monk of Cheſter, can
Raiſe from his polychronicon,
That raiſeth him, as works do men,
To ſee long-parted light again,
That beſt may pleaſe this round fair ring,
With ſparkling diamonds circled in,
I ſhall produce. If all my powers
Can win the grace of two poor hours,

Well apaid I go to reſt.
Ancient ſtories have been beſt;
Faſhions, that are now call'd new,
Have been worn by more than you;
Elder times have us'd the ſame,
Though theſe new ones get the name:
So in ſtory, what's now told
That takes not part with days of old?
Then to approve time's mutual glory,
Join new time's love to old time's ſtory. [*Exit.*

Shouts within; then enter Vortiger.

Vor. Will that wide-throated beaſt, the multitude,
Never leave bellowing? Courtiers are ill
Adviſed when they firſt make ſuch monſters.
How near was I to a ſcepter and a crown?
Fair power was even upon me, my deſires
Were caſting glory, till this forked rabble,
With their infectious acclamations,
Poiſon'd my fortunes for Conſtantine's ſons.
Well, though I riſe not king, I'll ſeek the means
To grow as near to one as policy can,
And choak their expectations.—Now, good lords,
[*Enter Devon and Stafford.*
In whoſe kind loves and wiſhes I am built
As high as human dignity can aſpire,
Are yet thoſe trunks, that have no other ſouls
But noiſe and ignorance, ſomething more quiet?

Devon. Nor are they like to be, for aught we gather,
Their wills are up ſtill; nothing can appeaſe them,
Good ſpeeches are but caſt away upon them.

Vor. Then, ſince neceſſity and fate withſtand me,
I'll ſtrive to enter at a ſtraighter paſſage;
Your ſudden aid and counſels, good my lords.

Staff. They are ours no longer than they do you ſervice.

Enter Conſtantius (as a monk, attended by other monks) Vortiger ſtays him.

Vor. Veſſel of ſanctity, be pleas'd a while

To

To give attention to the general peace,
Wherein heav'n is ſerv'd too, though not ſo purely.
Conſtantius, eldeſt ſon of Conſtantine,
We here ſeize on thee for the general good,
And in thy right of birth.
Con. On me! for what, lords?
Vor. The kingdom's government.
Con. Oh powers of bleſſedneſs!
Keep me from growing downwards into earth again:
I hope I am farther on my way than ſo; ſet forwards.
Vor. You muſt not.
Con. How!
Vor. I know your wiſdom
Will light upon a way to pardon us,
When you ſhall read in every Briton's brow
The urg'd neceſſity of the times.
Con. What neceſſity can there be in the world,
But prayer and repentance? and that buſineſs
I am about now.
Vor. Hark, afar off ſtill—
We loſe and hazard much—Holy Germanus,
And reverend Lupus, with all expedition
Set the crown on him.
Con. No ſuch mark of fortune
Comes near my head.
Vor. My lord, we are forc'd to rule you.
Con. Dare you receive heaven's light in at your eye-lids,
And offer violence to religion?
Take heed, the very beam let in to comfort you
May be the fire to burn you. On theſe knees,
Hard'ned with zealous prayers, I entreat you
Bring not my cares into the world again.
Think with how much unwillingneſs and anguiſh
A glorified ſoul parted from the body
Would to that loathſome goal again return;
With ſuch great pain a well-ſubdued affection
Re-enters worldly buſineſs.

Vor. Good, my lord;
I know you cannot lodge ſo many virtues,
But patience muſt be one. As low as earth
We beg the freeneſs of your own conſent,
Which elſe muſt be conſtrain'd; and time it were
Either agreed or forc'd. Speak, good my lord,
For you bind up more ſins in this delay
Than thouſand prayers can abſolve again.

Con. Were't but my death, you ſhould not kneel ſo long for't.

Vor. 'Twill be the death of millions if you riſe not,
And that betimes too—Lend your help, my lords,
For fear all come too late.

Con. This is a cruelty
That peaceful man did never ſuffer yet,
To make me die again, that once was dead,
And begin all that ended long before.
Hold, Lupus and Germanus, you are lights
Of holineſs and religion; can you offer
The thing that is not lawful? Stand not I
Clear from all temporal charge by my profeſſion?

Ger. Not when a time ſo violent calls upon you.
Who is born a prince, is born a general peace,
Not his own only; heaven will look for him
In others actions, and will require him there.
What is in you religious, muſt be ſhown
In ſaving many more ſouls than your own.

Con. Did not great Conſtantine, our noble father,
Deem me unfit for government and rule,
And therefore prais'd me into this profeſſion?
Which I have held ſtrict, and love it above glory.
Nor is there want of me, yourſelves can witneſs,
Heaven hath provided largely for your peace,
And bleſs'd you with the lives of my two brothers;
Fix your obedience there, leave me a ſervant,

All. Long live Conſtantius, ſon of Conſtantine,
King of Great Britain.

Con. I do feel a want
And extream poverty of joy within;

The

The peace I had is parted 'mongſt rude men,
To keep them quiet I have loſt it all.
What can the kingdom gain by my undoing?
That richneſs is not beſt, though it be mighty,
That's purchas'd by the ruin of another;
Nor can the peace, ſo filch'd, ever thrive with them:
And if't be worthily held ſacrilege
To rob a temple, 'tis no leſs offence
To raviſh meditations from the ſoul.
(The conſecrated altar in a man:)
And all their hopes will be beguil'd in me;
I know no more the way to temporal rule,
Than he that's born and has his years come to him
In a rough deſart; well may the weight kill me,
And that's the faireſt good I look for from it.

Vor. Not ſo, great king, here ſtoops a faithful ſervant
Would ſooner periſh under it with chearfulneſs,
Than your meek ſoul ſhould feel oppreſſion
Of ruder cares; ſuch common, coarſe employments
Caſt upon me your ſervant, upon Vortiger;
I ſee you are not made for noiſe and pains,
Clamours of ſuitors, injuries and redreſſes,
Millions of actions, riſing with the ſun,
Like laws ſtill ending and yet never done,
Of power to turn a great man to the ſtate
Of his marble monument, with over-watching.
To be oppreſs'd is not requir'd of you, my lord,
But only to be king: the broken ſleeps
Let me take from you, ſir; the toils and troubles,
All that is burthenous in authority
Pleaſe you lay it on me, and what is glorious
Receive it to your own brightneſs.

Con. Worthy Vortiger,
If 'twere not ſin to grieve another's patience
With what we cannot tolerate ourſelf,
How happy were I in thee, and thy love?
There's nothing makes man feel his miſeries
But knowledge only; reaſon, that is plac'd
For man's director, is his chief afflictor;

For though I cannot bear the weight myſelf,
I cannot have that barrenneſs of remorſe
To ſee another groan under my burthen.

Vor. I am quite blown up a conſcionable way,
There's even a trick of murth'ring in ſome pity;
The death of all my hopes I ſee already:
There was no other likelihood, for religion
Was never friend of mine yet. [*Aſide.*

Con. Holy partners in ſtricteſt abſtinence,
Cruel neceſſity hath forc'd me from you:
We part, I fear, for ever; but in mind
I will be always here, here let me ſtay.

Devon. My lord, you know the times.

Con. Farewel, bleſt ſouls, I fear I ſhall offend,
He that draws tears from you, takes your beſt friend.
[*Ex. all but Vortiger.*

Vor. Can the great motion of ambition ſtand,
Like wheels falſe wrought by an unſkilful hand?
Then, time, ſtand thou too, let no hopes arrive
At their ſweet wiſhfulneſs, till mine ſet forwards:
Would I could ſtay thy exiſtence, as I can
Thy glaſſy counterfeit in hours of ſand,
I'd keep thee turn'd down, till my wiſhes roſe,
Then we'd both riſe together.
What ſeveral inclinations are in nature?
How much is he diſquieted, and wears royalty
Diſdainfully upon him! like a curſe,
Calls a fair crown the weight of his afflictions!
When here's a ſoul would ſink under the burthen.
Yet well recovered—I will uſe all means
To vex authority from him, and in all
Study what moſt may diſcontent his blood,
Making my maſk my zeal to th' publick good.
Not poſſible a richer policy
Can have conception in the thought of man.

Enter two Graſiers.

1ſt Gra. An honourable life encloſe your lordſhip.

Vor. Now, what are you?

2d Gra. Graſiers, if't like your lordſhip.

Vor.

Vor. So it ſhould ſeem by your encloſures;
What's your affair with me?
1ſt Gra. We are your petitioners,
My lord.
Vor. For what? Depart, petitioners to me!
You have well deſerv'd my grace and favour; have you not a ruler
After your own election? Hye you to court,
Get near and cloſe, be loud and bold enough,
You cannot chuſe but ſpeed. [*Exit.*
2d Gra. If that will do't,
We have throats wide enough, we'll put them to't.
[*Exeunt.*

Dumb ſhow. *Fortune diſcovered, in her hand a round ball full of lots; then enter Hengiſt and Horſus, with others; they draw lots, and having opened them, all depart, ſave Hengiſt and Horſus, who kneel and embrace; then enter Roxena, ſeeming to take leave of Hengiſt in great paſſion, but more eſpecially and warily of Horſus, her lover; ſhe departs one way, Hengiſt and Horſus another.*

Enter Raynulph.

Ray. When Germany was overgrown
With ſons of peace, too thickly ſown;
Several guides were choſen then
By deſtin'd lots, to lead out men;
And they whom fortune here withſtands,
Muſt prove their fates in other lands.
On theſe two captains fell the lot;
But that which muſt not be forgot,
Was Roxena's cunning grief,
Who from her father, like a thief,
Hid her beſt and trueſt tears
Which her luſtful lover wears,
In many a ſtol'n and wary kiſs
Unſeen of father: maids do this,

Yet

Yet highly ſcorn to be call'd ſtrumpets too,
But what they lack of't I'll be judg'd by you. [*Exit.*

Enter Vortiger, Feltmonger, Button-maker, and Graſier, petitioners.

Vor. This way his majeſty comes.
All. Thank your good lordſhip.
Vor. When you hear yon door open—
All. Very good, my lord.
Vor. Be ready with your ſeveral ſuits, put forward.
Graſ. That's a thing every man does naturally, ſir,
That is a ſuitor, and doth mean to ſpeed.
Vor. 'Tis well you are ſo deep learn'd, take no denials.
All. No, my good lord.
Vor. Not any, if you love
The proſperity of your ſuits; you mar all utterly,
And overthrow your fruitful hopes for ever,
If either fifth or ſixth, nay tenth repulſe
Faſten upon your baſhfulneſs.
All. Say you ſo, my lord?
We can be troubleſome if we liſt.
Vor. I know it,
I felt it but too late in the general ſum
Of your rank brotherhood, which now I thank you for.
While this vexation is in play, I'll ſtudy
For a ſecond, then a third to that, one ſtill
To vex another, that he ſhall be glad
To yield up power; if not, it ſhall be had. [*Exit.*
But. Hark! I proteſt my heart was coming upwards,
I thought the door had opened.
Graſ. Marry, would it had, ſir.
But. I have ſuch a treacherous heart of my own, 'twill throb
At the very fall of a farthingale.
Graſ. Not if it fall on the ruſhes.
But. Yes truly, if there be no light in the room I ſhall throb preſently:
The firſt time it took me, my wife was in the company;
I remember the room was not half ſo light as this,

But

But I'll be ſworn I was a whole hour in finding her.

Graſ. By'r lady y'had a long time of throbbing of it then.

But. Still I felt men, but I could feel no women;
I thought had they been all ſunk; I have made a vow for't,
I'll never have meeting, while I live, by candle-light again.

Graſ. Yes, ſir, in lanthorns.

But. Yes, ſir, in lanthorns;
But I'll never truſt candle naked again.

Graſ. Hark, hark, ſtand cloſe, it opens now indeed.

But. Oh majeſty, what art thou! I'd give any man
Half my ſuit to deliver my petition; it is in the behalf
Of button-makers, and ſo it ſeems by my fleſh.

Enter Conſtantius, and two gentlemen.

Con. Pray do not follow me, unleſs you do it
To wonder at my garments: there's no cauſe
I give you why you ſhould, 'tis ſhame enough
Methinks to look upon myſelf;
It grieves me that more ſhould; the other weeds
Became me better, but the lords are pleas'd
To force me to wear theſe, I would not elſe:
I pray be ſatisfied, I call'd you not.
Wonder of madneſs! can you ſtand ſo idle,
And know that you muſt die?

1*ſt Gen.* We are all commanded, ſir;
Beſides, it is our duties to your grace
To give attendance.

Con. What a wild thing is this?
No marvel why you tremble at death's name,
When you'll not ſee the cauſe why you are fools.
For charity's ſake deſiſt here, I pray you,
Make not my preſence guilty of your ſloth;
Withdraw, young men, and find you honeſt buſineſs.

2*d Gent.* What hopes have we to riſe by following him?
I'll give him over ſhortly.

1*ſt Gent.* He's too nice,
Too holy for young gentlemen to follow,
That have good faces, and ſweet running fortunes.

Con. Eight hours a day in ſerious contemplation
Is but a bare allowance, no higher food
To the ſoul than bread and water to the body;
And that's but needful, than more would do better.
But. Let us all kneel together, 'twill move pity,
I have been at the begging of a hundred ſuits.
Con. How happy am I in the ſight of you!
Here are religious ſouls, that loſe not time:
With what devotion do they point at heaven,
And ſeem to check me that am too remiſs!
I bring my zeal among you, holy men;
If I ſee any kneel, and I ſit out,
That hour is not well ſpent. Methinks, ſtrict ſouls,
You have been of ſome order, in your times.
Graſ. Graſiers and braziers ſome, and this a felt-maker.
But. Here's his petition and mine, if it like your grace.
Graſ. Look upon mine, I am the longeſt ſuitor,
I was undone ſeven years ago.
Con. You have mock'd my good hopes; call you theſe petitions?
Why there's no form of prayer among them all.
But. Yes, in the bottom there's half a line prays for your majeſty,
If you look on mine.
Con. Make your requeſts to heaven, not to me.
But. 'Las! mine's a ſupplication for braſs buttons, ſir.
Felt. There's a great enormity in wool,
I beſeech your grace conſider it.
Gra. Paſtures riſe two-pence an acre, what will this world come to?
But. I do beſeech your grace.
Gra. Good your grace.
Con. Oh! this is one of my afflictions
That with the crown enclos'd me, I muſt bear it.
Gra. Your grace's anſwer to my ſupplication.
But. Mine, my lord.

Con.

Con. No violent ſtorm laſts ever, that's the comfort of it.

Felt. Your highneſs's anſwer.

Gra. We are almoſt all undone, the country begger'd.

But. See, ſee, he points at heaven, as who ſhould ſay
There's enough there; but 'tis a great way thither.
There's no good to be done, I ſee that already;
We may all ſpend our mouths like a company of hounds,
In chaſe of a royal deer, and then go home
And fall to cold mutton bones, when we have done.

Gra. My wife will hang me, that's my curriſh deſtiny.
[*Exeunt.*

Con. Thanks heaven! 'tis over now: we ſhould never know rightly
The ſweetneſs of a calm, but for a ſtorm.
Here's a wiſh'd hour for contemplation now,
All's ſtill and ſilent, here is a true kingdom.

Enter Vortiger.

Vor. My lord.

Con. Again?

Vor. Alas! this is but early
And gentle to the troops of buſineſſes
That flock about authority: you muſt forthwith
Settle your mind to marry.

Con. How, to marry?

Vor. And ſuddenly, there's no pauſe to be given,
The people's wills are violent, and covetous
Of a ſucceſſion from your loins.

Con. From me there can come none; a profeſs'd abſtinence
Hath ſet a virgin ſeal upon my blood,
And alter'd all the courſe; the heat I have,
Is all inclos'd within a zeal to virtue,
And that's not fit for earthly propagation;
Alas! I ſhall but forfeit all their hopes,
I'm a man made without deſires, tell them.

Vor. I prov'd them with ſuch words, but all were fruitleſs:
A virgin of the higheſt ſubject's blood

They

They have pick'd out for your embrace, and ſend her,
Bleſs'd with their general wiſhes, into fruitfulneſs.
Lo! where ſhe comes, my lord.

Enter Caſtiza.

Con. I never felt
Th' unhappy hand of miſery till this touch;
A patience I could find for all but this.

Caſt. My lord, your vow'd love ventures me but dangerouſly.

Vor. 'Tis but to ſtrengthen a vexation politick.

Caſt. That's an uncharitable practice, truſt me, ſir.

Vor. No more of that.

Caſt. But ſay he ſhould affect me, ſir,
How ſhould I 'ſcape him then? I have but one faith, my lord,
And that you have already, our late contract is a divine witneſs to't.

Vor. I am not void of ſhifting-rooms and helps
For all projects that I commit with you. [*Exit.*

Caſt. This is an ungodly way to come to honour,
I do not like it: I love lord Vortiger,
But not theſe practices, they're too uncharitable.

Con. Are you a virgin?

Caſt. Never yet, my lord,
Known to the will of man.

Con. Oh bleſſed creature!
And does too much felicity make you ſurfeit?
Are you in ſoul aſſur'd there is a ſtate
Prepar'd for you, for you, a glorious one,
In midſt of heav'n, now in the ſtate you ſtand in?
And had you rather, after much known miſery,
Cares and hard labours, mingled with a curſe,
Throng but to the door, and hardly get a place there?
Think, hath the world a folly like this madneſs?
Keep ſtill that holy and immaculate fire,
Your chaſte lamp of eternity; 'tis a treaſure
Too precious for death's moment to partake,
This twinkling of ſhort life. Diſdain as much

To let mortality know you, as ſtars to kiſs the pavement:
y'have a ſubſtance
As excellent as theirs, holding your pureneſs.
They look upon corruption, as you do,
But are ſtars ſtill; be you a virgin too.
Caſt. I'll never marry. What though my truth be engag'd
To Vortiger? forſaking all the world
I ſave it well, and do my faith no wrong.
Y'have mightily prevail'd, great virtuous ſir,
I am bound eternally to praiſe your goodneſs;
My thoughts henceforth ſhall be as pure from man,
As ever made a virgin's name immortal.
Con. I will do that for joy, I never did,
Nor ever will again.
As he kiſſes her, enter Vortiger and gentlemen.
Gent. My lord, he's taken.
Vor. I am ſorry for't, I like not that ſo well,
They're ſomething too familiar for their time, methinks.
This way of kiſſing is no way to vex him;
Why I, that have a weaker faith and patience,
Could endure more than that, coming from a woman.
Diſpatch, and bring his anſwer ſpeedily. [*Exit.*
Gent. My lord, my gracious lord!
Con. Beſhrew thy heart.
Gent. They all attend your grace.
Con. I would not have them,
'Twould pleaſe me better if they'd all depart
And leave me to myſelf, or put me out
And take it to themſelves.
Gent. The noon is paſt,
Meat's on the table.
Con. Meat! away, get from me,
Thy memory is diſeas'd; what ſaint's eve's this?
Gen. Saint Agatha's, I take it.
Con. Is it ſo?
I am not worthy to be ſerv'd before her,
And ſo return, I pray.

Gent.

Gent. He'll ſtarve the guard
If this be ſuffer'd; if we ſet court-bellies
By a monaſtery clock, he that breaks a fellow's pate now
Will not be able to crack a louſe within this twelve-month. [*Exit.*

Con. 'Tis ſure forgetfulneſs, and not man's will,
That leads him forth into licentious ways;
He cannot certainly commit ſuch errors,
And think upon them truly as they are acting.
Why's abſtinence ordain'd, but for ſuch ſeaſons?

Enter Vortiger.

Vor. My lord, y'have pleas'd to put us to much pains,
But we confeſs 'tis portion of our duty:
Will your grace pleaſe to walk? dinner ſtays for you.

Con. I have anſwer'd that already.

Vor. But, my lord,
We muſt not ſo yield to you, pardon me,
'Tis for the general good, you muſt be rul'd, ſir,
Your health and life is dearer to us now;
Think where you are, at court, this is no monaſtery.

Con. But, ſir, my conſcience keeps ſtill where it was.
I may not eat this day.

Vor. We have ſworn you ſhall,
And plentifully too, we muſt preſerve you, ſir,
Though you be wilful; 'tis no ſlight condition
To be a king.

Con. Would I were leſs than man.

Vor. You will make the people riſe, my lord,
In great deſpair of your continuance,
If you neglect the means that muſt ſuſtain you.

Con. I never eat on eves.

Vor. But now you muſt,
It concerns others healths that you take food;
I have chang'd your life, you well may change your mood.

Con.

Con. This is beyond all cruelty.
Vor. 'Tis our care, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Vortiger and Caſtiza.

Caſtiza.

MY lord, I am reſolv'd, tempt me no farther,
'Tis all to fruitleſs purpoſe.
Vor. Are you well?
Caſt. Never ſo perfect in the truth of health
As at this inſtant.
Vor. Then I doubt my own,
Or that I am not waking.
Caſt. Would you were then,
You'd praiſe my reſolution.
Vor. This is wondrous!
Are you not mine by contract?
Caſt. 'Tis moſt true, my lord,
And I am better bleſs'd in't than I look'd for,
In that I am confin'd in faith ſo ſtrictly;
I am bound, my lord, to marry none but you,
You'll grant me that; and you I'll never marry.
Vor. It draws me into violence and hazard,
I ſaw you kiſs the king.
Caſt. I grant you ſo, ſir,
Where could I take my leave of the world better?
I wrong'd not you in that, you will acknowledge
A king is the beſt part of it.
Vor. Oh my paſſion!
Caſt. I ſee you ſomething yielding to infirmity; ſir,
I take my leave.
Vor. Why, 'tis not poſſible!

Caſt.

Caſt. The fault is in your faith, time I were gone
To give it better ſtrengthening.
Vor. Hark you, lady.
Caſt. Send your intent to the next monaſtery,
There you ſhall find my anſwer ever after,
And ſo with my laſt duty to your lordſhip,
For whoſe proſperity I will pray as heartily
As for my own. [*Exit.*
Vor. How am I ſerv'd in this? I offer a vexation to the king,
He ſends it home into my blood with 'vantage.
I'll put off time no longer, I have brought him
Into moſt mens neglects, calling his zeal
A deep pride hallowed over, love of eaſe
More than devotion, or the publick benefit;
Which catcheth many men's beliefs. I am ſtronger too
In people's wiſhes, their affections point at me.
I loſe much time and glory, that redeem'd,
She that now flies returns with joy and wonder,
Greatneſs and woman's wiſh ne'er keep aſunder. [*Exit.*

Dumb ſhow. *Enter two villains, to them Vortiger, who ſeems to ſollicit them with gold, then ſwears them, and exit. Enter Conſtantius meditating, they rudely ſtrike down his book, draw their ſwords, he kneels and ſpreads his arms, they kill him, hurry him off. Enter Vortiger, Devonſhire, and Stafford, in conference; to them the villains preſenting the head, he ſeems ſorrowful, and in rage ſtabs them both. Then they crown Vortiger, and fetch in Caſtiza, who comes unwillingly, he hales her, and they crown her, Aurelius and Uther, brothers of Conſtantius, ſeeing him crowned, draw and fly.*

Enter Raynulph.

Ray. When nothing could prevail to tire
The good king's patience, they did hire

Two

Two wicked rogues to take his life,
In whom, a while there fell a ſtrife
Of pity and fury; but the gold
Made pity faint, and fury bold.
Then to Vortiger they bring
The head of that religious king,
Who feigning grief, to clear his guilt,
Makes the ſlaughterer's blood be ſpilt.
Then crown they him, and force the maid,
That vow'd a virgin-life, to wed.
Such a ſtrength great power extends,
It conquers fathers, kindred, friends.
And ſince fates pleas'd to change her life,
She proves as holy in a wife.
More to tell, were to betray
What deeds in their own tongues muſt ſay;
Only this, the good king dead,
The brothers poor in ſafety fled. [*Exit.*

Enter Vortiger (crowned) a gentleman meeting him.

Gent. My lord.
Vor. I fear thy news will fetch a curſe,
It comes with ſuch a violence.
Gent. The people are up
In arms againſt you.
Vor. Oh this dream of glory!
Sweet power, before I can have time to taſte thee,
Muſt I for ever loſe thee? What's the impoſthume
That ſwells them now?
Gent. The murder of Conſtantius.
Vor. Ulcers of realms! they hated him alive,
Grew weary of the minute of his reign,
Call'd him an evil of their own electing,
And is their ignorant zeal ſo fiery now
When all their thanks are cold? The mutable hearts
That move in their falſe breaſts! provide me ſafety.
Hark, I hear ruin threaten me with a voice
That imitates thunder.

Enter

Enter a ſecond gentleman.

2d Gent. Where's the king?

Vor. Who takes him?

2d Gent. Send peace to all your royal thoughts, my lord,
A fleet of valiant Saxons newly landed
Offer the truth of all their ſervice to you.

Vor. Saxons! my wiſhes, let them have free entrance,
And plenteous welcomes from all hearts that love us;
They never could come happier.

Enter Hengiſt, Horſus, and ſoldiers.

Heng. Health, power, and victory to Vortiger.

Vor. There can be no more pleaſure to a king,
If all the languages earth ſpake were ranſack'd.
Your names I know not, but ſo much good fortune
And warranted worth lightens your fair aſpects,
I cannot but in arms of love enfold you.

Heng. The miſtreſs of our birth's hope, fruitful Germany,
Calls me Hengiſtus, and this captain Horſus,
A man low-built, but yet in deeds of arms
Flame is not ſwifter: we are all, my lord,
The ſons of fortune, ſhe hath ſent us forth
To thrive by the red ſweat of our own merits:
And ſince, after the rage of many a tempeſt,
Our fates have caſt us upon Britain's bounds,
We offer you the firſt-fruits of our wounds.

Vor. Which we ſhall dearly prize; the mean'ſt blood ſpent
Shall at wealth's fountain make its own content.

Heng. You double vigour in us then, my lord,
Pay is the ſoul of ſuch as thrive by th' ſword. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Vortiger and gentlemen. Alarm and ſkirmiſhes.

1ſt Gent. My lord, theſe Saxons bring a fortune with them
Stay any Roman ſucceſs.

Vor. On, ſpeak, forwards,
I will not take one minute from thy tidings.

1ſt Gent.

1ſt Gent. The main ſupporters of this inſurrection
They have taken priſoners; and the reſt ſo tame,
They ſtoop to the leaſt grace that flows from mercy.
Vor. Never came power guided by better ſtars
Than theſe men's fortitudes: yet they're miſbelievers,
Which to my reaſon is wond'rous.
[*Enter Hengiſt and Horſus, with priſoners.*
You've given me ſuch a firſt-taſte of your worth,
'Twill never from my love; when life is gone,
The memory ſure will follow, my ſoul ſtill
Participating immortality with it.
But here's the miſery of earth's limited glory,
There's not a way reveal'd to any honour
Above the fame which your own merits give you.
Heng. Indeed, my lord, we hold, when all's ſumm'd up,
That can be made for worth to be expreſs'd,
The fame that a man wins himſelf is beſt,
That he may call his own; honours put to him,
Make him no more a man than his clothes do,
And are as ſoon ta'en off; for in the warmth
The heat comes from the body, not the weeds;
So man's true fame muſt ſtrike from his own deeds.
And ſince by this event which fortune ſpeaks us,
This land appears the fair predeſtin'd ſoil
Ordain'd for our good hap, we crave, my lord,
A little earth to thrive on, what you pleaſe,
Where we'll but keep a nurſery of good ſpirits
To fight for you and yours.
Vor. Sir, for our treaſure,
'Tis open to your merits, as our love;
But for y'are ſtrangers in religion chiefly,
(Which is the greateſt alienation can be,
And breeds moſt factions in the blood of men)
I muſt not yield to that.
[*Enter Simon with a hide.*
Heng. S'precious, my lord,
I ſee a pattern, be it but ſo little
As yon poor hide will compaſs.

Vor. How, the hide!
Hen. Rather than nothing, ſir.
Vor. Since y'are ſo reaſonable,
Take ſo much in the beſt part of our kingdom.
Heng. We thank your grace.—Rivers from bubbling ſprings
Have riſe at firſt, and great from abject things.
Stay yonder fellow, he came luckily,
And ſhall fare well for't, whate'er he be,
We'll thank our fortune in rewarding him.
Horſus. Stay, fellow.
Sim. How, fellow! 'tis more than you know
Whether I be your fellow or no, I am ſure you ſee me not.
Heng. Come, what's the price of your hide?
Sim. Oh unreaſonable villain!
He would buy the houſe over a man's head—I'll be ſure now
To make my bargain wiſely, they may buy me out of my ſkin elſe—
Whoſe hide would you buy, mine or the beaſt's?
There is little difference in their complexions, I think mine
Is the blacker of the two; you ſhall ſee for your love, and buy for your money.
A peſtilence on you all, how have you deceiv'd me?
You buy an ox hide! you buy a calf's gather—they are all
Hungry ſoldiers, and I took them for honeſt ſhoe-makers.
Heng. Hold fellow, pr'ythee hold; right a fool worldling,
That kicks at all good fortune. Whoſe man art thou?
Sim. I am a ſervant, yet a maſterleſs man, ſir.
Heng. Pr'ythee how can that be?
Sim. Very nimbly, ſir,
My maſter is dead, and now I ſerve my miſtreſs;
Ergo, I am a maſterleſs man; ſhe is now a widow,
And I am the foreman of her tan-pit.
Heng. Hold you, and thank your fortune, not your wit.

Sim. Faith, and I thank your bounty, and not your wiſdom;
You are not troubled with wit neither greatly, it ſeems—
Now, by this light, a neſt of yellow-hammers!
What will become of me? If I can keep all theſe without hanging
Myſelf, I am happier than a hundred of my neighbours.
You ſhall have my ſkin into the bargain,
Then if I chance to die like a dog,
The labour will be ſav'd of fleaing me;
I'll undertake, ſir, you ſhall have
All the ſkins in our pariſh at this price, mens and womens.

Heng. Sirrah, give good ear to me; now take the hide
And cut it into the ſlend'reſt thongs
That can bear ſtrength to hold.

Sim. That were a jeſt i'faith:
Spoil all the leather? ſin and pity!
Why 'twould ſhoe half your army.

Heng. Do it, I bid you.

Sim. What, cut all this into thongs? Hum,
This is like the vanity of your Roman gallants, that cannot wear
Good ſuits, but they muſt have them cut and ſlaſh'd in giggets,
That the very crimſon taffaties ſit bluſhing at their follies.
I would I might perſuade you from this humour of cutting,
'Tis but a ſwaggering condition and nothing profitable: what if it
Were but well pink'd? 'twould laſt longer for a ſummer ſuit.

Heng. What a croſs lump of ignorance have I lighted on!
I muſt be forc'd to beat my drift into him—
Look you, to make you wiſer than your parents,
I have ſo much ground given me as this hide will compaſs,

Which, as it is, is nothing.
Sim. Nothing, quoth a?
Why, 'twill not keep a hog.
Heng. Now with the vantage
Cut into ſeveral pieces, 'twill ſtretch far
And make a liberal circuit.
Sim. A ſhame on your crafty hide!
Is this your cunning? I have learn'd more knavery now
Than I ſhall claw off while I live.
I'll go purchaſe land by cow-tails and undo all the pariſh,
Three good bulls pizzles would ſet up a man for ever;
This is like a pin a day to ſet up a haberdaſher of ſmall wares.
Heng. Thus men that mean to thrive, as we muſt learn,
Set in a foot at firſt.
Sim A foot d'you call it?
The devil's in that foot that takes up all this leather.
Heng. Diſpatch, and cut it carefully, with all the advantage, firrah.
Sim. You could never have lighted upon ſuch a fellow
To ſerve your turn, captain; I have ſuch a trick of ſtretching too,
I learn'd it of a tanner's man that was hang'd
Laſt ſeſſions at Maidſtone:
I'll warrant you I'll get you a mile and a half
More than y'are aware of.
Heng. Pray ſerve me ſo as oft as you will, ſir.
Sim. I am caſting about for nine acres to make a garden plot
Out of one of the buttocks.
Heng. 'Twill be a good ſoil for noſe-gays.
Sim. 'Twill be a good ſoil for cabbages, to ſtuff out the guts
Of your followers there.
Heng. Go, ſee it carefully perform'd,
It is the firſt foundation of our fortunes
On Britain's earth, and ought to be embrac'd
With a reſpect near link'd to adoration.

Methinks

Methinks it ſounds to me a fair aſſurance
Of large honours and hopes, does it not, captain?
Horſ. How many have begun with leſs at firſt,
That have had emperors from their bodies ſprung,
And left their carcaſſes as much in monument
As would erect a college?
Heng. There's the fruits
Of their religious ſhew too, to lie rotting
Under a million ſpent in gold and marble.
Horſ. But where ſhall we make choice of our ground, captain?
Heng. About the fruitful flanks of uberous Kent,
A fat and olive ſoil, there we came in:
Oh captain, he has given he knows not what.
Horſ. Long may he give ſo.
Heng. I tell thee, ſirrah, he that begg'd a field
Of fourſcore acres for a garden-plot,
'Twas pretty well, but he came ſhort of this.
Horſ. Send over for more Saxons.
Heng. With all ſpeed, captain.
Horſ. Eſpecially for Roxena.
Heng. Who, my daughter?
Horſ. That ſtar of Germany, forget not her, ſir;
She is a fair and fortunate maid;
Fair ſhe is, and fortunate may ſhe be,
But in maid loſt for ever, my deſire
Has been the cloſe confuſion of that name.
A treaſure 'tis, able to make more thieves
Than cabinets ſet open to entice,
Which learn them theft that never knew the vice.
Heng. Come, I'll diſpatch with ſpeed.
Horſ. Do, forget none.
Heng. Marry, pray help my memory.
Horſ. Roxena, you remember?
Heng. What more dear, ſir? [*A ſhouting heard.*
Horſ. I ſee your memory's clear, ſir.
Heng. Thoſe ſhouts leap'd from our army.
Horſ. They were too chearful
To voice a bad event.

Heng. Now, ſir, your news? [*Enter a gentleman.*
Gent. Roxena the fair—
Heng. True, ſhe ſhall be ſent for.
Gent. She's here, ſir.
Heng. What ſay'ſt?
Gent. She's come, ſir.
Horſ. A new youth begins me o'er again.
Gent. Followed you cloſe, ſir,
With ſuch a zeal as daughter never equall'd.
Expos'd herſelf to all the mercileſs dangers
Set in mankind or fortune, not regarding
Aught but your ſight.
Heng. Her love is infinite to me.
Horſ. Moſt charitably cenſur'd; 'tis her cunning,
The love of her own luſt, which makes a woman
Gallop down hill as fearleſs as a drunkard.
There's no true loadſtone in the world but that,
It draws them through all ſtorms by ſea or ſhame,
Life's loſs is thought too ſmall to pay that game.
Gent. What follows more of her will you take ſtrongly?
Heng. How!
Gent. Nay, 'tis worth your wonder.
Her heart, joy-raviſh'd with your late ſucceſs,
Being the early morning of your fortunes,
So properouſly new opening at her coming,
She takes a cup of gold, and midſt the army,
Teaching her knee a reverend chearfulneſs,
Which well became her, drank a liberal health
To the king's joys and yours, the king in preſence,
Who with her ſight, but her behaviour chiefly,
Or chief but one or both, I know not which;
But he's ſo far 'bove my expreſſion caught,
'Twere art enough for one man's time and portion
To ſpeak him and miſs nothing.
Heng. This is aſtoniſhing!
Horſ. Oh! this ends bitter now; our cloſe-hid flame
Will break out of my heart, I cannot keep it.
Heng. Gave you attention, captain? How now, man?

Horſ.

Horſ. A kind of grief about theſe times of the moon
ſtill,
I feel a pain like a convulſion,
A cramp at heart, I know not what name fits it.
Heng. Nor never ſeek one for it, let it go
Without a name; would all griefs were ſerv'd ſo.
Flouriſh. Enter Vortiger, Roxena, &c.
Horſ. A love-knot already? arm in arm!
Vor. What's he lays claim to her?
Heng. In right of father-hood
I challenge an obedient part.
Vor. Take it, and ſend back the reſt.
Heng. What means your grace?
Vor. You'll keep no more than what
Belongs to you?
Hen. That's all, my lord, it all belongs to me,
I keep the huſband's intereſt till he come;
Yet out of duty and reſpect to majeſty,
I ſend her back your ſervant.
Vor. My miſtreſs, ſir, or nothing.
Heng. Come again, I never thought to hear ſo ill of
thee.
Vor. How, ſir, ſo ill?
Heng. So beyond deteſtable.
To be an honeſt vaſſal is ſome calling,
Poor is the worſt of that, ſhame comes not to't;
But miſtreſs, that the only common bait
Fortune ſets at all hours, catching whore with it,
And plucks them up by cluſters. There's my ſword, my
lord,
And if your ſtrong deſires aim at my blood,
Which runs too purely there, a nobler way
Quench it in mine.
Vor. I ne'er took ſword in vain,
Hengiſt, we here create thee earl of Kent.
Horſ. Oh that will do't.
Vor. What ails our friend? Look to him.
Rox. Oh, 'tis his epilepſy, I know it well,
I help'd him once in Germany; comes it again?

A virgin's right hand ſtroak'd upon his heart
Gives him eaſe ſtraight, but it muſt be a pure virgin,
Or elſe it brings no comfort.
Vor. What a taſk
She puts upon herſelf, unurged purity!
The truth of this will bring love's rage into me.
Rox. Oh, this would mad a woman, there's no proof
In love to indiſcretion.
Horſ. Piſh, this cures not.
Rox. Doſt think I'll ever wrong thee?
Horſ. Oh moſt feelingly!
But I'll prevent it now, and break thy neck
With thy own cunning. Thou haſt undertaken
To give me help, to bring in royal credit
Thy crack'd virginity; but I'll ſpoil all,
I will not ſtand on purpoſe, though I could,
But fall ſtill, to diſgrace thee.
Rox. What, you will not?
Horſ. I have no other way to help myſelf;
For when th'art known to be a whore, impoſtreſs,
I ſhall be ſure to keep thee.
Rox. Oh, ſir, ſhame me not:
You've had what is moſt precious; try my faith;
Undo me not at firſt in chaſte opinion.
Hor. All this art ſhall not make me feel my legs.
Rox. Prythee do not wilfully confound me.
Horſ. Well, I am content for this time to recover,
To ſave thy credit, and bite in my pain;
But if thou ever fail'ſt me, I will fall,
And thou ſhalt never get me up again.
Rox. Agreed 'twixt you and I, ſir—See, my lord,
A poor maid's work! the man may paſs for health now,
Among the cleareſt bloods, and thoſe are niceſt.
Vor. I have heard of women brought men on their kees,
But few that e'er reſtor'd them—How now, captain?
Hrſ. My lord, methinks I could do things paſt man,
I'm ſo renew'd in vigour; I long moſt
For violent exerciſe to take me down,

My

My joy's ſo high in blood, I'm above frailty.
Vor. My lord of Kent!
Heng. Your love's unworthy creature.
Vor. Seeſt thou this fair chain? Think upon the means
To keep it link'd for ever.
Heng. Oh! my lord,
'Tis many degrees ſundred from my hope;
Beſides, your grace has a young virtuous queen.
Vor. I ſay think on it.
Horſ. If this wind hold, I fall to my old diſeaſe.
Vor. There's no fault in thee but to come ſo late,
All elſe is excellent, I chide none but fate. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Horſus and Roxena.

Roxena.

I Have no conceit that you ever lov'd me,
But as luſt led you for the time.
Hor. See! ſee!
Rox. Do you pine at my advancement, ſir?
Hor. Oh barrenneſs
Of underſtanding! what a right love is this?
'Tis you that fall, I that am reprehended;
What height of honours, eminence of fortune,
Should raviſh me from you?
Rox. Who can tell that, ſir?
What's he can judge of a man's appetite
Before he ſees him eat? Who knows the ſtrength of any's conſtancy,
That never yet was tempted? We can call
Nothing our own, if they be deeds to come,

They're only ours, when they are paſs'd and done.
How bleſt are you above your apprehenſion,
If your deſire would lend you ſo much patience,
T' examine the adventurous condition
Of our affections, which are full of hazard,
And draw in the times goodneſs to defend us!
Firſt, this bold courſe of ours cannot laſt long,
Nor ever does in any without ſhame,
And that, you know, brings danger; and the greater
My father is in blood, as he is well riſen,
The greater will the ſtorm of his rage be
Againſt his blood's wronging: I have caſt for this,
'Tis not advancement that I love alone,
'Tis love of ſhelter, to keep ſhame unknown.

Hor. Oh, were I ſure of thee, as 'tis impoſſible
There to be ever ſure where there's no hold,
Your pregnant hopes ſhould not be long in riſing.

Rox. By what aſſurance you have held me thus far,
Which you found firm, deſpair you not in that.

Hor. True, that was good ſecurity for the time;
But in a change of ſtate, when y'are advanc'd,
You women have a French toy in your pride,
You make your friend come crouching; or perhaps,
To bow in th' hams the better, he is put
To complement three hours with your chief woman,
Then perhaps not admitted, no nor ever,
That's the more noble faſhion: forgetfulneſs
Is the moſt pleaſing virtue they can have,
That do ſpring up from nothing; for by the ſame
Forgetting all, they forget whence they came;
An excellent property of oblivion.

Rox. I pity all the fortunes of poor women
In my own unhappineſs; when we have given
All that we have to men, what's our requital?
An ill-fac'd jealouſy, that reſembles much
The miſtruſtfulneſs of an inſatiate thief,
That ſcarce believes he has all, though he has ſtripp'd
The true man naked, and left nothing on him
But the hard cord that binds him: ſo are we

Firſt robb'd, and then left bound by jealouſy.
Take reaſon's advice, and you'l find it impoſſible
For you to loſe me in this king's advancement,
Who's an uſurper here, and as the kingdom,
So ſhall he have my love by uſurpation,
The right ſhall be in thee ſtill; my aſcenſion
To dignity is but to waft thee higher,
And all uſurpers have the falling-ſickneſs,
They cannot keep up long.
Hor. May credulous man
Put all his confidence in ſo weak a bottom,
And make a ſaving voyage?
Rox. Nay, as gainful
As ever man yet made.
Hor. Go, take thy fortunes,
Aſpire with my conſent, ſo thy ambition will be ſure to proſper.
Speak the fair certainties of Britain's queen
Home to thy wiſhes.
Rox. Speak in hope, I may,
But not in certainty.
Hor. I ſay in both;
Hope, and be ſure I'll ſoon remove the lett that ſtands
Between thee and thy glory.
Rox. Life of love!
If loſt virginity can win ſuch a day,
I'll have no daughter but ſhall learn my way. [*Exit.*
Hor. 'Twill be good work for him that firſt inſtructs them:
May be ſome ſon of mine, got by this woman too,
May match with their own ſiſters.—Peace, 'tis he,
[*Enter Vortiger.*
Invention, fail me not, 'tis a gallant credit
To marry one's whore bravely.
Vor. Have I power
Of life and death, and cannot command eaſe
In my own blood? After I was a king
I thought I never ſhould have felt pain more,
That there had been a ceaſing of all paſſions

And common ſtings, which ſubjects uſe to feel,
That were created with a patience fit
For all extremities: But ſuch as we
Know not the way to ſuffer; then, to do it,
How moſt prepoſt'rous 'tis?—Tuſh, riddles, riddles.
I'll break through cuſtom. Why ſhould not the mind,
The nobler part that's of us, be allow'd
Change of affections, as our bodies are
Change of food and rayment? I'll have it ſo.
All faſhions appear ſtrange at firſt production,
But this would be well followed—Oh captain!

Hor. My lord, I grieve for you, I ſcarce fetch breath,
But a ſigh hangs at the end of it; but this
Is not the way, if you'd give way to counſel.

Vor. Set me right then, or I ſhall heavily curſe thee
For lifting up my underſtanding to me,
To ſhew that I was wrong. Ignorance is ſafe,
I then ſlept happily; if knowledge mend me not,
Thou haſt committed a moſt cruel ſin,
To wake me into judgment, and then leave me.

Hor. I will not leave you, ſir, that were rudely done.
Firſt, y'have a flame too open and too violent,
Which, like blood-guiltineſs in an offender,
Betrays him, when nought elſe can: out with it, ſir,
Or let ſome cunning coverture be made
Before your practice enters, 'twill ſpoil all elſe.

Vor. Why, look you, ſir, I can be as calm as ſilence
All the while muſick plays, ſtrike on, ſweet friend,
As mild and merry as the heart of innocence;
I pr'ythee take my temper; has a virgin
A heat more modeſt?

Hor. He does well to aſk me,
I could have told him once—Why here's a government,
There's not a ſweeter amity in friendſhip,
Than in this league 'twixt you and health.

Vor. Then ſince
Thou find'ſt me capable of happineſs,
Inſtruct me with the practice.

Hor. What will you ſay, my lord,

If I enſnare her in an action of luſt?
Vor. Oh, there were art to the life, but 'tis impoſſible;
I pr'ythee flatter me no farther with it;
Fy! ſo much ſin as goes to make up that
Will never prevail with her: why, I'll tell you, ſir,
She's ſo ſin-killing modeſt, that if only
To move the queſtion were enough adultery
To cauſe a ſeparation, there's no gallant
So braſſy impudent durſt undertake
The words that ſhall belong to't.
Hor. Say you ſo, ſir?
There's nothing made in the world, but has a way to't;
Though ſome be harder than the reſt to find,
Yet one there is, that's certain; and I think
I have took the courſe to light on it.
Vor. Oh, I pray for't.
Hor. I heard you lately ſay (from whence, my lord,
My practice receiv'd life firſt) that your queen
Still conſecrates her time to contemplation,
Takes ſolitary walks.
Vor. Nay late and early
Commands her weak guard from her, which are but
Women at ſtrongeſt.
Hor. I like all this, my lord;
And now, ſir, you ſhall know what net is us'd
In many places to catch modeſt women,
Such as will never yield by prayers or gifts:
Now there be ſome will catch up men as faſt;
But thoſe ſhe-fowlers nothing concern us,
Their birding is at windows, ours abroad,
Where ring-doves ſhould be caught, that's married wives,
Or chaſte maids, what the appetite has a mind to.
Vor. Make no pauſe then.
Hor. The honeſt gentlewoman,
When nothing will prevail (I pity her now)
Poor ſoul, ſhe's entic'd forth by her own ſex
To be betray'd to man, who in ſome garden-houſe
Or remote walk, taking his luſtful time,
Binds darkneſs on her eye-lids, ſurprizes her,

And

And having a coach ready, turns her in,
Hurrying her where he liſt for the ſin's ſafety,
Making a rape of honour without words,
And at the low ebb of his luſt, perhaps
Some three days after, ſends her coach'd again
To the ſame place, and, which would make moſt mad,
She's robb'd of all, yet knows not where ſhe's robb'd,
There's the dear precious miſchief.

Vor. Is this practis'd?

Hor. Too much, my lord, to be ſo little known,
A ſprindge to catch a maiden-head after ſun-ſet;
Clip it, and ſend it home again to the city,
There 'twill ne'er be perceiv'd.

Vor. My raptures want expreſſion;
I conceit enough to make me fortunate, and thee great.
[*Exit.*

Hor. I praiſe it then, my lord—I knew 'twould take.
[*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE 2.

Enter Caſtiza with a book, and two ladies.

Caſtiza.

METhinks you live ſtrange lives! when I ſee it not
It grieves me leſs, you know how to eaſe me then;
If you but knew how well I lov'd your abſence,
You would beſtow it upon me without aſking.

1 *La.* Faith, for my part, were it no more for
Ceremony than for love,
You ſhould walk long enough without my attendance,
And ſo think all my fellows, though they ſay nothing.
Books in womens hands are as much againſt the hair, methinks,
As to ſee men wear ſtomachers, or night-railes.

She

She that has the green-ſickneſs and ſhould follow her
counſel,
Would die like an aſs, and go to the worms like a fallad;
Not I, ſo long as ſuch a creature as man is made,
She is a fool that knows not what he is good for.
[*Exeunt Ladies.*

Caſt. Though among life's elections, that of virgin
I did ſpeak nobleſt of; yet it has pleas'd the king
To ſend me a contented bleſſedneſs
In that of marriage, which I ever doubted.
[*Enter Vortiger and Horſus diſguiſed.*
I ſee the king's affection was a true one,
It laſts and holds out long; that's no mean virtue
In a commanding man, though in great fear
At firſt I was enforc'd to venture on it.

Vor. All's happy, clear and ſafe.

Hor. The reſt comes gently on.

Vor. Be ſure you ſeize on her full ſight at firſt,
For fear of my diſcovery.

Hor. Now, fortune, and I am ſped.

Caſt. Treaſon! treaſon!

Hor. Sirrah, how ſtand you? prevent noiſe and clamour,
Or death ſhall end thy ſervice.

Vor. A ſure cunning.

Caſt. Oh, reſcue! reſcue!

Hor. Dead her voice, away, make ſpeed.

Caſt. No help? no ſuccour?

Hor. Louder yet? extend
Your voice to the laſt rack, you ſhall have leave now,
Y'are far from any pity.

Caſt. What's my ſin?

Hor. Contempt of man, and he's a noble creature,
And takes it in ill part to be deſpis'd.

Caſt. I never deſpis'd any.

Hor. No? you hold us
Unworthy to be lov'd, what call you that?

Caſt. I have a lord diſproves you.

Hor. Piſh, your lord?

Y'are

Y'are bound to love your lord, that is no thanks to you;
You ſhould love thoſe you are not tied to love,
That's the right trial of a woman's charity.

Caſt. I know not what you are, nor what my fault is:
If it be life you ſeek, whate'er you be,
Uſe no immodeſt words, and take it from me,
You kill me more in talking ſinfully,
Than acting cruelty; be ſo far pitiful,
To end me without words.

Hor. Long may you live,
'Tis the wiſh of a good ſubject, 'tis not life
That I thirſt after, loyalty forbid
I ſhould commit ſuch treaſon; you miſtake me,
I have no ſuch bloody thought, only your love
Shall content me.

Caſt. What ſaid you, ſir?

Hor. Thus plainly,
To ſtrip my words as naked as my purpoſe,
I muſt and will enjoy thee—Gone already?
Look to her, bear her up, ſhe goes apace:
I fear'd this ſtill, and therefore came provided;
There's that will fetch life from a dying ſpark,
And make it ſpread a furnace,—ſhe's well ſtraight.—
Piſh, let her go, ſhe ſtands, upon my knowledge,
Or elſe ſhe counterfeits, I know the virtue.

Caſt. Never did ſorrows in afflicted woman
Meet with ſuch cruelties; ſuch hard-hearted ways
Human invention never found before.
To call back life to live, is but ill taken
By ſome departing ſoul; then to force mine back
To an eternal act of death in luſt,
What is it but moſt execrable?

Hor. So, ſo;
But this is from my buſineſs, liſt to me,
Here you are now far from all hope of friendſhip,
Save what you make in me; 'ſcape me you cannot,
Send your ſoul that aſſurance; that reſolv'd on,
You know not who I am, nor ever ſhall,
I need not fear you then; but give conſent,

Then

Then with the faithfulneſs of a true friend,
I'll open myſelf to you, fall your ſervant,
As I do now in hope, proud of ſubmiſſion,
And ſeal the deed up with eternal ſecreſy,
Not death ſhall pluck it from me, much leſs the king's
Authority or torture.

Vor. I admire him.

Caſt. Oh, ſir, whate'er you are, I teach my knee
Thus to requite you; be content to take
Only my ſight, as ranſom for my honour,
And where you have but mock'd my eyes with darkneſs,
Pluck them quite out; all outward lights of body
I'll ſpare moſt willingly, but take not from me
That which muſt guide me to another world,
And leave me dark for ever: faſt without
That curſed pleaſure, which will make two ſouls
Endure a famine everlaſtingly.

Hor. This almoſt moves. [*Aſide.*

Vor. By this light he'll be taken. [*Aſide.*

Hor. I'll wreſtle down all pity—What! will you conſent?

Caſt. I'll never be ſo guilty.

Hor. Farewell words then,
You hear no more of me, but thus I ſeize you.

Caſt. Oh! if a power above be reverenc'd by thee,
I bind thee by that name, by manhood, nobleneſs,
And all the charms of honour.

[*Vortiger ſnatches her away.*

Hor. Ah, ha, here's one caught
For an example: never was poor lady
So mock'd into falſe terror: with what anguiſh
She lies with her own lord! now ſhe could curſe
All into barrenneſs, and beguile herſelf by it.
Conceit's a powerful thing, and is indeed
Plac'd as a palate to taſte grief, or love,
And as that reliſhes, ſo we approve:
Hence comes it that our taſte is ſo beguil'd,
Changing pure blood for ſome that's mix'd and ſoil'd.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE 3.

Enter Hengiſt.

Hengiſt.

A Fair and fortunate conſtellation reign'd
When we ſet foot here, for from his firſt gift
(Which to a king's unbounded eyes ſeem'd nothing)
The compaſs of a hide, I have erected
A ſtrong and ſpacious caſtle, yet contain'd myſelf
Within my limits, without check or cenſure.
Thither, with all th'obſervance of a ſubject,
The livelieſt witneſs of a grateful mind,
I purpoſe to invite him and his queen,
And feaſt them nobly. [*A noiſe without.*

Bar. We will enter, ſir,
'Tis a ſtate buſineſs, of a twelve-month long,
The chuſing of a mayor.

Heng. What noiſe is that?

Tay. Sir, we muſt ſpeak with the good earl of Kent;
Though we were never brought up to keep a door,
We are as honeſt, ſir, as ſome that do.

[*Enter a gentleman.*

Heng. Now, ſir, what's the occaſion of their clamours?

Gent. Pleaſe you, my lord, a company of townſmen
Are bent againſt all denials and reſiſtance
To have ſpeech with your lordſhip, and that you
Muſt end a difference, which none elſe can do.

Heng. Why then there's reaſon in their violence,
Which I ne'er look'd for: firſt let in but one,

[*Exit gentleman.*

And as we reliſh him the reſt come on.
'Tis no ſafe wiſdom in a riſing man
To ſlight off ſuch as theſe; nay, rather theſe
Are the foundations of a lofty work,
We cannot build without them, and ſtand ſure.

He

He that firſt aſcends to a mountain's top
Muſt begin at the foot.—Now, ſir, who comes?
[*Enter gentleman.*

Gent. They cannot yet agree, my lord, of that;
They ſay 'tis worſe now than it was before,
For where the difference was but between two,
Upon this coming firſt they're all at odds.
One ſays, he ſhall loſe his place in the church by't;
Another will not do his wife that wrong;
And by their good wills they would all come firſt.
The ſtriſe continues in moſt heat, my lord,
Between a country barber and a taylor
Of the ſame town, and which your lordſhip names,
'Tis yielded by conſent that he ſhall enter.

Heng. Here's no ſweet coil, I am glad they are ſo reaſonable;
Call in the barber, if the tale be long,
He'll cut it ſhort I truſt, that's all the hope.
[*Enter barber.*
Now, ſir, are you the barber?

Bar. Oh moſt barbarous!
A corrector of enormities in hair, my lord,
A promoter of upper lips, or what your lordſhip,
In the neatneſs of your diſcretion, ſhall think fit to call me.

Heng. Very good, I ſee you have this without book;
But what's your buſineſs?

Bar. Your lordſhip comes to a very high point indeed,
The buſineſs, ſir, lies about the head.

Heng. That's work for you.

Bar. No, my good lord, there is a corporation,
A body, a kind of body.

Heng. The barber is out at the body, let in the taylor;
This 'tis to reach beyond your own profeſſion;
When you let go your head, you loſe your memory:
You have no buſineſs with the body.

Bar. Yes, ſir,

I am

I am a barber-chirugeon, I have had ſomething to do with it
In my time, my lord, and I was never ſo out of the body
As I have been of late: ſend me good luck, I'll marry ſome whore
But I'll get in again. [*Enter Taylor.*

Heng. Now, ſir, a good diſcovery come from you.

Tay. I will rip up the linings to your lordſhip,
And ſhew what ſtuff 'tis made of; for the body
Or corporation—

Heng. There the barber left indeed.

Tay. 'Tis piec'd up of two faſhions.

Heng. A patch'd town the whileſt.

Tay. Nor can we go through ſtitch, my noble lord,
The choler is ſo great in the one party.
And as in linſey-woolſey wove together,
One piece makes ſeveral ſuits, ſo, upright earl,
Our linſey-woolſey hearts make all this coil.

Heng. What's all this now? I am ne'er the wiſer yet, call in the reſt. [*Enter Glover.*
Now, ſirs, what are you?

Glo. Sir, reverence on your lordſhip,
I am a glover.

Heng. What needs that then?

Glo. Sometimes I deal in dog's leather, ſir, reverence the while.

Heng. Well, to the purpoſe, if there be any towards.

Glo. I were an aſs elſe, ſaving your lordſhip's preſence;
We have a body, but our town wants a hand,
A hand of juſtice, a worſhipful maſter mayor.

Heng. This is well handled yet, a man may take ſome hold
On it. You want a mayor?

Glo. Right, but there's two at fiſty-cuffs about it, ſir, as I may ſay
At daggers drawing, but that I cannot ſay, becauſe they have none;
And you being earl of Kent, our town does ſay,

Your

Your lordſhip's voice ſhall part and end the fray.
Heng. This is ſtrange work for me—Well, ſir, what be they?
Glo. The one is a tanner.
Heng. Fie, I ſhall be too partial,
I owe too much affection to that trade
To put it to my voice—What is his name?
Glo. Simon.
Heng. How, Simon too?
Glo. Nay, 'tis but Simon one, ſir,
The very ſame Simon that ſold your lordſhip a hide.
Heng. What ſayeſt thou?
Glo. That's all his glory, ſir, he got his maſter's
Widow by it preſently, a rich tanner's wife, ſhe has ſet him up;
He was her fore-man a long time in her other huſband's days.
Heng. Now let me periſh in my firſt aſpiring,
If the pretty ſimplicity of his fortune
Do not moſt highly take me; 'tis a preſage, methinks,
Of bright ſucceeding happineſs to mine,
When my fate's glow-worm caſts forth ſuch a ſhine.
And what are thoſe that do contend with him?
Tay. Marry, my noble lord, a fuſtian-weaver.
Heng. How! he offer
To compare with Simon! he a fit match for him!
Bar. Hark, hark, my lord, here they come both in a pelting chaff
From the town-houſe. [*Enter Simon and Oliver.*
Sim. How, before me? I ſcorn thee,
Thou wattle-fac'd findg'd pig.
Oliv. Pig? I defy thee,
My uncle was a Jew, and ſcorn'd the motion.
Sim. I liſt not brook thy vaunts, compare with me?
Thou ſpindle of concupiſcence, 'tis well known
Thy firſt wife was a flax-wench.
Oliv. But ſuch a flax-wench
Would I might never want at my need, nor any friend of mine:

My

My neighbours knew her, thy wife was but an hempen halter to her.

Sim. Uſe better words, I'll hang thee in my year elſe,

Let who will chuſe thee afterwards.

Glo. Peace, for ſhame,

Quench your ſpirit, do not you ſee his lordſhip?

Heng. What, maſter Simonides?

Sim. Simonides?

What a fair name hath he made of Simon!

Then he's an aſs that calls me Simon again,

I am quite out of love with it.

Heng. Give me thy hand,

I love thy fortunes, and like a man that thrives.

Sim. I took a widow, my lord,

To be the beſt piece of ground to thrive on,

And by my faith, my lord, there's a young Simonides,

Like a green onion, peeping up already.

Heng. Th'haſt a good lucky hand.

Sim. I have ſomewhat, ſir.

Heng. But why to me is this election offer'd?

The chuſing of a mayor goes by moſt voices.

Sim. True, ſir, but moſt of our townſmen are ſo hoarſe

With drinking, there's not a good voice among them all.

Heng. Are you content to put it to all theſe then?

To whom I liberally reſign my intereſt,

To prevent cenſures.

Sim. I ſpeak firſt, my lord.

Ol. Though I ſpeak laſt, my lord, I am not leaſt;

If they will caſt away a town-born child, they may,

It is but dying ſome forty years before my time.

Heng. I leave you to your choice a while. [*Exit.*

All. Your good lordſhip.

Sim. Look you, neighbours, before you be too haſty, let Oliver

The fuſtian-weaver ſtand as fair as I do, and the devil

Do him good on't.

Ol. I do, thou upſtart callymoocher, I do;
'Tis well known to the pariſh I have been twice ale-cunner;
Thou muſhroon, that ſhot'ſt up in a night,
By lying with thy miſtreſs.
Sim. Faith, thou art ſuch a ſpiny baldrib,
All the miſtreſſes in the town will never get thee up.
Ol. I ſcorn to riſe by a woman, as thou didſt,
My wife ſhall riſe by me.
Glo. I pray leave your communication,
We can do nothing elſe.
Ol. I gave that barber a fuſtian-ſuit,
And twice redeem'd his cittern, he may remember me.
Sim. I fear no falſe meaſure but in that taylor,
The glover and button-maker are both cock-ſure;
That collier's eye I like not:
Now they conſult, the matter is in brewing.
Poor Gill, my wife, lies longing for the news,
'Twill make her a glad mother.
All. A Simon, a Simon.
Sim. Good people, I thank you all.
Ol. Wretch that I am!
Tanner, thou haſt curried favour.
Sim. I curry! I defy thy fuſtian fume.
Ol. But I will prove a rebel all thy year,
And raiſe up the ſeven deadly ſins againſt thee.
[*Exit.*
Sim. The deadly ſins will ſcorn to riſe by thee,
If they have any breeding,
As commonly they are well brought up, 'tis not for every ſcab
To be acquainted with them; but leaving the ſcab, to you, good
Neighbours, now I bend my ſpeech. Firſt, to ſay more than a man
Can ſay, I hold it not fit to be ſpoken; but to ſay what a man
Ought to ſay, there I leave you alſo. I muſt confeſs your loves

Have

Have choſen a weak and unlearned man; that I can neither write
Nor read, you all can witneſs; yet not altogether ſo unlearned, but I
Can ſet my mark to a bond, if I would be ſo ſimple; an excellent
Token of government. Cheer you then, my hearts, you have done
You know not what; there's a full point. There you muſt all
Cough and hem. [*Here they all cough and hem.*
Now touching our common adverſary the fuſtian-weaver,
Who threatens he will raiſe the deadly ſins among us,
Let them come, our town is big enough to hold them,
We will not ſo much diſgrace it; beſides, you know,
A deadly ſin will lye in a narrow hole; but when they think
Themſelves ſafeſt, and the web of their iniquity beſt woven,
With the horſe-ſtrength of my juſtice I will break through the
Loom of their concupiſcence, and make the weaver go ſeek his
Shuttle. Here you may cough and hem again, if you'll do me the
Favour. [*They cough and hem again.*
Why, I thank you all, and it ſhall not go unrewarded.
Now for the deadly ſins, pride, ſloth, envy, wrath; as for
Covetouſneſs and gluttony, I'll tell you more of that when I come
Out of my office; I ſhall have time to try what they are,
I will prove them ſoundly, and if I find gluttony and covetouſneſs
To be directly ſins, I'll bury the one in the bottom of a cheſt,
And the other in the end of my garden. But, ſirs, for leachery,

I'll tickle that home myſelf, I'll not leave a whore in the town.

Bar. Some of your neighbours muſt ſeek their Wives in the country then.

Sim. Barber, be ſilent, I will Cut thy comb elſe. To conclude, I will learn the villainy of All trades; my own I know already; if there be any knavery In the baker, I will bolt it out; if in the brewer, I will taſte him Throughly, and piſs out his iniquity at his own ſuckhole: In a word, I will knock down all enormities like a butcher, And ſend the hide to my fellow tanners.

All. A Simonides, a true Simonides indeed.

Enter Hengiſt and Roxena.

Heng. How now, how goes your choice?

Tay. This is he, my lord.

Sim. To prove I am the man, I am bold to take The upper hand of your lordſhip: I'll not loſe an inch of my honour.

Heng. Hold, ſirs, there's ſome few crowns to mend your feaſt, Becauſe I like your choice.

Bar. Joy bleſs you, ſir, We'll drink your health with trumpets.

Sim. Ay, with ſack-buts, That's the more ſolemn drinking for my ſtate, No malt this year ſhall fume into my pate.

[*Exit cum ſuis.*

Heng. Continues ſtill that favour in his love?

Rox. Nay, with increaſe, my lord, the flame grows greater, Though he has learn'd a better art of late To ſet a ſkreen before it.

Enter Vortiger and Horſus.

Heng. Speak lower.

Hor. Heard every word, my lord.

Vor. Plainly ?

Hor. Diſtinctly ;

The courſe I took was dangerous, but not failing,
For I convey'd myſelf behind the hangings.

Vor. 'Twas well ventur'd.

Hor. I had ſuch a woman's firſt and ſecond longing in me
To hear her, how ſhe'd bear her mock'd abuſe
After ſhe was return'd to privacy,
I could have faſted out an ember-week,
And never thought of hunger, to have heard her ;
Then came your holy Lupus and Germanus.

Vor. Two holy confeſſors.

Hor. At whoſe firſt ſight
I could perceive her fall upon her breaſt,
And cruelly afflict herſelf with ſorrow ;
I never heard a ſigh till I heard hers,
Who after her confeſſion, pitying her,
Put her into a way of patience,
Which now ſhe holds, to keep it hid from you,
There's all the pleaſure that I took in't now,
When I heard that my pains was well remembred.
So with applying comforts and relief,
They have brought it lower, to an eaſy grief ;
But yet the taſte is not quite gone.

Vor. Still fortune
Sits bettering our inventions. [*Enter Caſtiza.*

Hor. Here ſhe comes.

Caſt. Yonder's my lord ; oh ! I'll return again,
Methinks I ſhould not dare to look on him.

Hor. She's gone again.

Vor. It works the kindlier, ſir.
Go now and call her back, ſhe winds herſelf
Into the ſnare ſo prettily, 'tis a pleaſure
To ſet toils for her.

Caſt.

Caſt. He may read my ſhame
Now in my bluſh. [*Aſide.*
Vor. Come, y'are ſo link'd to holineſs,
So taken with contemplative deſires,
That the world has you, yet enjoys you not;
You have been weeping too.
Caſt. Not I, my lord.
Vor. Truſt me, I fear you have; y'are much to blame
To yield ſo much to paſſion without cauſe.
Is not ſome time enough for meditation?
Muſt it lay title to your health and beauty,
And draw them into time's conſumption too?
'Tis too exacting for a holy faculty.
My lord of Kent!—I pr'ythee wake him, captain,
He reads himſelf aſleep, ſure.
Hor. My lord!
Vor. Nay,
I'll take away your book and beſtow't here.
Heng. Your pardon, ſir.
Vor. You that delight in virgins ſtories,
And all chaſte works, here's excellent reading for you;
Make of that book as made men do of favours,
Which they grow ſick to part from. And now, my lord,
You that have ſo conceitedly gone beyond me,
And made ſo large uſe of a ſlender gift
Which we ne'er minded; I commend your thrift.
And that your building may to all ages
Carry the ſtamp and impreſs of your wit,
It ſhall be call'd Thong-Caſtle.
Heng. How, my lord,
Thong-Caſtle! there your grace quits me kindly.
Vor. 'Tis fit art ſhould be known by its right name;
You that can ſpread my gift, I'll ſpread your fame.
Heng. I thank your grace for that.
Vor. And, loved lord,
So well we do accept your invitation,

With all ſpeed we'll ſet forwards.

Heng. Your honour loves me.

[*Exeunt:*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Simon and all his brethren, a mace and ſword before him, meeting Vortiger, Caſtiza, Hengiſt, Roxena, Horſus, two ladies.

Simon.

LO I, the mayor of Quinborough by name,
With all my brethren, ſaving one that's lame,
Are come as faſt as fiery mill-horſe gallops
To greet thy grace, thy queen, and her fair trollops.
For reaſon of our coming do not look,
It muſt be done, I find it i'th' town-book;
And yet not I myſelf, I cannot read,
I keep a clerk to do thoſe jobs for need.
And now expect a rare conceit before Thong-Caſtle, ſee thee;
Reach me the thing to give the king, the other too I pr'ythee:
Now here they be, for queen and thee, the gift all ſteel and leather;
But the conceit of mickle weight, and here they come together:
To ſhew two loves muſt join in one, our town preſents by me
This gilded ſcabbard to the queen, this dagger unto thee.

Vor. Forbear your tedious and ridiculous duties,
I hate them, as I do the riots of your

Incon-

Inconſtant rabble; I have felt your fits,
Sheath up your bounties with your iron wits.
[*Exit cum ſociis.*

Sim. Look ſirs, is his back turn'd?

All. It is, it is.

Sim. Then bleſs the good Earl of Kent, ſay I,
I'll have this dagger turn'd into a pye,
And eaten up for anger, every bit on't.
And when this pye ſhall be cut up by ſome rare cunning pye-man,
They ſhall full lamentably ſing, Put up thy dagger, Simon.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE 2.

Enter Hengiſt, Horſus, Vortiger, Devonſhire, Stafford, Caſtiza, Roxena, ladies.

Hengiſt.

A Welcome (mighty lord) may appear coſtlier,
More full of toil and talk, ſhew and conceit,
But one more ſtor'd with thankful love and truth
I forbid all the ſons of men to boaſt of.

Vor. Why here's a fabric that implies eternity,
The building plain, but moſt ſubſtantial;
Methinks it looks as if it mock'd all ruin,
Saving that maſter-piece of conſummation,
The end of time, which muſt conſume even ruin,
And eat that into cinders.

Heng. There's no braſs
Would paſs your praiſe, my lord; 'twould paſs beyond it,
And ſhame our durableſt metal.

Vor. Horſus!

Hor. My lord!

Vor. This is the time I have choſen; here's a full meeting,

And here I will diſgrace her.
Hor. 'Twill be ſharp, my lord.
Vor. Oh, 'twill be beſt.
Hor. Why, here's the earl her father.
Vor. Ay, and the lord her uncle, that's the height of it,
Invited both on purpoſe, to riſe ſick
Full of ſhame's ſurfeit.
Hor. And that's ſhrewd, by'r lady,
It ever ſticks cloſe to the ribs of honour;
Great men are never ſound men aft r it,
It leaves ſome ach or other in their names ſtill,
Which their poſterity feels at every weather.
Vor. Mark but the leaſt preſentment of occaſion,
As theſe times yield enough, and then mark me.
Hor. My obſervance is all yours, you know't, my lord—
What careful ways ſome take to abuſe themſelves!
But as there be aſſurers of mens goods
'Gainſt ſtorms of pirates, which gives great adventurers courage,
So ſuch there muſt be to make up man's theft,
Or there would be no woman-venturer left.
See, now they find their ſeats! what a falſe knot
Of amity he ties about her arm,
Which rage muſt part! In marriage 'tis no wonder,
Knots knit with kiſſes oft are broke with thunder.
Muſick! then I have done, I always learn
To give my betters place. [*Aſide.*
Vor. Where's captain Horſus?
Sit, ſit, we'll have a health anon to all good ſervices.
Hor. They are poor in theſe days, th'had rather have the carp
Than the health; he hears me not,
And moſt great men are deaf on that ſide.
Vor. My lord of Kent, I thank you for this welcome,
It came unthought of in the ſweeteſt language
That ever my ſoul reliſh'd.

Heng.

Heng. You are pleas'd, my lord,
To raiſe my happineſs for ſlight deſervings,
To ſhew what power's in princes; not in us
Aught worthy, 'tis in you that makes us thus.
I am chiefly ſad, my lord, your queen's not merry.
Vor. So honour bleſs me, he has found the way
To my grief ſtrangely. Is there no delight——
Caſt. My lord, I wiſh not any, nor is't needful,
I am as I was ever.
Vor. That's not ſo.
Caſt. How? oh my fears! [*Aſide.*
Vor. When ſhe writ maid, my lord,
You knew her otherwiſe.
Devon. To ſpeak but truth,
I never knew her a great friend to mirth,
Nor taken much with any one delight,
Though there be many ſeemly and honourable
To give content to ladies without taxing.
Vor. My lord of Kent, this to thy full deſerts,
Which intimates thy higher flow to honour.
Heng. Which like a river, ſhall return in ſervice
To the great maſter-fountain.
Vor. Where's your lord?
I miſs'd him not 'till now; lady, and yours?
No marvel then we were ſo out of the way
Of all pleaſant diſcourſe; they are the keys
Of human muſick; ſure at their nativities
Great nature ſign'd a general patent to them
To take up all the mirth in a whole kingdom.
What's their employment now?
1ſt Lad. May it pleaſe your grace,
We never are ſo far acquainted with them;
Nothing we know but what they cannot keep,
That's even the faſhion of them all, my lord.
Vor. It ſeems y'have great thought in their conſtancies,
And they in yours, you dare ſo truſt each other.
2d Lad. Hope well we do, my lord, we have reaſon for it,

Becauſe they ſay brown men are honeſteſt,
But ſhe's a fool will ſwear for any colour.
Vor. They would for yours.
2d Lad. Troth 'tis a doubtful queſtion,
And I'd be loth to put mine to't, my lord.
Vor. Faith, dare you ſwear for yourſelves? that's a plain queſtion.
2d Lad. My lord?
Vor. You cannot deny that with honour,
And ſince 'tis urg'd, I'll put you to't in troth,
1ſt Lad. May it pleaſe your grace—
Vor. 'Twould pleaſe me very well,
And here's a book, mine never goes without one,
She's an example to you all for purity;
Come, ſwear (I have ſworn you ſhall) that you ne'er knew
The will of any man, beſides your huſband's.
2d Lad. I'll ſwear, my lord, as far as my remembrance.
Vor. How! your remembrance? that were ſtrange.
1ſt Lad. Your grace
Hearing our juſt excuſe, will not ſay ſo.
Vor. Well, what's your juſt excuſe? y'are ne'er without ſome.
1ſt Lad. I am often taken with a ſleep, my lord,
The loudeſt thunder cannot waken me,
Not if a cannon's burden be diſcharg'd
Cloſe by my ear; the more may be my wrong:
There can be no infirmity, my lord, more excuſeable in any woman.
2d Lad. And I am ſo troubled with the mother too,
I have often call'd in help, I know not whom,
Three at once have been too weak to keep me down.
Vor. I perceive there's no faſtening—Well, fair one then,
That never deceives faith's anchor of her hold,
Come at all ſeaſons. Here, be thou the ſtar
To guide thoſe erring women, ſhew the way
Which I will make them follow—Why do'ſt ſtart,

Draw

Draw back, and look ſo pale?

Caſt. My lord!

Vor. Come hither,
Nothing but take that oath; thoul't take a thouſand,
A thouſand! nay a million, or as many
As there be angels regiſters of oaths.
Why look thee, over-fearful chaſtity,
(That ſinn'ſt in nothing but in too much niceneſs)
I'll begin firſt, and ſwear for thee myſelf:
I know thee a perfection ſo unſtain'd,
So ſure, ſo abſolute; I will not pant on it,
But catch time greedily—By all thoſe bleſſings
That blow truth into fruitfulneſs, and thoſe curſes
That with their barren breaths blaſt perjury,
Thou art as pure as ſanctity's beſt ſhrine
From all man's mixture, ſave what's lawful, mine.

Caſt. Oh heaven forgive him, he has forſworn himſelf! [*Aſide.*

Vor. Come, 'tis but going now my way.

Caſt. That's bad enough. [*Aſide.*

Vor. I have clear'd all doubts, you ſee.

Caſt. Good my lord, ſpare me.

Vor. How! it grows later than ſo; for modeſty's ſake
Make more ſpeed this way.

Caſt. Pardon me, my lord,
I cannot.

Vor. What?

Caſt. I dare not.

Vor. Fail all confidence in thy weak kind for ever.

Devon. Here's a ſtorm
Able to make all of our name inhum'd,
And raiſe them from their ſleeps of peace and fame
To ſet the honours of their bloods right, here,
Hundred years after; a perpetual motion
Has their true glory been from ſeed to ſeed,
And cannot be choak'd now with a poor grain
Of duſt and earth. Her uncle and myſelf,
Wild in this tempeſt, as ever robb'd man's peace,

Will undertake, upon life's deprivation,
She ſhall accept this oath.

Vor. You do but call me then
Into a world of more deſpair and horror;
Yet ſince ſo wilfully you ſtand engag'd
In high ſcorn to be touch'd, with expedition
Perfect your undertakings with your fames,
Or, by the iſſues of abus'd belief,
I'll take the forfeit of lives, lands, and honours,
And make one ruin ſerve our joys and yours.

Caſt. Why, here's a height of miſeries never reach'd yet;
I loſe myſelf and others.

Devon. You may ſee
How much we lay in ballance with your goodneſs,
And had we more, it went; for we preſume
You cannot be religious and ſo vile.

Caſt. As to forſwear myſelf—'tis truth, great ſir,
The honour of your bed hath been abus'd.

Vor. Oh, beyond patience!

Caſt. But give me hearing, ſir,
'Twas far from my conſent, I was ſurpriz'd
By villainies, and ſo raught.

Vor. Hear you that, ſirs?
Oh cunning texture to incloſe adultery!
Mark but what ſubtle vail her ſins put on,
Religion brings her to confeſſion firſt,
Then ſteps in art to ſanctify that luſt.
'Tis likely you could be ſurpriz'd.

Caſt. My lord!

Vor. I'll hear no more—our guard, ſeize on thoſe lords.

Devon. We cannot periſh now too faſt, make ſpeed
To ſwift deſtruction; he breathes moſt accurſt,
That lives ſo long to ſee his name die firſt.

Hor. Here now's dear villainy! [*Aſide.*

Heng. Let him intreat, ſir,
That falls in ſaddeſt grief for this event,
Which ill begins the fortune of this building—my lord!

Rox.

Rox. What if he ſhould cauſe me to ſwear too, captain?
You know I am as far to ſeek in honeſty
As the worſt can be; I ſhould be ſham'd too.

Hor. Why, fool, they ſwear by that we worſhip not;
So you may ſwear your heart out, and ne'er hurt yourſelf.

Rox. That was well thought on, I had quite loſt myſelf elſe.

Vor. You ſhall prevail in noble ſuits, my lord,
But this does ſhame the ſpeaker.

Hor. I'll ſtep in now,
Though it ſhould be to no purpoſe—Good my lord,
Think on your noble and moſt hopeful iſſue
Lord Vortimer, the prince.

Vor. A baſtard, ſir,
I would his life were in my fury now.

Caſt. That injury ſtirs my ſoul to ſpeak the truth
Of his conception—Here, I take the book, my lord:
By all the glorify'd rewards of virtue
And prepared puniſhments for conſent in ſin,
A queen's hard ſorrrow ne'er ſupply'd a kingdom
With iſſue more legitimate than Vortimer.

Vor. This takes not out the ſtain of preſent ſhame,
Continuance crowns deſert; ſhe ne'er can go
For perfect honeſt, that's not always ſo—
Beſhrew thy heart for urging this excuſe,
Th'haſt juſtify'd her ſomewhat.

Hor. To ſmall purpoſe.

Vor. Among ſo many women, not one here
Dare ſwear a ſimple chaſtity! here's an age
To propagate virtue in. Since I have begun,
I'll ſhame you all together, and ſo leave you.
My lord of Kent!

Heng. Your highneſs?

Vor. That's your daughter?

Heng. Yes, my good lord.

Vor. Though I am your gueſt to-day,
And ſhould be leſs auſtere to you or yours,

In this caſe pardon me, I may not ſpare her.

Heng. Then her own goodneſs friend her—ſhe comes, my lord.

Vor. The tender reputation of a maid
Makes your honour, or elſe nothing can;
The oath you take is not for truth to man,
But to your own white ſoul a mighty taſk;
What dare you do in this?

Rox. My lord, as much
As chaſtity can put a woman to,
I aſk no favour; and t'approve the purity
Of what my habit and my time profeſſeth,
As likewiſe to requite all courteous cenſure,
Here I take my oath I am as free from man
As truth from falſhood, or ſanctity from ſtain.

Vor. Oh thou treaſure that raviſhes the poſſeſſor!
I know not where to ſpeed ſo well again,
I'll keep thee while I have thee; here's a fountain
To ſpring forth princes, and the ſeeds of kingdoms.
Away with that infection of black honour, and thoſe her leprous pledges,
Here will we ſtore ſucceſſion with true peace,
And of pure virgins grace the poor increaſe.

[*Exeunt all but Horſus.*

Hor. Ha, ha, he's well provided now; here ſtruck my fortunes.
With what an impudent confidence ſhe ſwore honeſt,
Having th' advantage of the oath! precious whore!
Methinks I ſhould not hear from fortune next
Under an earldom now; ſhe cannot ſpend
A night ſo idly, but to make a lord
With eaſe methinks, and play—The earl of Kent
Is calm and ſmooth, like a deep dangerous water;
He has ſome ſecret way, I know his blood,
The grave's not greedier, nor hell's lord more proud.
Something will hap; for this aſtoniſhing choice
Strikes pale the kingdom, at which I rejoice.

[*Exit.*

Dumb

Dumb ſhow. *Enter Lupus, Germanus, Devonſhire and Stafford, leading Vortimer, and crown him: Vortiger comes to them in paſſion, they neglect him. Enter Roxena in fury, expreſſing diſcontent, then they lead out Vortimer: Roxena gives two villains gold to murder him, they ſwear performance and go with her. Vortiger offers to run on his ſword, Horſus prevents him, and perſuades him; the lords bring in Vortimer dead; Vortiger mourns, and ſubmits to them; they ſwear him, and crown him. Then enters Hengiſt with Saxons; Vortiger draws, threatens expulſion, and then ſends a parly, which Hengiſt ſeems to grant by laying down his weapons; ſo all depart ſeverally.*

Enter Raynulphus.

Ray. Of Pagan-blood a queen being choſe,
Roxena hight, the Britains roſe
For Vortimer, and crown'd him king;
But ſhe ſoon poiſon'd that ſweet ſpring.
Then unto rule they did reſtore
Vortiger, and him they ſwore
Againſt the Saxons; they (conſtrain'd)
Begg'd peace, treaty, and obtain'd;
And now in numbers equally
Upon the plain near Sal'ſbury,
A peaceful meeting they decreen
Like men of love, no weapon ſeen.
But Hengiſt, that ambitious lord,
Full of guile, corrupts his word,
As the ſequel too well proves;
On that your eyes, on us your loves.

Enter Hengiſt, with Saxons.

Heng. If we let ſlip this opportuneful hour,
Take leave of fortune, certainty, or thought
Of ever fixing; we are looſe at root,

And

And the leaſt ſtorm may rend us from the boſom
Of this land's hopes for ever. But, dear Saxons,
Faſten we now, and our unſhaken firmneſs
Will endure after ages.
Sax. We are reſolv'd, my lord.
Heng. Obſerve you not how Vortiger the king,
Baſe in ſubmiſſion, threatned our expulſion,
His arm held up againſt us? Is it not time
To make our beſt prevention? what ſhould check me?
He has perfected that great work in our daughter,
And made her queen, ſhe can aſcend no higher,
Therefore be quick, diſpatch; here, every man
Receive into the ſervice of his vengeance
An inſtrument of ſteel, which will unſeen
Lurk, like a ſnake under the innocent ſhade
Of a ſpread ſummer-leaf, there fly you on:
Take heart, the commons love us, thoſe remov'd
That are the nerves, our greatneſs ſtands improv'd.
Sax. Give us the word, my lord, and we are perfect.
Heng. That's true, the word, I loſe myſelf—*Nemp your ſexes*;
It ſhall be that.
Sax. Enough, ſir, then we ſtrike.
Heng. But the king's mine, take heed you touch him not.
Sax. We ſhall not be at leiſure, never fear it,
We ſhall have work enough of our own, my lord.
Heng. Calm looks, but ſtormy ſouls poſſeſs you all.
Enter Vortiger and Britiſh lords.
Vor. We ſee you keep your words in all points firm.
Heng. No longer may we boaſt of ſo much breath
As goes to a word's making, than of care
In the preſerving of it when 'tis made.
Vor. Y'are in a virtuous way, my lord of Kent;
And ſince both ſides are met like ſons of peace,
All other arms laid by in ſigns of favour,
If our conditions be embraced—
Heng. They are.
Vor. We'll uſe no other but theſe only here.

Heng.

Heng. Nemp your ſexes.
Brit. Treaſon! treaſon!
Heng. Follow it to the heart, my truſty Saxons;
It is your liberty, your wealth and honour. Soft, you
are mine, my lord.
Vor. Take me not baſely, when all ſenſe and ſtrength
Lie bound up in amazement at this treachery.
What devil hath breath'd this everlaſting part
Of falſhood into thee?
Heng. Let it ſuffice
I have you, and will hold you priſoner,
As faſt as death holds your beſt props in ſilence:
We know the hard conditions of our peace,
Slavery or diminution, which we hate
With a joint loathing: may all periſh thus,
That ſeek to ſubjugate or leſſen us.
Vor. Oh, the ſtrange nooks of guile and ſubtilty,
When man ſo cunningly lies hid from man!
Who could expect ſuch treaſon from thy breaſt,
Such thunder from thy voice? or tak'ſt thou pride
To imitate the fair uncertainty
Of a bright day, that teems a ſudden ſtorm,
When the world leaſt expects one? but of all
I'll ne'er truſt fair ſky in a man again,
There's the deceitful weather; will you heap
More guilt upon you, by detaining me,
Like a cup taken after a ſore ſurfeit,
Even in contempt of health and heaven together?
What ſeek you?
Heng. Ranſom for your liberty,
As I ſhall like of, or you ne'er obtain it.
Vor. Here's a moſt headlong dangerous ambition:
Sow you the ſeeds of your aſpiring hopes
In blood and treaſon, and muſt I pay for them?
Heng. Have not I rais'd you to this height of pride?
A work of my own merit, ſince you enforce it.
Vor. There's even the general thanks of all aſpirers;
When they have all a kingdom can impart,
They write aodve it ſtill their own deſert.

Heng.

Heng. I have writ mine true, my lord.
Vor. That's all their ſayings.
Have not I rais'd thy daughter to a queen?
Heng. You have the harmony of your pleaſure for it,
You crown your own deſires; what's that to me?
Vor. And what will crown yours, ſir?
Heng. Faith, things of reaſon;
I demand Kent.
Vor. Why y'have the earldom of it.
Heng. The kingdom of't, I mean, without controul,
In full poſſeſſion.
Vor. This is ſtrange in you.
Heng. It ſeems y'are not acquainted with my blood,
To call this ſtrange.
Vor. Never was king of Kent,
But who was general king.
Heng. I'll be the firſt then;
Every thing has beginning.
Vor. No leſs title?
Heng. Not if you hope for liberty, my lord:
So dear a happineſs would not be wrong'd with ſlighting.
Vor. Very well, take it, I reſign it.
Heng. Why I thank your grace.
Vor. Is your great thirſt yet ſatisfied?
Heng. Faith, my lord,
There's yet behind a pair of teeming ſiſters,
Norfolk and Suffolk, and I have done with you.
Vor. Y'have got a dangerous thirſt of late, my lord,
Howe'er you came by it.
Heng. It behoves me then
For my blood's health to ſeek all means to quench it.
Vor. Them too?
Heng. There will be nothing abated, I aſſure you.
Vor. You have me at advantage; he whom fate
Does captivate, muſt yield to all; take them.
Heng. And you your liberty and peace, my lord,
With our beſt love and wiſhes.—Here's an hour
Begins us Saxons in wealth, fame and power.
[*Exit cum ſuis.*

Vor. Are theſe the nobleſt fruits and faireſt requitals
From works of our own raiſing?
Methinks the murther of Conſtantius
Speaks to me in the voice of it, and the wrongs
Of our late queen, ſlipp'd both into one organ.
[*Enter Horſus.*
Ambition, hell, my own undoing, luſt,
And all the brood of plagues conſpire againſt me.
I have not a friend left me.

Hor. My lord, he dies
That ſays it, but yourſelf, were't that thief-king,
That has ſo boldly ſtol'n his honours from you,
A treaſon that wrings tears from honeſt manhood.

Vor. So rich am I now in thy love and pity,
I feel no loſs at all; but we muſt part,
My queen and I to Cambria.

Hor. My lord, and I not named,
That have vow'd laſting ſervice to my life's extreameſt minute?

Vor. Is my ſick fate bleſt with ſo pure a friend?

Hor. My lord, no ſpace of earth, nor breadth of ſea
Shall divide me from you.

Vor. O faithful treaſure!
All my loſt happineſs is made up in thee. [*Exit.*

Hor. I'll follow you through the world, to cuckold you;
That's my way now. Every one has his toy
While he lives here; ſome men delight in building,
A trick of Babel, which will ne'er be left;
Some in conſuming what was rais'd with toiling;
Hengiſt in getting honour, I in ſpoiling. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Simon and his brethren, Aminadab his clerk.

Simon.

IS not that rebel Oliver, that traitor to my year,
Prehended yet?

Amin. Not yet, ſo pleaſe your worſhip.

Sim. Not yet, ſay'ſt thou? how durſt thou ſay, not yet,
And ſee me preſent? thou malapert, that art good for nothing
But to write and read. Is his loom ſeiz'd upon?

Amin. Yes, if it like your worſhip, and ſixteen yards of fuſtian.

Sim. Good, let a yard be ſav'd to mend me between the legs,
The reſt cut in pieces, and given to the poor.
'Tis heretick fuſtian, and ſhould be burnt indeed,
But being worn thread-bare, the ſhame will be as great;
How think you, neighbours?

Glo. Greater, methinks, the longer it is wore;
When being once burnt, it can be burnt no more.

Sim. True, wiſe, and moſt ſenſeleſs. How now, ſirrah, [*Enter a footman.*
What's he approaching here in duſty pumps?

Amin. A footman, ſir, to the great king of Kent.

Sim. The king of Kent? ſhake him by the hand for me.
Th'art welcome, footman; lo, my deputy ſhakes thee;
Come when my year is out, I'll do't my ſelf.
If 'twere a dog that came from the king of Kent,
I keep thoſe officers would ſhake him, I trow.
And what's the news with thee, thou well-ſtew'd footman?

Foot. The king, my maſter—

Sim. Ha?

Foot.

Foot. With a few Saxons,
Intends this night to make merry with you.
Sim. Merry with me? I ſhould be ſorry elſe, fellow,
And take it in ill part, ſo tell Kent's king.
Why was I choſen, but that great men ſhould make
Merry with me? there is a jeſt indeed;
Tell him I look'd for't, and me much he wrongs,
If he forget Sim that cut out his thongs.
Foot. I'll run with your worſhip's anſwer.
[*Exit.*
Sim. Do, I pr'ythee.
That fellow will be roaſted againſt ſupper,
He's half enough already, his brows baſte him.
The king of Kent! the king of Kirſendom
Shall not be better welcome; for you muſt imagine now, neighbours,
This is the time when Kent ſtands out of Kirſendom,
For he that's king here now was never kirſen'd;
This for your more inſtruction I thought fit,
That when you are dead you may teach your children wit.
Clerk!
Amin. At your worſhip's elbow.
Sim. I muſt turn you
From the hall to the kitchen to-night. Give order that twelve pigs be
Roaſted yellow; nine geeſe, and ſome three larks for piddling meat;
And twenty woodcocks; I'll bid all my neighbours.
Give charge the mutton come in all blood-raw, that is infidels meat,
The king of Kent is a pagan, and muſt be ſerv'd ſo.
And let thoſe officers that ſeldom or never go to church,
Bring it in, 'twill be the better taken. Run, run; come you hither
Now, take all my cuſhions down and thwack them ſoundly,
After my feaſt of millers; for their buttocks
Have left a peck of flour in them; beat them carefully
Over

Over a bolting-hutch, there will be enough
For a pan-pudding, as your dame will handle it.
Then put freſh water into both the bough-pots,
And burn a little juniper in the hall-chimney.
Like a beaſt as I was, I piſs'd out the fire laſt night,
And never dreamt of the king's coming. How now,
Return'd ſo quickly?

Amin. Pleaſe your worſhip, here are
A certain company of players.

Sim. Ha, players!

Amin. Country comedians, interluders, ſir,
Deſire your worſhip's favour
And leave to enact in the town-hall.

Sim. In the town-hall?
'Tis ten to one I never grant them that;
Call them before my worſhip. [*Enter Cheaters.*
If my houſe will not ſerve their turn, I would fain ſee
The proudeſt he lend them a barn.
Now, ſirs, are you comedians?

2 *Cheat.* We are, ſir, comedians, tragedians,
Tragi-comedians, comi-tragedians, paſtoriſts,
Humoriſts, clowniſts, ſatiriſts; we have them, ſir,
From the hug to the ſmile, from the ſmile to the laugh,
From the laugh to the handkerchief.

Sim. You're very ſtrong in the wriſt, methinks;
And muſt all theſe good parts be caſt away
Upon pedlers, and malt-men, ha?

1 *Cheat.* For want of better company, if it pleaſe your worſhip.

Sim. What think you of me, my maſters?
Hum; have you audacity enough
To play before ſo high a perſon as my ſelf? will not
My countenance daunt you? for if you play before me,
I ſhall often look on you, I give you that warning before hand:
Take it not ill, my maſters, I ſhall laugh at you,
And truly when I am leaſt offended with you;
It is my humour, but be not you abaſh'd.

1 *Cheat.* Sir, we have play'd before a lord e'er now,
Though

Though we be country actors.

Sim. A lord? ha, ha,
Thou'lt find it a harder thing to pleaſe a Mayor.

2 *Cheat.* We have a play wherein we uſe a horſe.

Sim. Fellows, you uſe no horſe-play in my houſe,
My rooms are rubb'd; keep it for hackney-men.

1 *Cheat.* We'll not offer it to your worſhip.

Sim. Give me a play without a beaſt, I charge you.

2 *Cheat.* That's hard; without a cuckold or a drunkard?

Sim. Oh, thoſe beaſts are often the beſt men in a pariſh,
And muſt not be kept out. But which is your merrieſt play?
That I would hearken after.

2 *Cheat.* Your worſhip ſhall hear
Their names, and take your choice.

Sim. And that's plain dealing. Come begin, ſir.

2 *Cheat.* The whirligig, the whibble, the carwidgen.

Sim. Hey-dey! what names are theſe?

2 *Cheat.* New names of late.
The wild-gooſe chaſe.

Sim. I underſtand thee now.

2 *Cheat.* Gull upon gull.

Sim. Why this is ſomewhat yet.

1 *Cheat.* Woodcock of our ſide.

Sim. Get thee further off then.

2 *Cheat.* The cheater and the clown.

Sim. Is that come up again?
That was a play when I was 'prentice firſt.

2 *Cheat.* Aye, but the cheater has learn'd more tricks of late,
And gulls the clown, with new additions.

Sim. Then is your clown a coxcomb, which is he?

1 *Cheat.* This is our clown, ſir.

Sim. Fye, fye, your company
Muſt fall upon him and beat him; he's too fair, i'faith,
To make the people laugh.

1 *Cheat.* Not as he may be dreſs'd, ſir.

Sim.

Sim. Faith, dreſs him how you will, I'll give him that gift,
He will never look half ſcurvily enough.
Oh, the clowns that I have ſeen in my time!
The very peeping out of one of them would have made
A young heir laugh, though his father lay a dying;
A man undone in law the day before (the ſaddeſt caſe that can be)
Might for his ſecond have burſt himſelf with laughing,
And ended all his miſeries. Here was a merry world, my maſters!
Some talk of things of ſtate, of puling ſtuff;
There's nothing in a play like to a clown,
If he have the grace to hit on it, that's the thing indeed.
The king ſhews well, but he ſets off the king;
But not the king of Kent, I mean not ſo,
The king is one, I mean, I do not know.

2 *Cheat.* Your worſhip ſpeaks with ſafety, like a rich man,
And for your finding fault, our hopes are greater,
Neither with him the clown, nor me the cheater.

[*Exeunt Players.*

Sim. Away then, ſhift; clown, to thy motley crupper,
We'll ſee them firſt, the king ſhall after ſupper.

Glo. I commend your worſhip's wiſdom in that, mr. Mayor.

Sim. Nay, 'tis a point of juſtice, if it be well examined,
Not to offer the king worſe than I'll ſee myſelf;
For a play may be dangerous; I have known
A great man poiſon'd in a play—

Glo. What have you, mr. Mayor?

Sim. But to what purpoſe many times, I know not.

Felt. Methinks they ſhould not deſtroy one another ſo.

Sim. Oh, no, no; he that's poiſon'd is always made privy to it,
That's one good order they have among them.—What joyful throat

Is

Is that, Aminadab? what is the meaning of this cry?

[*A ſhout within.*

Amin. The rebel is taken.

Sim. Oliver the puritan?

Amin. Oliver, puritan and fuſtian-weaver altogether.

Sim. Fates, I thank you for this victorious day;
Bonfires of peaſe-ſtraw burn, let the bells ring.

Glo. There's two in mending, and you know they cannot.

Sim. 'Las the tenor's broken! ring out the treble.

[*Oliver is brought in.*

I am overcloy'd with joy; welcome, thou rebel.

Oliv. I ſcorn thy welcome, I.

Sim. Art thou yet ſo ſtout?
Wilt thou not ſtoop for grace? then get thee out.

Oliv. I was not born to ſtoop but to my loom,
That ſeiz'd upon, my ſtooping days are done;
In plain terms, if thou haſt any thing to ſay to me,
Send me away quickly, this is no biding-place,
I underſtand there are players in thy houſe,
Diſpatch me, I charge thee, in the name of all the brethren.

Sim. Nay, now, proud rebel, I will make thee ſtay,
And to thy greater torment ſee a play.

Oliv. Oh devil, I conjure thee by Amſterdam.

Sim. Our word is paſt,
Juſtice may wink a while, but ſee at laſt.
[*The play begins*] Hold, ſtop him, ſtop him.

Oliv. Oh that profane trumpet! oh, oh.

Sim. Set him down there, I charge you, officers.

Oliv. I'll hide my ears and ſtop my eyes.

Sim. Down with his golls, I charge you.

Oliv. Oh tyranny, tyranny, revenge it tribulation!
For rebels there are many deaths, but ſure the only way
To execute a puritan, is ſeeing of a play.
Oh I ſhall ſwound!

Sim. Which if thou doſt, to ſpite thee,
A player's boy ſhall bring thee aqua-vitæ.

[*Enter* 1 *Cheater.*

Oliv.

Oliv. Oh, I'll not ſwoon at all for't, though I die.
Sim. Peace, here's a raſcal, liſt and edify.
1 *Cheat.* I ſay ſtill he's an aſs that cannot live by his wits.
Sim. What a bold raſcal's this? he calls us all aſſes at firſt daſh:
Sure none of us live by our wits, unleſs it be Oliver the puritan.
Oliv. I ſcorn as much to live by my wits as the proudeſt of you all.
Sim. Why then you're an aſs for company, ſo hold your prating. [*Enter ſecond Cheater.*
2 *Cheat.* Fellow in arms, welcome,
The news, the news?
Sim. Fellow in arms, quoth he?
He may well call him fellow in arms.
I am ſure they're both out at elbows.
2 *Cheat.* Be lively, my heart, be lively, the booty is at hand,
He's but a fool of a yeoman's eldeſt ſon;
He's ballanc'd on both ſides, bully; he's going to buy houſhold-ſtuff
With one pocket, and to pay rent with the other.
1 *Cheat.* And if this be his laſt day, my chuck,
He ſhall forfeit his leaſe, quoth the one pocket,
And eat his meat in wodden platters, quoth the other.
Sim. Faith then he's not ſo wiſe as he ought to be, to let
Such tatterdemallians get the upper hand of him,
[*Enter Clown.*
1 *Cheat.* He comes.
2 *Cheat.* Ay, but ſmally to our comfort, with both his hands in
His pockets; how is it poſſible to pick a lock, when the key
Is on the inſide of the door?
Sim. Oh neighbours, here's the part now
That carries away the play; if the clown miſcarry,
Farewel my hopes for ever, the play's ſpoil'd.
Clo. They ſay there is a fooliſh kind of a thing call'd a cheater Abroad,

Abroad, that will gull any yeoman's ſon of his purſe,
And laugh in his face like an Iriſhman.
I would fain meet with ſome of theſe creatures;
I am in as good ſtate to be gull'd now as ever I was in my life,
For I have two purſes at this time about me, and I would fain be
Acquainted with that raſcal that would take one of them now.
Sim. Faith, thou may'ſt be acquainted with two or three
That will do their good wills, I warrant thee.
1 *Cheat.* That way's too plain, too eaſy, I am afraid.
2 *Cheat.* Come, ſir, your moſt familiar cheats take beſt,
They ſhew like natural things and leaſt ſuſpected;
Give me a round ſhilling quickly.
1 *Cheat.* It will fetch
But one of his hands neither, if it take.
2 *Cheat.* Thou art too covetous, let's have one out firſt, pr'ythee,
There's time enough to fetch out th' other after.
Thou lieſt, 'tis lawful current money. [*They draw.*
1 *Cheat.* I ſay 'tis copper in ſome countries.
Clo. Here is a fray towards,
But I will hold my hands, let who will part them.
2 *Cheat,* Copper? I defy thee, and now I ſhall diſprove thee.
Look you, here's an honeſt yeoman's ſon of the country,
A man of judgment—
Clo. Pray you be covered, ſir,
I have eggs in my cap, and cannot put it off.
2 *Cheat.* Will you be tryed by him?
1 *Cheat.* I am content, ſir.
Sim. They look rather as if they would be tried next ſeſſions.
1 *Cheat.* Pray give your judgment of this piece of coin, ſir.
Clo. Nay if it be coin you ſtrive about,
Let me ſee it, I love money.

1 *Cheat.* Look on it well, ſir. [*They pick his pocket.*
2 *Cheat.* Let him do his worſt, ſir.
Clo. Y'had both need wear cut clothes, y'are ſo cholerick.
2 *Cheat.* Nay rub it and ſpare not, ſir,
Clo. Now by this ſilver, gentlemen,
It is good money, would I had a hundred of them.
2 *Cheat.* We hope well, ſir—Th' other pocket,
And we are made men. [*Exeunt.*
Sim. Oh neighbours, I begin to be ſick of this fool,
To ſee him thus couzen'd, I would make his caſe my own.
Clo. Still would I meet with theſe things call'd cheaters.
Sim. A whoreſon coxcomb, they have met with thee.
I can no longer endure him with patience.
Clo. Oh my rent! my whole year's rent!
Sim. A murrain on you,
This makes us landlords ſtay ſo long for our money.
Clo. The cheaters have been here.
Sim. A ſcurvy hobby-horſe,
That could not leave his money with me, having ſuch a charge
About him. A pox on thee for an aſs, thou play a clown?
I will commit thee for offering it—Officers, away with him.
Clo. What means your worſhip? why, you'l ſpoil the play, ſir.
Sim. Before the king of Kent ſhall be thus ſerv'd,
I'll play the clown my ſelf—away with him.
Clo. With me? if it pleaſe your worſhip, 'twas my part.
Sim. But 'twas a fooliſh part as ever thou playd'ſt in thy life;
I'll make thee ſmoak for it; I'll teach thee to underſtand
To play a clown, thou ſhalt know every man
Is not born to it—away with him quickly,
[*Exit Clown.*
He'll have the other pocket pick'd elſe, I heard them ſay it
With

With my own ears—See he's come in another diſguiſe
To cheat thee again. [*Enter ſecond Cheater.*
2d Cheat. Piſh, whither goes he now?
Sim. Come on, ſir, let us ſee what your
Knaveſhip can do at me now;
You muſt not think you have a clown in hand,
The fool I have committed too, for playing the part.
[*He throws off his gown, diſcovering his doublet with a ſatten forepart and a canvas back.*
2d Cheat. What's here to do?
Glo. Fye, good ſir, come away,
Will your worſhip baſe yourſelf to pay a clown?
2d Cheat. I beſeech your worſhip let us have our own clown,
I know not how to go forwards elſe.
Sim. Knave, play out thy part with me,
Or I'll lay thee by the heels all the days of thy life.
Why, how now, my maſters, who is that laugh'd at me?
Cannot a man of worſhip play the clown a little for his pleaſure
But he muſt be laugh'd at? do you know who I am?
Is the king's deputy of no better account among you?
Was I choſen to be laugh'd at? where's my clerk?
Ami. Here, if it pleaſe your worſhip.
Sim. Take a note of all thoſe
That laugh at me, that when I have done I may commit them.
Let me ſee who dare do it now.—And now to you once again,
Sir cheater, look you, here are my purſe-ſtrings, I do defy thee.
2d Cheat. Good ſir, tempt me not, my part is ſo written,
That I ſhould cheat your worſhip if you were my father.
Sim. I ſhould have much joy to have ſuch a raſcal to my ſon.
2d Cheat. Therefore I beſeech your worſhip pardon me, the part

Has more knavery in it than when your worſhip ſaw it at firſt;
I aſſure you you'll be deceiv'd in it, ſir, the new additions
Will take any man's purſe in Kent, or Kirſendom.
Sim. If thou canſt take my purſe, I'll give it thee freely,
And do thy worſt, I charge thee, as thou'lt anſwer it.
2d Cheat. I ſhall offend your worſhip.
Sim. Knave, do it quickly.
2d Cheat. Say you ſo? then there's for you, and here is for me.
[*Throws meal in his face, takes his purſe, and exit.*
Sim. Oh bleſs me! neighbours, I am in a fog,
A cheater's fog, I can ſee nobody.
Glo. Run, follow him, officers.
Sim. Away, let him go,
He will have all your purſes if he come back.
A pox on your new additions; they ſpoil all the plays
That ever they come in, the old way had no ſuch roguery in it.
Call you this a merry comedy, when a man's eyes are put out in't?
Brother Honey-ſuckle!
Felt. What ſays your worſhip?
Sim. I make you deputy, to rule the town till I can ſee again,
Which will be within theſe nine days at fartheſt.
Nothing grieves me now, but that I hear Oliver the rebel
Laugh at me; a pox on your puritan face, this will make you in
Love with plays as long as you live,
We ſhall not keep you from them now.
Oli. In ſincerity,
I was never better pleas'd at an exerciſe. Ha ha, ha.
Sim. Neighbours, what colour was the duſt
The raſcal threw in my face?
Glo. 'Twas meal, if it pleaſe your worſhip.

Sim.

Sim. Meal! I am glad of it,
I'll hang the miller for ſelling it.
Glo. Nay, ten to one
The cheater never bought it, he ſtole it certainly.
Sim. Why, then I'll hang the cheater for ſtealing it,
And the miller for being out of the way when he did it.
Felt. Ay, but your lordſhip was in the fault yourſelf;
You bid him do his worſt.
Sim. His worſt? that's true,
But the raſcal hath done his beſt; for I know not how a villain
Could put out a man's eyes better, and leave them in his head,
As he has done mine.
Ami. Where is my maſter's worſhip?
Sim. How now, Aminadab? I hear thee, though I ſee thee not.
Ami. You are couzened, ſir, they are all profeſſed cheaters,
They have ſtolen two ſilver ſpoons, and the clown took his heels
With all celerity; they only take the name of country-comedians
To abuſe ſimple people with a printed play or two,
Which they bought at Canterbury for ſix-pence;
And what is worſe, they ſpeak but
What they liſt of it, and fribble out the reſt.
Sim. Here's no abuſe to the common-wealth,
If a man could ſee to look into it.
But mark the cunning of theſe cheating ſlaves,
Firſt they make juſtice blind, then play the knaves.

Enter Hengiſt.

Heng. Where's mr. mayor?
Glo. Ods precious! brother, the king of Kent is newly alighted.
Sim. The king of Kent! where is he?
That I ſhould live to this day,
And yet not live to ſee to bid him welcome!

Heng. Where is Simonides, our friendly hoſt?
Sim. Ah, blind as one that had been fox'd a ſevenight.
Heng. Why, how now man?
Sim. Faith, practiſing a clown's part for your grace,
I have practis'd both my eyes out.
Heng. What need you practiſe that?
Sim. A man is never too old to learn, your grace will ſay ſo,
When you hear the jeſt of it; the truth is, my lord, I meant
To have been merry, and now it is my luck to weep
Water and oatmeal; I ſhall ſee again at ſupper,
I make no doubt of it.
Heng. This is ſtrange to me, ſirs.
Enter a gentleman.
Gent. Arm, arm, my lord!
Heng. What's that?
Gent. With ſwifteſt ſpeed, if ever you'll behold
The queen, your daughter, alive again.
Heng. Roxena?
Gent. They are beſieged: Aurelius,
Ambroſe, and his brother Uther,
With numbers infinite of Britiſh forces,
Beſet their caſtle, and they cannot 'ſcape
Without your ſpeedy ſuccour.
Heng. For her ſafety I'll forget food and reſt: away.
Sim. I hope your worſhip will hear the jeſt e'er you go.
Heng. The jeſt! torment me not.
Sim. I'll follow you to Wales with a dog and a bell
But I will tell it you.
Heng. Unſeaſonable folly! [*Exit cum ſuis.*
Sim. 'Tis a ſign of war, when great men diſagree;
Look to the rebel well, till I can ſee,
And when my ſight is recover'd, I will have
His eyes pull'd out for a fortnight.
Oli. My eyes? hang thee,
A deadly ſin or two ſhall pluck them out firſt,
That is my reſolution. Ha, ha, ha. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE 2.

Enter Aurelius and Uther, with ſoldiers; Vortiger and Horſus above.

Uther.

MY lord, the caſtle is ſo fortified—

Aur. Let wild-fire ruin it,
That his deſtruction may appear to him
In the figure of heaven's wrath at the laſt day,
That murderer of our brother. Hence, away,
I'll ſend my heart no peace till it be conſum'd.

Uth. There he appears again— behold, my lord.

Aur. Oh that the zealous fire on my ſoul's altar,
To the high birth of virtue conſecrated,
Would fit me with a lightning now to blaſt him,
Even as I look upon him.

Uth. Good, my lord,
Your anger is too noble, and too precious
To waſte itſelf on guilt ſo foul as his;
Let ruin work her will.

Vor. Begirt all round?

Hor. All, all, my lord, 'tis folly to make doubt of it;
You queſtion things that horror long ago
Reſolv'd us on.

Vor. Give me leave, Horſus, though ——

Hor. Do what you will, ſir, queſtion them again,
I'll tell them to you.

Vor. Not ſo, ſir,
I will not have them told again.

Hor. It reſts then.

Vor. That's an ill word put in, when thy heart knows
There is no reſt at all, but torment making.

Hor. True, my heart finds it; that ſits weeping blood now
For poor Roxena's ſafety. You'll confeſs, my lord,
My love to you has brought me to this danger?
I could have liv'd like Hengiſt, king of Kent,

Lon-

London, York, Lincoln, and Wincheſter,
Under the power of my command, the portion
Of my moſt juſt deſert, enjoyed now
By pettier deſervers.

Vor. Say you ſo, ſir?
And you'll confeſs? ſince you began confeſſion
(A thing I ſhould have died e'er I had thought on)
Y'have marr'd the faſhion of your affection utterly,
In your own wicked counſel, there you paid me;
You were bound in conſcience to love me after,
You were bound to't, as men in honeſty,
That vitiate virgins, to give dowries to them;
My faith was pure before to a faithful woman.

Hor. My lord, my counſel——

Vor. Why, I'll be judg'd by theſe
That knit death in their brows, and hold me now
Not worth the acception of a flattery,
Moſt of whoſe faces ſmil'd when I ſmil'd once—my lords!

Uth. Reply not, brother.

Vor. Seeds of ſcorn, I mind you not,
I ſpeak to them alone whoſe force makes yours a power,
Which elſe were none. Shew me the main food of your hate,
Which cannot be the murder of Conſtantius
That crawls in your revenges; for your loves
Were violent long ſince that.

1ſt Lo. And had been ſtill,
If from that Pagan wound th'hadſt kept thee free;
But when thou fled'ſt from heav'n, we fled from thee.

Vor. This was your counſel now.

Hor. Mine? 'twas the counſel
Of your own luſt and blood, your appetite knows it.

Vor. May thunder ſtrike me from theſe walls, my lords,
And leave me many leagues off from your eyes,
If this be not the man, whoſe Stygian ſoul
Breath'd forth that counſel to me, and ſole plotter
Of all thoſe falſe injurious diſgraces,
That have abus'd the virtuous patience
Of our religious queen.

Hor. A devil in madneſs!
Vor. Upon whoſe life, I ſwear, there ſticks no ſtain
But what's moſt wrongful; and where now ſhe thinks
A rape dwells on her honour, only I
Her raviſher was, and his the policy.
Aur. Inhuman practice!
Vor. Now you know the truth,
Will his death ſerve your fury?
Hor. My death?
Vor. Say, will it do it?
Hor. Say they ſhould ſay 'twould do't?
Vor. Why, then it muſt.
Hor. It muſt?
Vor. It ſhall; ſpeak but the word, it ſhall be yielded up.
Hor. Believe him not, he cannot do it.
Vor. Cannot?
Hor. 'Tis but a falſe and baſe inſinuation
For his own life, and like his late ſubmiſſion.
Vor. Oh ſting to honour! alive or dead, thou goeſt
For that word's rudeneſs only. [*Stabs him.*
1*ſt Lo.* See, ſin needs
No other deſtruction than it breeds in its own boſom.
Vor. Such another brings him.
Hor. What, has thy vile rage ſtamp'd a wound upon me?
I'll ſend one to thy ſoul ſhall never heal for't.
Vor. How, to my ſoul?
Hor. It ſhall be thy maſter torment,
Both for the pain and the everlaſtingneſs.
Vor. Ha, ha, ha.
Hor. Doſt laugh? take leave of it, all eternity
Shall never ſee thee do ſo much again:
Know, th'art a cuckold.
Vor. What!
Hor. You change too ſoon, ſir.
Roxena, whom th'haſt rais'd to thy own ruin,
She was my whore in Germany.
Vor. Burſt me open, the violence of whirl-winds.

Hor.

Hor. Hear me out firſt.
For her embrace, which my fleſh yet ſits warm in,
I was thy friend and follower.
Vor. Deafen me,
Thou moſt imperious noiſe that ſtarts the world!
Hor. And to ſerve both our luſts, I practis'd with thee
Againſt thy virtuous queen.
Vor. Bane to all comforts!
Hor. Whoſe faithful ſweetneſs, too precious for thy blood,
I made thee change for love's hypocriſy.
Vor. Inſufferable!
Hor. Only to make my way to pleaſure fearleſs, free, and fluent.
Vor. Hell's trump is in that throat.
Hor. It ſhall ſound ſhriller.
Vor. I'll damn it up with death firſt.
[*They ſtab each other; Roxena enters in fear.*
Rox. Oh for ſuccour!
Who's near? help me, ſave me, the flame follows me,
'Tis in the figure of young Vortimer, the prince,
Whoſe life I took by poiſon.
Hor. Hold out breath, and I ſhall find thee quickly.
Vor. I'll tug thy ſoul out here.
Hor. Do, monſter.
Rox. Vortiger!
Vor. Monſter!
Rox. My lord!
Vor. Toad! Pagan!
Hor. Viper! Chriſtian!
Rox. Oh hear me,
Oh help me, my love, my lord, 'tis here.
Horſus, look up, if not to ſuccour me,
To ſee me yet conſum'd. Oh what is love,
When life is not regarded?
Vor. What ſtrength's left I'll fix upon thy throat.
Hor. I have ſome force yet. [*Both ſtab, Hor. falls*
Rox. No way to 'ſcape? is this the end of glory?
Doubly beſet with enemies wrath and fire? It

It comes nearer—rivers and fountains, fall,
It ſucks away my breath, I cannot give
A curſe to ſin, and hear't out while I live. Help, help.
[*She falls.*

Vor. Burn, burn, now I can tend thee;
Take time with her in torment, call her life
Afar off to thee, dry up her ſtrumpet-blood,
And hardly parch the ſkin; let one heat ſtrangle her,
Another fetch her to her ſenſe again,
And the worſt pain be only her reviving:
Follow her eternally—Oh myſtical harlot,
Thou haſt thy full due; whom luſt crown'd queen before,
Flames crown her now a moſt triumphant whore.
And that end crown them all. [*He falls.*

Aur. Our peace is full,
In yon uſurper's fall, nor have I known
A judgment meet more fearfully.
Here, take this ring, deliver the good queen,
And thoſe grave pledges of her murder'd honour,
(Her worthy father, and her noble uncle.)
How now! the meaning of theſe ſounds?

Enter Hengiſt, Devon. Staff. and ſoldiers.

Heng. The conſumer has been here, ſhe's gone, ſhe's loſt,
In glowing cinders now lie all my joys.
The headlong fortune of my raſh captivity
Strikes not ſo deep a wound into my hopes
As thy dear loſs.

Aur. Her father and her uncle!

1*ſt Lo.* They are indeed, my lord.

Aur. Part of my wiſhes:
What fortunate power has prevented me,
And e'er my love came, brought them victory?

1*ſt Lo.* My wonder ſticks in Hengiſt, king of Kent.

Devon. My lord, to make that plain which now I ſee
Fix'd in aſtoniſhment; the only name
Of your return and being, brought ſuch gladneſs
To this diſtracted kingdom, that, to expreſs
A thankfulneſs to heaven, it grew great

In

In charitable actions, from which goodneſs
We taſte our liberty, who liv'd engag'd
Upon the innocence of woman's honour,
(A kindneſs that even threatned to undo us;)
And having newly but enjoy'd the benefit
And fruits of our enlargement, 'twas our happineſs
To intercept this monſter of ambition,
Bred in theſe times of uſurpation,
The rankneſs of whoſe inſolence and treaſon
Grew to ſuch height, 'twas arm'd to bid you battle;
Whom, as our fame's redemption, on our knees
We preſent captive.

Aur. Had it needed reaſon
You richly came provided, I underſtood
Not your deſerts till now—My honoured lords,
Is this that German Saxon, whoſe leaſt thirſt
Could not be ſatisfied under a province?

Heng. Had but my fate directed this bold arm
To thy life, the whole kingdom had been mine,
That was my hope's great aim; I have a thirſt
Could never have been full quench'd under all,
The whole muſt do't, or nothing.

Aur. A ſtrange draught!
And what a little ground ſhall death now teach you
To be content withal?

Heng. Why let it then,
For none elſe can, y'have nam'd the only way
To limit my ambition, a full cure
For all my fading hopes and ſickly fears;
Nor ſhall it be leſs welcome to me now,
Than a freſh acquiſition would have been
Unto my new-built kingdoms; life to me,
('Leſs it be glorious) is a miſery.

Aur. That pleaſure we will do you—Lead him out,
And when we have inflicted our juſt doom
On his uſurping head, it will become
Our pious care to ſee this realm ſecur'd
From the convulſions it hath long endur'd.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

END *of* VOL. XI.